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McCALL'S

JULY 1927

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FAMOUS
FICTION HEROINES
LITTLE NELL

The Sixth of a Series Being Painted
by Neysa McMein—See page 32



ROBERT W. CHAMBERS' NEW NOVEL



BEGINS IN



THIS ISSUE



The Aristocrat of Colors

*A new way to use it
in your guest room*

Hazel Dell Brown, in charge of the Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration, tells how blue . . a favorite color . . can help you create a guest room that is different, yet one that will win the praise of your most discriminating guest.



Daintily figured walls; crisp dimity curtains. Early American furniture, and a quiet, foot-easy floor of plain blue linoleum — how could this bedroom be other than attractive and refreshing?

Look for the
CIRCLE A
trade-mark on
the burlap back



ALMOST everybody likes blue. Many home decorators term it "the aristocrat of colors," preferring it above all others as the one color note that rarely fails to make a guest room attractive.

"Because blue is used so much," comments Hazel Dell Brown, in charge of the Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration, "it is sometimes difficult to do a blue guest room and yet achieve a fresh, distinctive decorative effect.

"Such a problem faced me when I was asked to decorate the room you see pictured above. I knew that blue when employed in accent tones is a most valuable ally of the decorator. But in this particular room, I also wanted to use blue as the dominating color note, the foundation for my scheme.

"This is usually done in the walls, draperies, and sometimes rugs. But by selecting a floor of plain blue linoleum I secured the distinctive effect I was after—and that, too, in the floor, which is the natural foundation for the color scheme of a room.

"This blue linoleum floor, as you see, blends perfectly with

the cream wood trim, base walls painted a buff, delicate blue-figured wall paper, and walnut furniture. It helps create a blue room that is also a warm, cheerful room, one that guests will like to linger in.

"This Armstrong Floor contributes other virtues important in a guest room—or any room of your house, for that matter. It is a warm floor, quiet and springy to walk on, too. It is easy to keep new-looking, for all it needs is a good waxing and a thorough polishing two or three times a year. A dry mop cleans it. And for two important reasons it remains an attractive floor as long as the house stands—it is cemented permanently in place over a lining of builders'

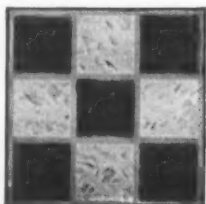
deadening felt. The rich blue color runs clear through to the burlap back. The crowning virtue is that such a floor can be laid in a day by any good department, furniture, or linoleum store—and at a price well within a modest budget."

Other helpful hints in new book

Hazel Dell Brown has developed many other unusual interiors in which the color and design afforded by modern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum give new, pleasing effects. These interiors are shown in full color in her new book, "The Attractive Home — How to Plan Its Decoration." This 32-page book explains Mrs. Brown's simple method of planning correct color schemes, and brings you an offer of Mrs.

Brown's personal service to home decorators. It will be sent to anyone on receipt of 10c to cover mailing costs. (In Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2656 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Marble Inlaid Design No. M64



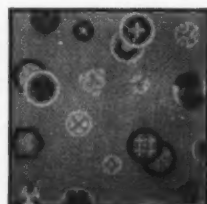
PLAIN - INLAID

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

EMBOSSED - ARABESQ

New Arabesq Design No. 9200



JASPÉ - PRINTED



She came down the gang-plank a perfect picture of health!

THE same friends who saw her wave a weak good-bye were at the pier to welcome her home.

"Wonderful!" said one, "She left a dozen years behind her . . . Look at her complexion—her color—see how brisk she is."

And "she" who went away, tired, dull-eyed and worn, justified the extravagant praise that her friends were happy to heap upon her. There she was, radiant and refreshed, after a month at a famous European spa—drinking its saline waters.

How the saline spring worked its wonders

To the great saline springs of the continent—Vichy and Carlsbad, Aix or Weisbaden—doctors from all over the world, send their wealthy patients. Here a variety of ailments are treated, and good results are obtained in all for a very simple reason—

There is nothing like a saline solution to wash away the poisons of waste which too civilized people accumulate within themselves—the self-poisoning (Auto-Intoxication) which causes not only headaches and bad complexions, stomach derangements and acid conditions, but also rheumatism, nervous disorders, and a host of other ills.

The use of Sal Hepatica is an approved way to keep internally clean

The benefits which follow the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline, are the same benefits of the "cure" at the famous watering places through-

out the world. When you take Sal Hepatica, good-bye to headaches, to bad complexions, to lethargy, to the bad effects of over-indulgence in foods or liquids. The gentle saline washing will sweep away the wastes and intestinal poisons just as effectively and beneficially as the saline waters of the spas abroad.

And in keeping internally clean and free of self-poisoning by the saline method you have the best of precedents and medical authority.

There is in all probability a bottle of Sal Hepatica on your bathroom shelf. Before one single advertisement ever appeared, its sale, solely due to medical endorsement, was over ten million bottles a year. Now, it is gaining hundreds of new friends daily—friends who are delighted with the splendid results that follow its use.

If your tongue is "furred", or coated, if you are a victim of dull headaches, dizzy spells, biliousness, if you have "off-days" when you feel worn-out and listless, very likely the real trouble is intestinal self-poisoning.

When to take Sal Hepatica

Don't let this all too common ailment drag you down—at the first sign that waste products are not being regularly and thoroughly eliminated take Sal Hepatica. It will keep you internally clean and physically fit.

Sal Hepatica makes a "bubbly" palatable, refreshing drink. It acts gently, promptly and safely by stimulating the natural secretion of water in the intestines. If you do not already have Sal Hepatica in your home—get a bottle today—and use it when you need it.

Send the coupon today for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication that tells you more fully how to relieve self-poisoning and the many ills it brings.



At the famous European Spas many fashionable people yearly find new health and strength. The health-giving salines of these spring waters are effectively combined in Sal Hepatica.



Sal Hepatica is the standard saline

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of salines. Dissolved in a glass of water and taken a half-hour before breakfast, or before any meal it quickly sweeps away the products of waste. In addition to its laxative effect Sal Hepatica neutralizes acidity and helps correct the many ills of life due to self-poisoning. Sold in three sizes, \$.30, \$.60 and \$1.20.



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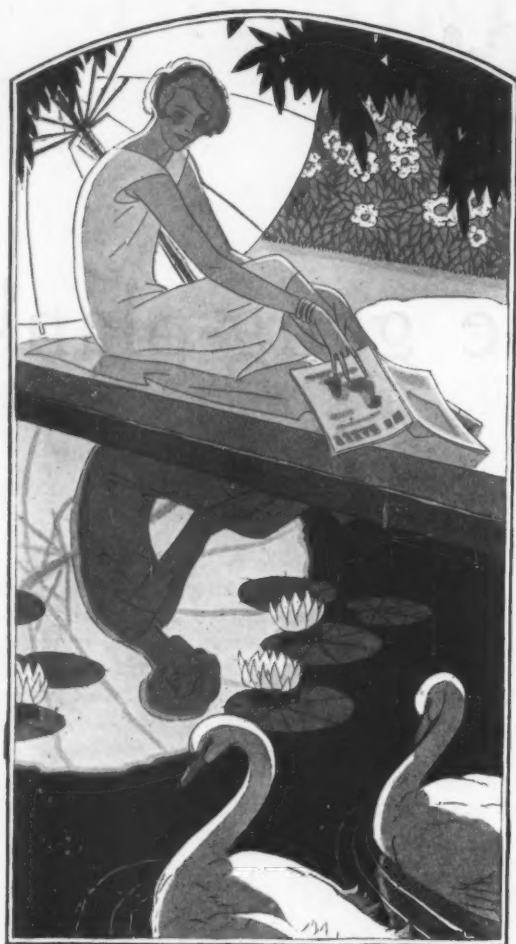
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

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“AND THE THOUSAND
CHARMS BELONGING TO
THE SUMMER’S DAY”

ILLUSTRATION BY
R. E. WHITNEY

REALMS of ROMANCE

TO these alluring regions of fancy will we all wish to be wafted next month when the “dog-star reigns o’er the land.” To help you forget the summer heat and to enjoy more thoroughly lazy vacation days, McCall’s has arranged its August issue as a SPECIAL MIDSUMMER FICTION NUMBER. This will contain at least two complete novelettes—one really a good-sized novel, all complete in this one issue—several interesting short stories and other features, including the second installment of “Beating Wings,” Robert W. Chambers’ fascinating New York novel, as well as the conclusion of “The Dream That Happened”,

and, in addition the beginning of a great, new novel,

YESTERDAY’S HARVEST By MARGARET PEDLER



THE AUGUST McCALL’S
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❖ THE BEST FICTION NUMBER YOU CAN BUY ❖

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PAINTED FOR McCALL’S BY NEYSA McMEIN

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To keep candlelight charm by sunlight— this safe and simple care

Sir Richard aids a lady in distress!

Sir Richard. Pardon me, fair maid, but I believe you dropped this package.

Alisanne. Oh, thank you, gentle sir. Adieu.

(A moment later)

Sir R. Again a thousand pardons, but you dropped your parcel at the side of the road.

Alis. How careless of me! Thank you. Good morning.

(Two minutes later)

Sir R. Forgive me, but I have just fished your parcel from the brook.

Alis. (almost in tears) Goodness! I've been trying and trying to lose that package, and it comes back and back!

Sir R. But I don't understand—

Alis. Well, it's full of beauty soaps and magic lotions that my aunt says I have to use every day, if I want to stay at court. And you can't imagine how tiresome they are.

Sir R. But I can clearly see how unnecessary they are!

Alis. It's sweet of you to say so. I suppose I'll have to give up court life entirely and go back home where I can have Ivory Soap every day, which is all I want or need.

Sir R. But if I could persuade your aunt to let you use Ivory—

Alis. Oh, if you think you could, you might come to tea at five!

SHE was the shy, boyish kind of girl who played tennis oftener than she danced. And she had a nice, clear skin with six pleasant little freckles across her nose.

But one day she decided to be more "feminine" and "beautiful."

"So," she said, telling us the story later, "I went to a beauty shop and I came away with a lotion, a skin tonic, a soap, two or three kinds of make-up and *three creams*."

"What happened?" we asked.

"Why," she said, "I looked wonderful under rose-shaded candles—they'd sold me such a becoming powder. But by daylight! With all the funny treatments I was using, my skin began to get a kind of 'massaged' look. And it was oilier—and not so clear. So I asked my doctor and he

told me to go back to washing my face with Ivory Soap and using a little cold cream now and then."

In spite of all the contradictory advice on the care of the skin which flows from various sources, doctors agree: with health, your skin needs little more than cleansing with water and a pure soap.

Ivory is so pure that doctors everywhere, every day, advise it for the sensitive skins of tiny, new babies. What more could be said for its gentleness and mildness? Daily careful cleansing with Ivory and warm water, plenty of cold rinsings to make your skin less sensitive to wind and weather, a little cold cream if your skin is dry—and you will find that your complexion responds with added loveliness to this simple care.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

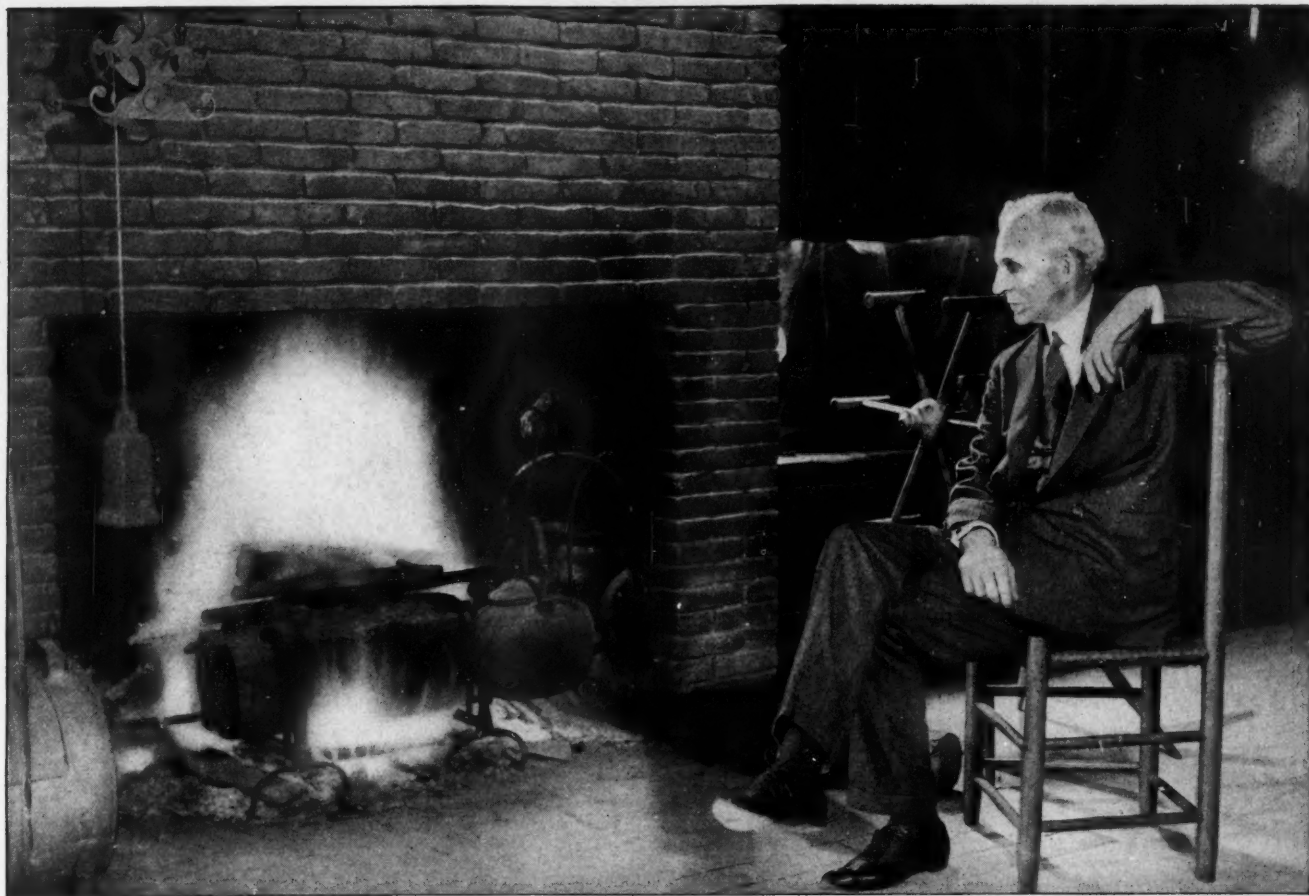
...kind to everything it touches

99 1/4% Pure & It FLOATS

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McCALL'S

JULY . . . MCMXXVII



HENRY FORD BEGAN WITH THE SOIL AND HE HAS NEVER LOST HIS CONSCIOUS CONNECTION WITH IT

EVERY MAN A TRADE and A FARM

BY IDA M. TARBELL

*Who is the typical American of today — as
Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln were in their times?
Ida Tarbell, America's most famous woman-journalist,
says Henry Ford.*

THERE are more than eighteen thousand men down there in the factory," he said. "They come from all over the world—fifty-three varieties. The last one says he came from the Garden of Eden, the only one who ever escaped, made a boat of fourteen goat skins and floated down the Tigris. Now what do you think of that!"

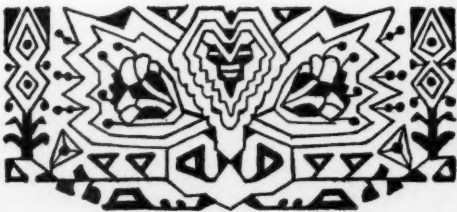
"I take it all the eighteen thousand have had something to do with the soil. It's sure that fellow from the Garden of Eden did. I'd like to move them all out onto the land right now. If they could have two weeks out-of-doors planting this Spring, two or three weeks more in haying time, help in harvesting next Fall, they would be better workmen, better men, and there would be more food raised at cheaper prices."

It was Henry Ford talking and the time was May of 1915—twelve years ago. As he talked he was looking out over a factory which at that moment was both the joy and the anxiety of Industrial America, a factory bringing joy to the

millions who sought abundance and low prices, anxiety to the thousands who held that prosperity was born of scarcity and high prices—joy to the individualistic workman who, for the first time in his life was having a chance at a five-dollars-a-day minimum wage, anxiety to the organized workman who feared the attack on his solidarity which a high wage, granted not forced, might cause. A very dis-

concerting man was Henry Ford in May 1915. Men recognized the revolutionary doctrines which he had been practicing and was now beginning to preach—as instincts of a natural and untrammelled mind; they realized they had nothing to do with tradition or with the industrial formulae which were in fashion at that moment. You must keep your eye on that kind of man.

Perhaps it was the season that made his idea of moving his working force out-of-doors for a spell at the plough take so deep a hold of me. What he said about the land and the need men have of it—to keep them steady [Turn to page 79]





IT WAS A HOT, NOISY PLACE, FILLED WITH INCESSANT UPROAR OF JAZZ

BEATING WINGS

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

If Byron were alive today, would he still say of love that it "is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence?" Or would he decide that modern woman prefers a career to cloistered love-life? Such is the problem proposed—and answered—in this fascinating novel of the New York of 1927.



FOR a century the submerged sex had been getting ready. The first shot in the World War cleared the track.

As at a concerted signal they threw away their corsets. Long skirts and long tresses fell to earth. Millions of shorn heads lifted brightly; millions of freed bodies straightened. Millions of flying feet cleared the first ditch. Suddenly the whole world swarmed with clear eyed, supple multitudes, gaily, carelessly overrunning the heritage to which all children are born—the world we live in.

Ancient prejudices vanished. Limbs became legs, and legs of no more significance than arms. In the saddle, on the beaches, across country, blew the ever freshening winds of freedom stirring the curls on millions of bobbed heads.

The reactionary sex roared disapproval; but the immemorial cult of the seraglio was already crumbling into

dust, blown across space by a world-wide gale of girlish laughter. Woman, unfettered, unencumbered, unafraid, stood as she was made, unashamed.

No more leers. There was nothing to leer at, now. The cannon of the Marne blew the bluff out of "civilization."

The cannon of the Argonne blew sex nonsense to pieces. For the first time in the history of the world the submerged sex found itself free to make good or go under.

For the first time woman's opportunities equalled men's. For youth there were no restrictions except limited parental control, self-control, and the laws of the land. The liberated were to govern themselves and make their own codes. No more man-made laws; no exhibitions. They were to vote as they chose, dress, behave, think, live, and love as they liked.

Compared to men, probably a higher percentage would make good. The minority, like men, would make a mess of it. What of it?

However, the elder generation lifted a mighty bellow and proclaimed modernism anathema.

But all over the world millions of bobbed heads and supple bodies were already flying across the world on winged feet, eager, intoxicated with freedom, on fire to learn what is the real goal, the real prize and its value; and to reach and grasp it unaided and alone.

There is no goal. The prize is Death. The sporting effort, only, is worth the race to the stars.

WHEN Harry Lessing, as usual, went South to follow the races, his wife, Helen, and her little daughter, Eleanor, remained at home in the Bronx flat. Harry Lessing's business was to follow the races. His wife's business was to take

care of the apartment on the Grand Concourse and look after Ellie. Providence only was qualified to do that.

For the family history was not one to inspire confidence in the future of Ellie Lessing.

There was good blood on her mother's side. But it was either remote or left-handed.

Her great grandmother, at seventeen, eloped from a Seminary for Young Ladies, with a visiting instructor who taught drawing, penmanship, and piano; and died in utter poverty.

Her grandmother, celebrated for her beauty, sang in comic opera, and married the low comedian.

The result of that union was her mother who became a child-actress of great beauty but little talent. Her father and mother retired from business and lived on what she earned. Usually that is the beginning of the end. Such folk don't last long. Not much chance for the child-actress.

At eighteen, Ellie's mother, now playing listlessly in vaudeville, met Harry Lessing, a racing man. Fell in love and married him.

Ellie's tenth birthday fell upon the day that the World War began—August fourth, 1914.

Afterward she recollected little of the War except that the apartment was cold and sugar became scarce.

However she did remember a dark November afternoon when she saw a regiment marching on the Grand Concourse—remembering particularly their band which she followed along with other school children. That had been her first profound aesthetic sensation; her first deep sentimental emotion—the sombre thunder of their marching music through the gloom of a looming storm

That was about all Eleanor Lessing remembered of the World War

She continued to grow. So did the Borough of the Bronx. So did the four other Boroughs of the monster city of Manhattan Island. Where yesterday were rocks, vacant land, grassy bluffs, patches of woodland, bill-boards, dump-heaps, now ran street after street of bright new buildings. Far to the southwest the tower of High Bridge rose like a misty minaret. Northward lay the fountains and forests of the great public parks. To the east stretched Westchester and the Sound.

In a brand new apartment house on the west side of the Grand Concourse, Ellie Lessing lived, grew, flourished, and had her being.

At ten she was a thin child with a mass of light, burnished hair, a warm white skin, vivid lips, and gray-green eyes that slanted a trifle, and seemed to have flecks of gold in the iris.

Harry Lessing, being a racing man, was seldom at home except when Belmont and Aqueduct and other neighboring race tracks required his professional attention.

He was a good looking, stout, highly colored, carefully groomed, and very common man. Mother and child were happy to have him at home, for he was always taking them to the track, to theaters, pictures, restaurants—always bringing them gifts. A great comrade to Ellie, romping, chatting, joking, playing with her in the comfortable apartment on the Concourse, loving her much.

As for the slim, eager, clever, pleasure-loving little thing of ten, she remained indefatigable in her activities; in school, outdoors, at home. She learned quickly, with little effort. She could play rag on the piano and the sentimental music of the day, by ear.

She was a mimic; had a lovely little singing voice; became a clever actress in her school entertainments; danced exquisitely by sheer instinct, was deft with her fingers, quick, resourceful.

She poked her delicate, retroussé nose into everything; she was the pack-leader in school and on the street among her fellows; but she had no particularly mischievous record. There seemed to be neither malice nor meanness about the child, and hers was a very tender heart for all her cleverness and scatter-brained activities.

If Harry Lessing happened to be at home he put her through all her tricks. He was clever in a smart, nimble way, and always kind, horsey, and jaunty.

But he loved his wife, Helen, who looked like a lovely and delicate Russian princess with her pale, oval, Madonna features and smooth golden hair framing them—and enough gray in the hair, now, to make it very pale gold. She was very exquisite to look at, but brainless. Had only common-places for conversation; a gentle, good, stupid chorus girl with the face, figure, and serene bearing of a delicate exotic aristocrat.

She taught the Decalogue to Ellie; made all the child's clothes; cared for her creature comforts; warned her of bad companions in her gentle, obvious way; made her husband comfortable when he was at home—passed her

serene, colorless days in this manner, loving him and her daughter.

There was no culture in the Lessing home; none in the public school where Ellie was being educated. Besides, things of the mind rarely appeal to a child of eleven. Two things only, thus far in her career: the superbly sombre music of that regiment the winter before; the Lorelei statue near 161st Street.

The child's reaction was a distinct shock of pleasure when she first beheld the sculptured group. Of art she knew nothing, good or bad. But, like the thrilling diapason of that military music, the sculptured marble profoundly moved the child. In the depths of her, unbroken emotions awoke, stirred blindly, subsided. What evoked them she knew no more than the sparrows that hopped about the sculptured



◆
"I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW
WHETHER YOU ARE MARRIED . . ."
◆

group. But the wistful pleasure of it never entirely faded from her mind.

When Ellie was thirteen she remembered hearing some talk between her father and mother concerning a business school for her—that it might be safer for her to learn secretarial work, or bookkeeping, or stenography and typing. It came to nothing and the child went to high school. That was in 1918. Influenza was epidemic throughout the world.

Harry Lessing came home from Belmont feeling "rotten." He developed pneumonia next day and lasted three days longer. That was Ellie Lessing's principal recollection of the end of the World War, because it ended her father, too.

Returning with her silent, black-veiled mother from the funeral, she heard the din of horns, whistles, bells, announcing the Armistice.

Brown, curled-up leaves were drifting from the trees along the Concourse; flower-beds were seedy and tarnished in the dull wintry light. They drove through the park. Salvia, badly blighted, still opened bloody gashes through the endless borders. Beds of ragged cannas still dotted the sward. Scarcely a crimson petal remained on the blackening seed pods. Everywhere maples stretched naked branches; oaks, still in leaf, reddened and browned.

On the Concourse there were more soldiers than usual among the wayfarers. Motors full of yelling youths rushed north and south. Noisy groups passed with horns, rattles, bells, and flags.

Ellie and her mother went into their abode and, after resting for a little while in silence, took up the household burdens of the evening in kitchen, pantry, and dining room, aided by the stolid negress cook and maid-of-all-work. The world had gotten on without a great many millions of its recent inhabitants. It was now starting on, again, without Harry Lessing.

"Mom?"

"What is it?" asked Helen in her gentle, colorless voice.

"I suppose Dad must be in Heaven by this time."

"Yes."

"I hope he's comfortable there," said the child.

"God will make him comfortable."

"Mom?"

"Yes."

"I don't suppose there are any race tracks there. Or horses?"

"No."

"Do you think Daddy will miss them?"

"No . . . He's—turned into something different—"

She lifted her napkin and held it against her face. After a while she got up from the table and went into their bedroom, motioning the child to remain and finish her dinner.

Ellie tried to eat her prunes, but presently got up and went in to her mother who was lying on the bed in the lamp-light. She held out one hand to the child. Her voice was full of tears but distinct:

"He never spoke an unkind word to me. He never asked a question. Just took me as he found me. I wasn't so much when he married me. I hope he knows how I feel. I hope—hope he has horses, too, if he wants them. I don't know why God wouldn't let him have some. What harm could there be in a little racing? You don't have to bet. . . But your father didn't harm anybody by making a living. And it was the horses he liked most of all—"

She made a piteous gesture in the lamplight.

Ellie lay down on the bed beside her. For a long while they clung together in silence. Finally the child got up, went to the window and looked down into the street from which arose the roaring tumult of Armistice Night.

"Mom, darling?"

"Yes."

"I think I'll go out and see what they're doing. Would it be wicked—so soon after burying Dad?"

"No . . . Put your thick coat on. And be in by half past nine."

"I promise, Mom!"

She went to her mother and hugged and kissed her; then hastened out to the closet where her coat and hat hung, struggled into them, and ran down stairs, eager, excited, her face still wet with tears.

FROM an early age Ellie Lessing's heart had been intermittently involved. Various beaux in turn possessed it.

Her first was at the age of ten. A little Jewish boy in school became her favorite playmate and her first escort. He was a frail, gentlemanly little fellow. He used to walk home with her from school. School gossip was their sole topic. A rose he once gave her, the only sentimental episode.

At thirteen she had had a succession of school beaux, always leaders, rough, noisy, tireless youngsters who succeeded one another in her favor through some unusual feat of agility or strength. She "went" with each in turn.

There was no sentimentality—or, if any threatened, it

evening diversions with the "gang"—the majority of them attending high school, now.

So, pending the day when she should be prepared to take a position, she gave her spare hours to play, craving amusement as do all healthy youngsters.

Her sphere of operations stretched from Bronx Park to the jaws of the Metropolis. Ellie's city, and her world, lay north of the Harlem. Pelham Park gave her salt water; the only rural scenes she knew were thereabouts. As for the rest, the Borough was her metropolis; the Concourse her Grand Boulevard and Piccadilly combined. Manhattan Island was a foreign country to her; Brooklyn a legend.

She was nearly seventeen when she was ready to take a position—and discovered that positions were not plentiful in the Bronx.

Ellie did not advertise, for economical reasons. The large, near-sighted Jewess, Miss Rosenblatt, who ran the school for stenography, promised to "keep her in mind" and "recommend her." But, so far, nothing had come of it.

Her mother had not been well that winter; had taken to lying on the sofa a great deal. It was weariness more than pain—a disinclination for food—or rather for the taste of food.

At seventeen Ellie Lessing's bright hair was bobbed in a boyish cut. She had a shapely head. Her throat and the nape of her neck were lovely. Her slightly slanting, greenish eyes flecked with gold gave her a clever look. There was humor in those eyes. A few faint freckles on her nose; her oval face, high cheeked; her determined chin; her straight figure and long, capable fingers all seemed to indicate decision, efficiency and shrewdness. Which the vivid mouth denied, hinting of a heart neither shrewd nor cold. Valiant, perhaps, but tender.

Yet, save for the mouth, it was a clever, intelligent face, with a certain smartness to it in the English sense of "smart"—to be noticed particularly in profile. A definite profile, chiseled, charming yet tinged with impudence, youthful yet decisive. "A snappy skirt," boys said. Also it was generally admitted that she "had a bean with something inside it."

She came in from market one noon, her arms laden with materials for noon dinner. The hallway echoed with her gay, clear voice: "O-hoo! Mom!"

Her mother was still in bed. Ellie entered with her bundles: "Was the Doc here again?" asked Ellie.

"What did he say?"

"He doesn't think it's dangerous . . . It's a—a sort of growth—"

"Oh, Mom!—" in vague horror. Helen went on: "It's not the dangerous kind. He is going to cure it. Most women have them. It makes me feel—heavy—and tired."

"Mom, darling, it isn't dangerous, is it? Does the Doc say it isn't?"

"Yes. Take your groceries in to Smilax. I'll have a cup of tea; that's all—"

Ellie went into the kitchen where the large, soft-bodied, yellow negress was shuffling about in a soiled apron, mob-cap, and dirty red slippers.

"Mom doesn't want any dinner," said the girl, spilling her packages onto a table. "Just tea."

"Ole Doc done come again dis mawnin'," the negress remarked.

"N' bimebye 'nudder Doc come, too. I brung 'em water an' towels, too."

Ellie did . . . Yoh Ma had a zamination."

"Smilax!" cried the girl, "what did they do to Mom?" She set the tea-pot on the range and came over to Smilax. "I dunno. I ain't seen whut dey wuz adoin'. Jess fussin' roun' de bed, an' a-walkin' sof' an' a-talkin' sof' in de hall. Me, I'se scared yoh Mah gwine be powerful sick—"

The child nodded, took up the tea-tray and left Smilax languidly preparing dinner.

Helen drank part of a cup of tea, then lay back on her pillows.

"Do you feel better, Mom?" asked Ellie.

"Yes, I'm just tired. I feel so heavy when I get up and walk . . ."

[Turn to page 64]



"ELLIE," HE SAID, "WHEN YOU'RE LONELY, COME AND STAY WITH ME . . . JUDGE BARRETT WILL TELL YOU—"



was jested to death as "mush." But she heard some crude language and primitive humor. It all passed over her head, not even arousing her curiosity to comprehend it.

She had a furious fight the first time she was kissed. Rage was the principal emotion. However, later, she became less violent when she realized that petting parties were considered to be part of the program—part of the modern interpretation of the oldest game in the world.

When she was sixteen she went to a business school. Harry Lessing had not left enough to keep them going. Her mother needed help. Was needing it more and more. So Ellie learned stenography and typing as easily as she learned everything. These activities left her plenty of time for afternoon and

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JOLESARI

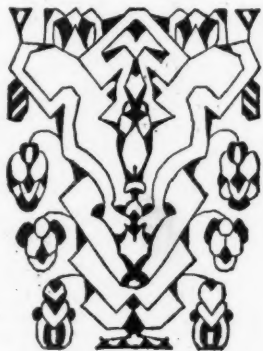
BY
ALLAN SWINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
DANIEL CONTENT



CLOSE TO HER IN THE SILVER MOONLIGHT SQUATED A SMALL OLD MAN..... BEFORE HIM WAS AN OPEN BASKET, AND AS HE PLAYED HE ROCKED UPON HIS HEELS WITH A SINUOUS JAUNTINESS

In the beginning a serpent brought wisdom to Eve in the Garden—so a serpent brought all too quickly to Chloe's bridal-bower the wisdom of this same East, mysterious as of old.



hotels, white men, all the old trappings of her life, had fallen utterly away. It was as though the great U. S. A. had never existed—was of no importance whatever!

Still they pressed on inexorably; one fantastic day after another, wondering week after another; deeper and ever deeper into the mists of Asia.

Suddenly she felt the *hathi* rock down and kneel, and opening her tired eyes, beheld a vast white bungalow among brakes of palms and plantains, banyans, bamboos and frangipanni.

It was almost overwhelmed in vines with stems like tree trunks that blossomed riotously across a thatched roof of enormous thickness. The place was so buried in jungle that she felt it must have been, bred from the lush earth itself, through eternities of hot tropical years.

Dick slid to the ground and held up his arms.

"Here we are! Let yourself go. There!"

He led her up a great verandah, floored with uneven stones, with a table and one long cane chair in the center. No one, not even a servant, came to meet them. The place might have been deserted, it was so devoid of life. Within the place was vast and dim, with no furniture other than bare necessities, a long "horse" full of saddlers and a rack of guns.

Dick's arm slipped around her.

"Like it? I've lived here thirteen years."

Chloe conceived with awe a new impression of this man whom she loved. Thirteen long years, alone, in such a place! Could it be borne?

She said, "It's rather . . . strange, Dick. But I'll get used to that."

He swept her into his embrace and sought her lips. She clung convulsively, yielding in blessed abandonment to his

protection.

She smiled up bravely, striving to deny the awful sinking at her heart, and was rewarded by the kindling of his eyes. He kissed her hands, her brow, her hair, then with his arm about her led to another room.

"You're dog-tired, I know. Take a bath and then a good nap. I usually dine at eight. That all right? Gives you an hour and a half. Send Bhodni for me if you want anything."

Alone with Bhodni, the wizened Madrassi *ayah* he had engaged for her at Daarjeeling, and who spoke a word or two of English, she stood fearfully in the center of a room so vast and bare that a mosquito net in one corner enclosing a big bed, a chair and table, occupied but a corner. The stone floor was uncovered, the gaping windows glassless. The bathroom was a whitewashed cubicle with a big round tub of hammered brass and a concrete bench for washstand. An emaciated black coolie was pouring hot water into the bath from copper pots suspended from a neck-yoke.

The coolie soon picked up his pots and shambled off; silence descended, while steam rose mistily from the huge brass tub. Then a grey mongoos slipped in through the hole that drained the bathroom. She thought he was a gargantuan rat, and made a mad dash for the bedroom, dropped into a chair and sat terrified. A brilliant, devilish-looking lizard ran down the wall and stopped six inches from her face. Chloe rose with haste and stood in the center of the room, glaring this way and that for further intruders. Ugh! Lizards and rats and black men in your bathroom!

Suddenly Chloe was afraid. Utterly and appallingly afraid. Just what she feared she did not know, except that India as Dick had shown it affrighted her immeasurably. Then from the next room came a sound of lusty splashing, and Dick's melodious baritone thundered.

"Now I had a ship called the Golden Vanity, And I sailed her on the Lowland Seaaaaaa!"

Her breath broke in a great sigh of relief. Of course, she had forgotten Dick! Little fool, to be so panicky, just because the place was strange and eerie. She would feel entirely different after a bath. At last she screwed up her courage to the point of nervously undressing in the bathroom, which had but one small grille high in the wall, and bathing.

They dined in a pool of light so inadequate to the room that it melted into shapeless gloom before it found the walls while the punkah whined above them.

Afterwards they lay on the verandah and watched the

THE incredible heat and the nauseating motion of the elephant's swaying back, caused Chloe suddenly to lean exhaustedly on Dick, her husband of less than two months. She wished with all her heart that she were at home in far off New York; and the fact that, but for her own obstinacy, she would have been, did little to lessen her deepening depression.

Why, under Heavens, hadn't she done as Dick wanted; completing her tour of the globe after a brief honeymoon and waiting at home till he should be able to rejoin her, after a year at the very most?

Her heart whispered the answer. Enchanted by oriental pageantry and all the blazonry of the Indian Empire as seen from hotel verandahs and luxurious automobiles of her party of world tourists, she had only too joyfully welcomed the chance to spend a year there. Besides she was the wilful and petted child of old Hank Chowne, the most successful of American financiers, with millions at her bidding.

But in consternation she now realized that India's hoary soul bears no resemblance to the surface thing exhibited to tourists. Five weeks ago they had left the last lingering signs of the world she'd always known. Railroads, automobiles,

lean heels of departing servants twinkling in the glow of the lamps they carried.

It was sweltering hot. Beads of sweat stood on her brow, and she strained for deeper breaths to ease the weight upon her lungs. She was unutterably awed and lonely. No reasoning served to ease the sickness at her heart.

Dick was very silent. The smooth blue ribbon of his cheroot streamed and broke, streamed and broke, regularly. All at once she felt furious because of his composure, and because he did not recognize the depression that was on her. At last he turned, and his eyes lingered on her face.

"Chloe, I think that row with the Government that took me to Daarjeeling was the hand of Fate for me. But for it, I don't believe I'd have left here—ever . . . There's something about these places that gets a man . . ."

The words seemed confirmation of her fears.

"What do you mean, just?"

"It's hard to tell. But we are not of these lands. They undermine our natures, sap our physique and our morals. Life is too sweet, too languorous, too beautiful, too easy. No man can remain here and stay wholly white. I have seen too many cases. There are things here . . . and they get a man . . ." His voice trailed off. " . . . They get a man. His spirit dies . . ."

"But you weren't like that, Dick!"

"No, not yet. But I was slipping. I've been here long enough. If you had not come . . . But that's all over now. Heavens, Chloe, you're wonderful! How did I ever find you!"

In her heart she told over a sort of extemporary creed whose truth was the only ray of warmth vouchsafed her. "No more than a year, at most," Dick said. "Then we'll go home . . . No more than a year, at most . . ."

At last Dick sat on her bed, and they talked of their golden future. But when he had gone, and the sound of his movements in the next room ceased, she found her body tensing, her hands clenched, her breath hard held. She was afraid . . . afraid . . . though she knew not of what.

Outside, the insects shrilled. Away, a drum beat on, and the plaintive song lagged after it. Hour after hour she lay, rigid and sweating, angry and ashamed of the unreasoning fears that she could not deny. She remembered Dick's voice again, and pictured him staring into the odorous gloom. "There are things here . . . they get a man . . ."

"Lord, send us safe home quickly . . ."

She must have dozed at last, for all at once she was awake in darkness, wondering frantically where she might be. Coincidentally she became aware of a most unfamiliar odor, a strange, sour-sweet effulgence that enveloped her and permeated her.

With sure instinct she suddenly knew beyond all doubt that from the darkness eyes were on her. But who? What? Where? Why . . . ?

Sweat sprang to her brow. Gooseflesh shivered up and down her spine, her scalp crawled, as she remembered Dick's voice, hushed and awesome, when he had said, "There are . . . things here!"

For several moments she lay rigid. She discerned nothing; but she knew something was there.

At last, her heart in her mouth, she turned over quickly . . . and her limbs froze, the hair moved on her nape.

Close to her, inside the net, holding its folds high with one hand, was a slim, hooded figure, gazing down! She could not see the face, only the sombre shape against the white mosquito net, perfectly still, as though it judged her turning to be but the restlessness of sleep. From somewhere about it came a tiny "chink" "chink" "chink" as of swinging metal. Then her hard held breath broke in a shuddering exhalation. The figure ducked beneath the net, there was a clash of jingling footsteps and she saw the leaping shape against the stars as it cleared the sill and disappeared!

Her fears completely mastered her. She quaked from head to foot. How could she endure a moment longer this lurid place, haunted, immured, unutterably lonely . . . ?

All at once she sprang upon her elbow as a new thought struck her like a blaze of light. She need not stay. Dick would send her back. She sat up and dropped her feet to the cold stone, her lips parted for an eager call to him. But, ere she made a sound, she flinched as though she had been lashed.

"Piker!"

No one had spoken, but into her consciousness the voice struck cuttingly. No mistaking it. Old Hank Chowne, her father self-schooled, self-made, who doted on her. Wise with hard years, tolerant, generous, one thing in men he heartily despised. "Piking!" he called it.

She saw him now, looking her up and down appraisingly. He rolled his cigar and snapped at her, at Chloe, the apple of

his eye, "Piker!"

She quivered with the bitter truth of it. She was a piker; the worst of pikers—going back on her own boasts. Hadn't Dick begged and pleaded and explained that Rungatanga was no place for her, that she would not like it? And hadn't she scoffed at his fears telling him that American girls were superior to such details, that she wanted above everything



"NO MAN CAN REMAIN HERE AND STAY WHOLLY WHITE"



to be with him? Her teeth shut with a snap as the blood suffused her, and her throat swelled. No, by heck! She'd stay if she died of fright.

Who, what had watched her? Why? She dared not look toward the window, for fear of seeing it again against the stars. That weird, part sweet, part bitter perfume lingered all about her.

"There are things here . . . They get a man . . ."

She lay down and, hour after hour, fought grimly for her self-control, till, with the dawn, at last she slept. She woke to glaring sunlight and Dick's voice. He was holding up the net for Bhodni, who bore a brass tray with peeled fruits and tea.

"Sleep all right? I let you oversleep after the long trip. Great morning! Cool for the time of year."

Remembering at once the presence that had glowered on her from the darkness, her lips were parted to tell him. But her new-born passion not to deserve her father's scorn choked the words in her throat. So she smiled her gayest, reaching for his brown fist and kissing it.

"Splendidly Dick, thanks!"

"Feel strange at all? First night, you know. Sort of skeery, maybe?"

"Of course not. What a baby you must think me. Why should I be skeery?"

"Oh nothing. Only most women would be, I've an idea. You're a brick, though."

During the day her previous impressions deepened. Rungatanga was utterly immured in Asia. No ripple of the western world disturbed it, save her and Dick. And Dick, she saw, was himself almost of it, which fact enhanced her own loneliness a thousandfold.

That afternoon they rode round the plantation. Returning up the short road to the compound, they passed a gaily-lacquered little bullock-garry, glowing like a birdwing against the translucent green of plantains. Dick dropped behind to let it pass them in the narrow path.

"Oh, what a lovely little cart!" she called over her shoulder. "Yes," he replied; but she was surprised to discover in his tone a note of restraint quite unmistakable.

As the garry passed, she saw a slim brown, jewelled hand snatch close the curtains of gold-spangled green, and simultaneously caught a whiff of that strange perfume which had heralded the intruder of the night before.

With great effort, she had by this time somewhat contrived to steady herself; but this new incident shattered at once her bolstered nerve and once at the bungalow, quite distraught, she hurried to her room. But just inside she stopped as

though she had collided with a wall. The place reeked with the sweet-bitter fragrance of the night before and the same that had issued from the painted garry!

Her brain whirled with unnamed apprehensions, and her eyes slowly swept the room to find a blood-red gout upon the white scarf of her makeshift dressing-table.

Some one had spread a double handful of polished scarlet seeds, and drawn a strange design among them with a finger.

A small voice called, "Dick!"

"Hullo!"

"Come, please."

He appeared.

She pointed. "What is that?"

He lounged in, but once across the threshold stopped short just as she had done. His head went up and his nostrils spread. A look of swift concern came to his face, but he regained his composure quickly.

She knew at once what had so halted him. What could that perfume mean to Dick . . . ?

Eyeing the splash of scarlet seeds, he thumbed his chin.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Can't say, exactly. Some sort of magic, though. Don't take any notice of such things. They'll happen all the time. There's witchcraft and sorcery and heavens knows what here, and the natives work 'em hard. This one, I imagine, is some sort of good-luck charm for you and me. It's no good asking. They never tell. When I was sick they pulled all kinds of propitiatory stunts to get me better. By the scarlet, I think this must be a love spell." She nodded. "I . . . understand."

A long pause.

"Dickie."

He looked up.

"Isn't there a strange scent here? Don't you notice it?"

Her eyes were on his face. His met them gravely as he sniffed the air. But she knew he could have answered her at once.

"Yes, now you mention it, I catch it. A native perfume. One of the servants again, I don't doubt."

His eyes fell, and she knew he lied . . .

When he sought her face again she swayed. He caught her quickly.

"You poor kid! You're all in. Come and lie down. Let me pull off those boots of yours . . ."

He led her to the bed and raised the net. Passing under, it caught his spur, and as he bent to free it she sank upon the bed. But with a repugnant "Oh!" she leaped up again precipitately.

On the pillow was a gruesome symbol made of three small dead lizards, each with its tail in its mouth, the rings thus made linked to each other in a grisly little triangle.

"Darn!" Dick breathed, sweeping them off angrily. He caught her to him. "Don't mind such things, dear. They're a harmless part of the country. It's all foolishness. It was such things as these I feared for you."

His face was drawn and his eyes sombre.

Beside her, old Hank nodded, moving his cigar. "Piker?" he seemed to say; not in condemnation, but with a sort of hopeful tentativeness.

Chloe swallowed hard and put her hands on Dick's shoulders, moistening her dry lips. Then she laughed, a luscious gurgle that brought back his grin at once.

"All right, honey. Of course. Kiss me, and I'll go to sleep."

"Gad! You're a sportsman," he breathed, close to her hair.

But the instant he had gone she sat up desperately and flung the pillow from her, shuddering. Its very touch made her flesh crawl.

"Piker?"

She blushed—and lay down again.

Thereafter for a week she fought a lonely battle for her pride. The long mornings when Dick was away seemed like years to her. Only the jungle, the hush, the drifting butterflies kept her company; and always there was the relentless, enervating heat.

Gruesome little intrusions continued; a white cock, new-killed, upon her threshold; seven double cardamoms upon her pillow; a mango cut in cryptic symbols on the dressing-table. Dick kicked them all aside and laughed. But sometimes there was little mirth about his laughter. And several times that perfume she had come to fear was in her room. She was obsessed by the belief that she was watched.

One afternoon she was preparing for her bath when suddenly an unfamiliar sound intruded on her consciousness, a repeated, staccato sibilance followed by a long-drawn, liquid hiss. "Sptt-sssss Sptt-sptt-sptt-ssssssss. Sptt-ssssssssss." It was utterly malevolent.

The hand with her hair-brush paused, and her eyes searched the room with apprehension. Then realizing that the source was beneath the net she stooped involuntarily and raised it.

Too late she saw the conical dark heap upon the bed, and as she recoiled the snake struck savagely, reaching her in one furious lunge. Straight as a lance! Then it shuddered

at her feet, poured swiftly over them and disappeared. Dick in his bath heard her high scream of terror. "Coming!" he yelled, grabbed a gown and was beside her in five jumps. "What is it?" "A snake! Oh a huge one! It jumped at me!" His voice was panicky. "Where? Let me see? Quick!" She thrust her hand at him. "I lifted the net and it hit right on my hand." "Merciful heavens," he breathed, examining it with feverish intentness. "What was it like?" His face was pale. Drops from his black curls fell on her hand. "I didn't see it much; thick, though, and brilliant. It was coiled up on the bed. I . . . I . . . did it . . . " "It can't have got you. You'd be feeling it by now. There's no mark. You don't feel anything? No numbness? Pins and needles in your eyes? . . . " She swayed a little. "No . . . No. It must have hit the bunch of netting in my hand." Her voice went very small. "Was it a bad one, Dickie?" He heaved an enormous sigh of relief, and plumped down on the bed, thrusting his fingers through his hair. Then a look of puzzlement crossed his face. "You say it was coiled up on the bed, and struck from there . . . jumped clear across?" "Yes. Like a flash." "You're quite, quite sure of that? It didn't just hit at you with its head?" "Oh no, I wasn't near enough. It jumped straight at me." He bit his lip. "That's queer. Almighty queer. I don't understand it. Only adders strike that way—the desert snakes. And there are none in this wet country. You're sure you aren't mistaken? What did it look like?" "Thick and blunt, with bright rings." "How long . . . was it coiled up neatly; sort of like a straw beehive?" "Yes; and about four feet long." Dick was incredulous. "A banded krite! The worst of them all. It isn't possible! How could a banded krite come here? There are none nearer than Scind . . . " He sprang up. "Where did it go? Don't move from where you are." He disappeared, to return at once with a shot gun. But all his searching with the whole force of the

servants failed to unearth their terrible intruder. At dinner she was feverishly talkative, till there came outside a jingling of bells, and Dick looked up with animation. "The dakwallah! That's the mail, darlin'!" Her heart leaped. Letters! Letters from home! The first since she had come. She abandoned herself to sheer delight, oblivious to everything but the feel of home the letter brought, till she was conscious of a curious stillness at Dick's end of the table. She glanced up. His eyes were on her, with an infinitely tender light. He tapped a letter, then reached and took her hand. "Guess?" "How can I tell?" "This is a bid for Rungatanga, outright, for cash—a good one, too." Her heart turned over. "Then . . . will . . . Does that mean we'll soon be going home?" His eyes danced at her eagerness. "If there's no hitch in Calcutta we'll be at sea inside a month. Why! What's the matter dear?" All at once she had felt weak. Her lips shook, and tears stood in her eyes. Home! At once. And she had not shown yellow. Her father would be proud, if he could know what fears she had endured. It was all over now. Her breath caught inwards in a quick, dry sob. "What is it, darlin'?" He sat on her chair arm and drew her head close to him, his hand along her cheek, stroking it. "It's nothing, Dickie. Only . . . only. I'm glad!" She dissolved in foolish tears. He squeezed her and she stood up and slipped into his arms. Her fears forgotten, the evening passed in restlessness well-nigh intolerable. She talked incessantly of home and friends and plans for their golden future. Dick said little, his smile and nod sufficing in her mood for his share in the conversation. Once in bed, utterly exhausted by her intense reactionary excitement, she fell asleep. Suddenly she was awake, and was at once aware of the

pure small notes of a native, quite near the bungalow, chanting a jaunty little air. What could it be, and why did it play so close beneath her window? She listened tensely, striving to picture the player. It lilted on, compelling in a curious way, and she felt drawn irresistibly to see the maker of so bewitching a melody. At last she slipped from bed, and, tip-toeing toward the window, peered out. Close to her in the silver moonlight squatted a small old man with a long white beard and streaming moustaches. Before him was an open basket, and as he played he rocked upon his heels with a sinuous jauntiness, seeming profoundly intent upon his business. Amazed, she watched till her pent breath escaped in a long sigh. The old man ceased his piping and gazed up. Their eyes met; his, rimmed with white in the incredibly wrinkled darkness of his countenance, framed with pale hair. They were not sweet and jaunty like his music, but hard and cold and glittering—like a snake's. Then he was gone, snatching his basket and darting imp-like into the gloom. She stood immobile for a moment, then fled like a slim ghost into Dick's room, shaking him. "Dick! Dick!" "Lo! Whazmarrer?" He shook himself awake, and sat up with a jerk. "What's up?" "Nothing. Only I don't want to be alone." Beside him in the dark she told him of the experience, but before she was half done he broke in with some excitement, "Jove! Now I get some light. By your description that was an old Mohammedan snake-charmer. That krite must have escaped from him." She snuggled close. Now that she was going home, at once, she was afraid of nothing. "But I'll be darned if I can understand it," he mused. "Never saw a snake-man here before; no money for 'em. What brought that feller so far from his own beat? And how did his beastly krite get into the bungalow? I'm goin' to look into this. Don't like it." Chloe was not interested. She was going home, and Dick was going with her . . . Next day passed in joyous preparation [Turn to page 76]



♦♦♦♦♦ SHE WISHED WITH ALL HER HEART THAT SHE WERE AT HOME IN FAR OFF NEW YORK ♦♦♦♦♦

GOOD OLD GANG

BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

You may be poor and still be a snob!
It took a patrician to teach this lesson to a "climber"
ashamed of his family, the red checked tablecloth, the
haphazard grammar that yet can state the heart's sweet story.

DOUG CAMERON turned the water on slowly, the cool feel of the old spigot under his hand a comfortable, accustomed thing.

Every towel on the rack was an old friend, red-bordered, thick, friendly. There was a wash cloth with a D on it and exactly the right kind of soap. Mollie B. had been buying that same kind of soap since he was a kid.

Doug washed his hands absently. He was at home. He was back in the old house to which he had come after four years' absence, come it must be admitted, in a spirit of casual condescension. And already the old house had done something to him. He felt uncertain. He ached in a deep, very young place within himself that he had not known existed.

Across the room in the grate a wood fire was laid, little wads of paper tucked under the kindling. The bed, the same high old bed into which he had mounted with breathless grunts when he was four, was covered with a hand-woven coverlet, faded and aristocratic as a maiden aunt. Doug squatted on the floor and lighted the fire, though it was June. The blaze crept up cheerfully, something glad and unchanged about it, so that Doug felt some of the heaviness that had pressed him down slipping away. He was at home.

What was more, all the old gang were at home—or would be when Mary Ann arrived. Outside, the kids were in the cherry trees and Mollie B. was calling to them from the ground. Mollie B. was Doug's mother. She had been named for the Mollie Bawn, his grandfather's ship. She was fifty and her bobbed hair was white as snow, but her eyes were black and the joy of life would never die out of them.

Doug went to the window, looked out at his family, came back to the fire. He ought to be very happy. He was at home after four years, and day after tomorrow he was going to marry the most beautiful girl in the world.



"WE'LL MAKE YOU ONE OF THE GANG," DAVE SAID



Geralda, Doug could see her eyes in the fire. Dark like Mollie B.'s, only different. Very patrician, Geralda's eyes, very perfect her fine brows, her elegant, aristocratic nose. Daughter of the Gerald Lodges of Concord and New York.

at home. She opened the door and stood looking at him. Mollie B. Cameron was a grandmother, but she would always be young as the west wind.

"Observe the gay young bridegroom frying his shins," she

He was a lucky chap, Doug told himself. Then he rose and shut the window. The kids were yelling like rough-necks, as though they were six instead of six feet—and Ky with a mustache already dimming his lip!

Doug paced the room, fingering absently each old familiar thing. He decided vaguely that he'd like to have a room like this in his own house. Silly idea of course. The floor slanted and the ceiling was smoked. All the windows were crooked. The old Maine sea captain, his great grandfather, who had built the house, had had the sills cut deep and the sash put in snugly but proportion had not troubled him at all.

And of course a room like this would never suit Geralda. Geralda belonged in the midst of perfect things. She needed tall elegant casements, curving stairs, shining mahogany and brass, silent perfect servants. Doug grinned wryly as he thought of Geralda being waited on by Hattie Fisher.

Hattie Fisher had lived with the Camerons for two generations. She bumped dishes down on the table, invited guests out of the living room when she wanted to "redd up." She was a marvelous cook but she would not wear an apron or a cap, and she kept her thin dyed hair rolled on curlers all day long.

Doug felt a little foolish when he heard his mother coming up the stairs. But then Mollie B. would understand why her son

had lighted a fire on a Summer's afternoon. Mollie B. always understood. She would know that he had needed to warm a queerly cold, lonely place in him—and she would not resent the fact that a son of hers could be tormented by an aching heaviness

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remarked. "Exactly what I've been wanting to do and never knew it." Before Doug could uncurl his legs she had dropped down beside him. She crossed her scuffy slippers and curled up comfortably. "The boys are changing tires on the Kadoodle wagon," she said. "Do you want to go to the station with them?"

"Good Heavens, have we still got a Kadoodle? I thought it would be junk long ago."

"Well, I don't believe this is the particular Kadoodle wagon you remember, Doug, but we always have a Kadoodle wagon. We're the sort of a family who always will own a Kadoodle wagon. Even if we buy a horribly respectable automobile it always seems to degenerate into a Kadoodle wagon."

"Who's coming besides Mary Ann?" Doug asked.

"Nobody but Mary Ann. I thought it would be jolly to have just our old gang here for a day before you—before we go up to Concord for the wedding. I had to be specially nasty to get Mary Ann—she has a fixation on those infants of hers."

"She isn't bringing the kids?"

"No kids or husbands invited. No frat brothers or roommates—nobody but our old gang."

"Our good old gang."

Doug sighed a little. Mollie B. looked into the fire. "Did I do the wrong thing, Doug?" she said. "Have I made it harder—to break away?"

"No," he answered. "She's very different, is she, Doug—this Gerald of yours?"

"She's grown up in a different atmosphere of course. But she's marvelous, Mother—and lovely—gosh!"

"Naturally she didn't climb trees," Mollie B. helped him out, "and I imagine she never skinned a rabbit to make a pair of moccasins or crawled under a Kadoodle wagon to grease the gears?"

"Oh, Heavens, Mollie—she couldn't even comprehend a Kadoodle wagon!"

"However," mused his mother cheerfully, "the people who do comprehend Kadoodle wagons have a great deal of fun."

"That," sighed Doug, not realizing how much he was revealing "is just it!"

A squawking horn from below brought them to their feet. "They're ready," said Mollie B. "Go along, Doug. And Doug—she called him back a bit tenderly, hands on his shoulders, "can't you just enjoy everything—and forget that it's the last time?"

Mary Ann, the oldest Cameron, arrived wearing an air of sweetly maternal competence along with her smart blue hat.

"What about this perfect creature Doug's marrying?" she asked her mother, as Mollie B. hung her coat in the old wardrobe. "Isn't she going to approve of us?"

"I suspect that we're going to be primitives to her, my dear," sighed Mollie B. "Amusing types. Doug hasn't said a word but I can still read his mind. He came this morning, very aloof, prepared to be politely bored by his crude family and to say farewell rather casually—and now he's discovered that he still belongs to the old gang. Make things as easy as you can for him, Mary Ann."

"But how could Doug be such an unmitigated snob? If she spoils Doug, Mother, I'll hate her."

Mollie B. shook her head gravely. "We've got to face this four times, Mary Ann. We've got to see these noisy fellows drift out of our world in a sweet sort of daze—and never come back."

"But Mother—I married!"

"You're a daughter, Mary Ann. There's a difference."

Davie and Sid broiled the steak, arguing fiercely with Hattie Fisher, filling the kitchen with smoke. Sid brought in the platter, stiff-backed, the stern alertness of Annapolis already quenching the boyishness in him. Davie, who was eighteen, carried the carving knife on an old blue silk pillow, while Ky who had been named Keziah, after the great grandfather, blew mess call on the vinegar funnel. Doug laughed a bit huskily. Crazy, long-legged kids! Straight and clean

They laughed a great deal at the table because a ghost kept creeping in, a phantom named Remember.

"Remember the time Mollie B. gave us that old cow she bought from Ell Major because she was sorry for him—she said we could sell her for our Christmas money?"

"Yeah—remember Dave wanted her to get a little fatter so he fed her a lot of green corn!"

"We got four dollars for her hide anyway. I remember what a mess it was getting it off."

"Remember—"

"Mollie B. you're not eating a thing."

"How can I? Dave's sitting with his elbows in the platter."

But Doug had seen the little tremor in Mollie B.'s throat.

A trump, his mother! How she had slaved for them—five awful, gangling, yelling kids. Kicking their shoes out, eating up her little income almost before it came in. For a breath he felt an irritated sort of resentment toward Gerald, his beautiful Gerald who would inevitably come between him and his mother.

They sang at night. Mollie B. tried desperately to head them off, herd them into the village to a dance, anything that would be noisy and narcotic and less poignantly of home. But they ruled her down, ruthlessly.

"Good gravy, we've been here ten hours and she's tired of us already. We're at home, woman! Let the victim revel in peace before they stand him up in front of the bullet-shattered wall. Dave, that uke's out of tune and you finger it wrong anyway. Find something we know, Mary Ann. Something old and hoary."

The old piano, a little out of tune, marred by the scuffing of sandy shoes, tinkled tinnily. Pathetic old thing! Mollie B. pitied it—trying so desperately like herself, to be gay.

Sid, singing, his head thrown back—how like his father he was! Like her lover, dead so long. And now soon Sid would be away! You loved them and you let them go, these big, beautiful sons. Was the world full of mothers, hiding hollow wounds? Her lover had had a mother. Almost Mollie B. had forgotten that mother, dead so long ago. She felt a quick surge of compassion now for her. That was the way of it, then. You took some other woman's lad—and then, years after, you paid—like this!

"Sing something jolly," she begged, fighting the pain in her throat. "The occasion is supposed to be festive."

"What I'd like to do," declared Mary Ann, "is go swimming." "In the cow pond!" Sid shouted. "Angel mother, don't tell me the cows have drunk up the cow pond!"

"It's still wet, Sid. And still muddy."

"Hooray. That's what we want. Gobs of lovely, luscious mud." Dave shouted. "Come on, fellers! I'd forgotten the cow pond."

"I know exactly where my old bathing suit ought to hang," Ky announced, "and if Hattie's used it for a mop rag I'll welter her in her own gore."

The moon had come out, white-faced and dreamy from behind the hills, when they straggled, laughing, treading



"I WANT TO BE MARRIED—IN THAT OLD HOUSE"



limbed, fearless good lads with Mollie B.'s own gallant challenge to life in their eyes. Put a tux on Davie and he'd be sinfully handsome and Doug decided that he'd like to see Sid in navy whites, like the picture of their father.

gingerly with unaccustomed bare feet down the lane to the pond. The bathing suits Mollie had rummaged out of trunks were ridiculously tight, moth-eaten and faded but that only added to the merriment.

"What I need is mud," Sid declared, "plenty of nice black mud to hide my degradation. This black piece is a patch—you got that out of my old golf stockings, Mollie B.—but the white, alas, is me!"

The pond was icy cold but they dived in, yelling, floated up shaking water from their hair. After a few desultory splashes Doug came ashore and writhed into an old bath robe, perched beside Mollie B.

"Cold out there," he said. "Four years of office work make you soft." In the moonlit dusk he slid close to his mother, put an arm about her. His voice was husky. Mollie B. knew the difficulty with which boys dragged tender words from dry throats. She patted his hand as he stammered, "You've had a pretty rough time, haven't you, Mollie B.?"

There was not a trace of tremor in her answer. "I've had a rich, wonderful life, son. Whatever comes now is all right. I've had my share already."

"But you had to pinch and scrimp to raise us all. I know you wore one old blue coat five winters."

"Coats don't matter, Doug—not to people who have—other things! I minded not having things for you, that's all."

"We didn't mind, Mollie."

"Didn't you, Doug? That helps."

Doug crossed his long legs solemnly. Streaks of yellow mud had trickled down his cheeks from his hair. He looked wistfully like a little boy. He cleared his throat desperately.

"Mollie B., if ever I have a child of my own I want it to be just like you."

"How nice!" She fought the shaken quiver from her own voice. "But Doug, wouldn't it be better if your child were like its lovely mother?"

"She's lovely all right. But you—you're game, Mollie B. You've got grit!"

"I can never have a nobler accolade than that," said his mother softly. But something small and childish and afraid in her was waiting pitifully. "Let me hold out, Lord. Don't let me fail him!"

The others came noisily out of the pond, pelting each other with mud. There was a fight over the bathrobes, Ky and Dave finally wearing one off between them, one boy's arm in each sleeve.

"Heavens, what a mob!"

Sid surveyed the dragged group going up the lane.

"If Doug's girl could only see him now!"

And it was at that instant that the white shaft of an automobile light swung suddenly out of the highway, turned into the lane beside the old Cameron house. It lifted the mud-smeared Camerons abruptly out of the darkness as though they had been picked up on the blade of a knife. A car stopped and a single passenger alighted. A girl's voice called.

"Doug? Is that you, Doug?"

Doug's groan must have been audible to her ears.

"O Heavens," he moaned, "it's Gerald!"

Mollie B. came forward. Somehow Doug stammered an introduction, saying a little inward prayer of thanks for his mother. Mollie B. would say exactly the right thing.

"I've hinted and hinted and Doug would not invite me—so I just came," Gerald announced. "The family were furious because I insisted on coming alone—but I'd never met any of you and Doug talked so much about his wonderful family."

Doug felt a slow, sick sinking in his stomach. He had talked—but sketchily, expurgating deliberately, leaving out the shabbiness, emphasizing quaintness—but the family—O, of course the family were all right. One by one they were dragged out of the shadows by Mollie B. to be introduced. "My daughter, Mrs. Turnbull. And these dirty things are David and Sidney and Keziah Cameron. This is Gerald, boys."

Sid's Annapolis bow was perfect but of course Dave had to yelp, "How are yuh, Gerry?" Mrs. Gerald Lodge detested nicknames. Doug remembered her annihilating eyebrows.

Somehow they got to the house. Mary Ann, scudding up the back stairs, her little bare feet leaving wet prints, stormed at her brother.

"Doug, you beast—not to warn us!"

"My gosh, Mary Ann, I didn't know she was coming! Do you think I enjoy looking like this—bare legs and mud?"

"Gentlemen, she's a pip!" commended Ky, sputtering under the shower. "Doug's done his family proud."

Doug washed the grime drearily from his face. "Put on your stiff collar, Dave," he counselled.

"What the heck for?" demanded Dave, strutting about in his underwear. "For her? She belongs in the family, doesn't she? Why indulge in anguish?"

"Because it's the thing to do."

"I dunno where you get this visiting royalty stuff," Dave grumbled. "She looks like a regular feller to me. If I disgrace you, you can explain that Hattie dropped me on my head when I was very young."

"You boys hurry," warned Mary Ann, whirling out in a fluff of yellow silk, "I'm going to dive down the back way and get Hattie to make fruit punch."

"Get those curl papers off her too," ordered Doug. "I don't suppose you could get a cap on her—"

"Heavens, no—I'll serve it myself. Don't worry, Doug dear, everything will be all right."

"I suppose so," Doug slid dully into his coat.

"Dave's gone down in his shirt sleeves," said Sid.

"You can count on him to do something," grumbled Ky, tying his tie expertly. "Mollie B. can maybe head him off if he makes any breaks."

"How about your girl, Doug? Is she going to stay?"

"I don't know any more than you do. But I know this, if she does stay and Hattie has codfish balls for breakfast—on a red table cloth, I'll murder her."

To Doug's unhappy ears the evening was keyed to a thin, tragically artificial note. Only Gerald and Mollie B. were calm—and Dave. Dave thrummed the obnoxious ukulele, blandly entertaining the guest. Mary Ann was pitifully anxious to please. But then Gerald was the sort who make other women feel carelessly groomed and all backgrounds save the most elegant appear shabby. Doug, sitting stiff and tense, flayed the home of his fathers with his eyes. Golden oak and haircloth! If only he had been frank, prepared her. He knew what Gerald had expected—something white, rambling, dignified with age.

A snob, of course. He did not defend himself. He was too miserable, struggling between loyalties—trying not to watch Mollie B.'s grammar, not to

there's a red table cloth on the table!"

There was. A historic covering, conscientiously patched by Hattie herself. And in the middle of the table a cruet of vinegar, a bottle of peppercorn, a mustard jar with a wooden paddle in it! Hattie had been setting the table that way since Mollie B. was married. Not even an earthquake could have changed her.

"Any cake in the tin box, Mollie B.?" Dave clamored. "Swimmin' makes you hungry. Come on, Gerry, what say we raid this ammunition dump?"

"Gerald's tired, Dave," Doug protested. "Ring for Hattie, she'll get the cake."

"Like heck she will. She's sore at us. Come along, Gerry." "I'm coming, Dave." Gerald's expensively simple little flannel frock vanished through the old pantry door. Doug remembered the ancient mousy, raisiny, molasses fragrance of that pantry, shuddered a little. The Lodge pantry was an efficiently immaculate affair of white enamel and nickel but Gerald seldom entered it. The pair returned presently, Dave lugging the old tin cake box of historic memory.

"Cookies in here," he announced as he bumped it down on the table. "Lasses ones—fat! Hattie's been holding out on us."

He bit a great brown cake appreciatively, removing a huge semicircle, then handed the remnant to Gerald. "Pretty fair, Gerry, take a nibble. Little too much ginger—but pretty fair!"

Even Ky protested as Gerald consumed the crumbly fragment. "Have a heart, Dave, don't be such a heathen! Miss Lodge will think we're a bunch of mujiks living in mud huts!"

"I'd rather be a mujik than a frozen fish," drawled Dave, scornfully. "Don't you like regular folks, Gerry?"

"O, Dave—I do! And I've known so few—regular folks!"

Gerald's tone puzzled Doug. It had a ring of sincerity—almost a tremor he would have said had he not known how exquisitely cool her poise was.

"We'll make you one of the gang," Dave agreed. "I'll initiate you now." With the mustard paddle he calmly drew a mystic symbol on Gerald's smooth forehead. "Now," he announced triumphantly, "you're one of Mollie Cameron's gang. Only you've got to pick out your own slivers and put on your own worms. No squeamy ladies allowed."

Laughing a little, Gerald wiped off the mustard. "May I be one of your gang, Mrs. Cameron?"

"No, you can't," Ky announced, "unless you call her Mollie B.; Mollie Bawn, the bravest little clipper that ever sailed the seven seas—and you may lay to that!"

Doug saw his mother's eyes mist a little, saw the down sweep of Gerald's patrician lashes, the little smile that lifted one corner of her mouth. He looked at Gerald, saw her in sleek black velvet and diamonds, dancing with diplomats, her smooth beautiful eyelids narrowed as they were narrowed now—with amusement. Gerald was being amused by his family. They were a new thrill—Dave, molasses cookies—Mollie B. Loyalties battled within him for an instant, rending him without mercy. Then he rose, flinging his chair back. He could stand no more of it. He would take Gerald away—now before Mollie B.'s keen, Irish insight went too deep.

"Look here, you gang," he said, in a queer, dry voice, "I haven't had a word with my girl tonight. Gerald—come along out in the moon."

The moon lay over the cherry trees like a soft, silver smile and the old house mothered it's crooked, lighted windows and beamed maternally from the open door. The world was full of a primitive, warm sort of peace but in Doug's heart there was an icy tumult that made him fight for control of his tongue.

"I think," he said slowly, when they had walked down the lane out of hearing of the house, "that we'd better go back to Concord tonight, Gerald."

"But—I don't understand, Doug? Go back—tonight?"

"It will be best," he said levelly. "It was my fault of course, Gerald. I wasn't frank. I should have told you that my mother was a naval officer's widow struggling along on a Government allowance and a little income—that we can't pay our servant nor can we persuade her to leave—and that we have mustard cruet in the middle of the table!"

There was a moment's stiff stillness. [Turn to page 64]



"HAVE I MADE IT HARDER—TO BREAK AWAY?"



mind her scuffy shoes nor wish she had taken off the old gray sweater.

Mary Ann brought in the coffee—no lemons for punch, she had whispered to Doug—in little Chinese cups that had come over in the *Mollie Bawn* whereupon Dave promptly demanded: "Why don't we eat on a table like Christians? I hate this darn balancing stunt—and so does every man alive."

"Excellent idea," Gerald agreed with well-bred alacrity. "This coffee has a delicious smell. I'd like to spend hours over it."

"Sweet girl," commended Doug inwardly. "But Heavens, if

was full of a primitive, warm sort of peace but in Doug's heart there was an icy tumult that made him fight for control of his tongue.

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GOD and the GROCERYMAN

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON

AFFAIRS in the life of Joe Paddock, the Groceryman of the title, have reached a crisis. His wife has been carrying on a flirtation with Edward Astell, and his daughter, discovering this, has been rendered desperate and has ordered Astell to leave the city. Meanwhile Paddock and other leading citizens have met Dan Matthews in Kansas City and have agreed to put into effect in Westover an important plan involving complete church reorganization.

THE groceryman arrived home from Kansas City on the morning train. That afternoon he went to the farm.

When Grandpa and Grandma had heard from their son the reason for his visit to Kansas City, with the details of the proposed Westover Church Foundation and the Temple plan, Grandma looked at Grandpa with a knowing smile. The old gentleman smiled back at her and moved his chair closer to her side, and the groceryman was surprised and relieved to see that his parents were not nearly so shocked at his new religious views as he had feared they would be.

"Son," said Grandpa slowly, "your mother and I love this farm. It has been our life. It seems like, sometimes, that every square foot of it is associated with some precious memory."

"When we first settled here in the wilderness, I cleared the land and plowed the ground for our first crops, with oxen. We thought a lot of those oxen." He looked at Grandma.

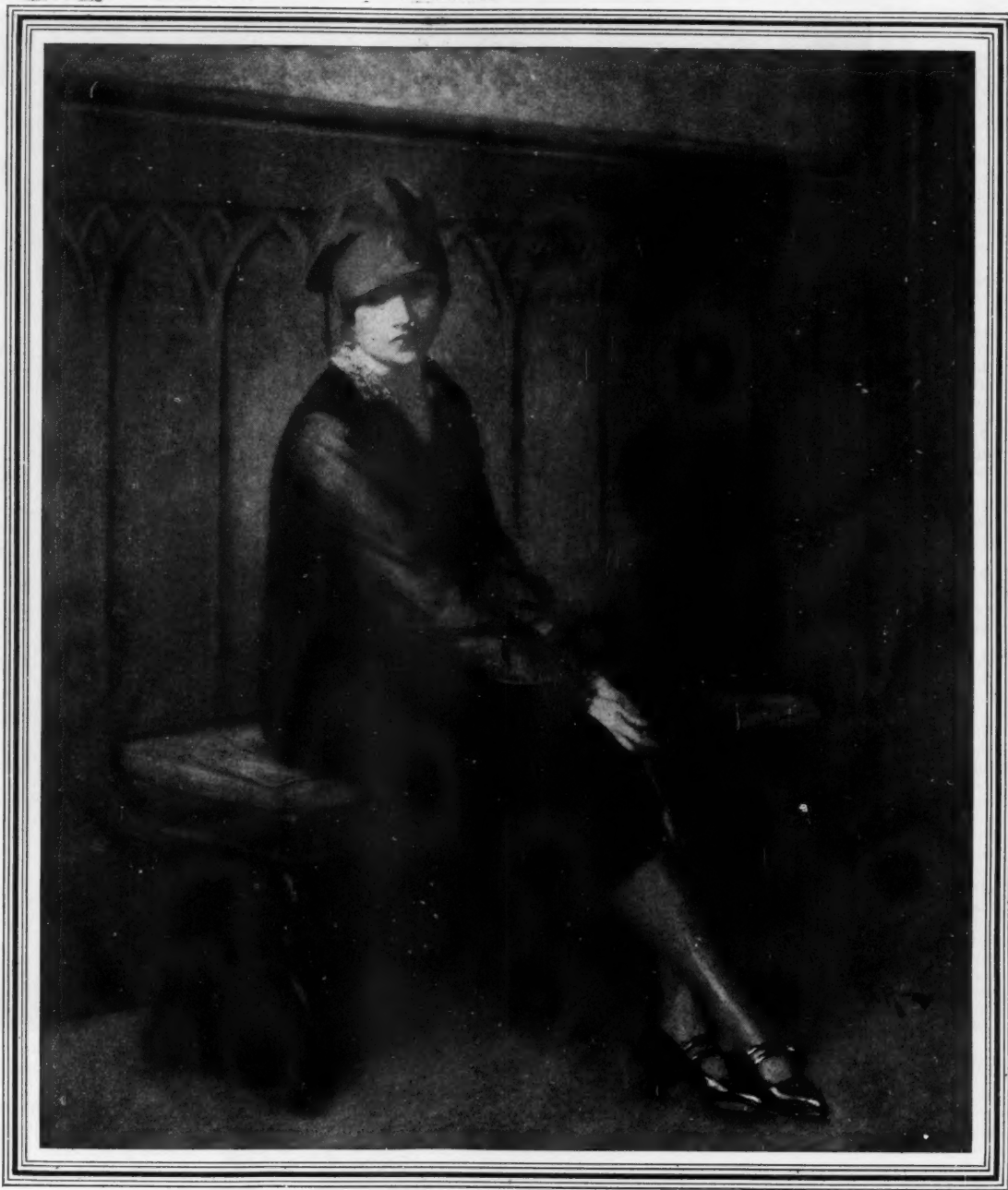
"Member old Buck and Red and Baldy and Jerry, Mother?" Grandma chuckled and wiped her eyes. Grandpa continued: "But when the land was all cleared and the stumps gone and we could work horses to better advantage, we gave up using oxen. 'Cause why? 'Cause it was the farming that counted most. 'And then we got to be mighty fond of our horses—'Member Tom and Nelly and Dick and Sally, Mother?"

Grandma nodded and smiled, with gentle, misty eyes. "Why, we raised those horses, Son," continued the old gentleman. "They were almost like our children. Even you can remember Prince and Joe, our carriage team, and old Kate, that your mother used to drive. I never could learn to love a piece of machinery like I love a horse, nohow. But just the same, we're doing most of our farming with tractors now, 'cause farming, you see, is the main thing."

"I suspect, if Mother and I keep staying on a few years more, we'll be farming with flying machines, or maybe I'll just sit up here on the porch and push a 'lectric button and

the plows and harrows and cultivators and mowing machines and reapers will run themselves, without me ever gettin' out of my chair. I'm dead sure of one thing—if I'm here and can farm better by changing from tractors to something else, I'll change just like I always have, 'cause it's the farming that's always been most important."

"There's another thing—with all the changes we've made in our ways of farming, I notice that we're plowing and planting the same old ground, and that it's the same old sun and rain that makes the seed grow and the harvest ripen in the same old way."



AND AS SHE SAT THERE IN THAT BEAUTIFUL ROOM
... SHE LIVED AGAIN THE YEARS THAT WERE GONE



"Well, your mother and I love the old Presbyterian Church that we helped to start in Westover. We've seen some wonderful crops of Christian character planted and cultivated and harvested by that old church. But our love for the church we helped to build has never blinded us to the truth that it was the Christianity of Jesus that counted most. For a good many years, when this country was new, our church was all there was to work with, and that was all right. But anybody can see that this denomination-ism of today is just as inadequate in religion as our old oxen would be, now, in farming."

"As I see it, this plan that you've been telling us about can't in any way change Christianity, any more than our using a tractor instead of oxen or horses changes the ground or the sun and rain. It's the same old Christianity that you're proposing to teach, only you're going to teach it with modern efficiency, just as we're working the same old farm with modern machinery."

"If this new plan can teach Christianity better than our old denominational methods—and I believe it can—why then if we're really Christians we're bound to use it."

The old gentleman reached out to pat Grandma's hand reassuringly. "That's the way we feel about it, isn't it Mother?"

"That's the only way we could think about it without putting our Presbyterianism above our Lord and Master," returned the old lady bravely. "And your father and I have never done that, Joe. But there's some of us old ones will cry over it a little, I suspect."

"I remember that when we first moved into this house from the little log cabin that we'd built with our own hands, and that we started house-keeping in the year we were married, I used to go back down the hill to the old cabin every day and cry a little 'cause I was so lonesome and strange in this big new place. But shucks, I wouldn't near

have gone back down there to live. And even now, when there's nothing left of the old log cabin, I love the spot where it stood."

"We didn't build this big house 'cause we weren't happy in our log cabin. If it had been just for your father and me we'd never have moved. But we needed this house 'cause you see we was countin' on having a big family. We had to have this house to raise the children right. The cabin wasn't going to be big enough."

"If it could be done, I'd like to see all God's children gathered together under one roof. You can't raise a real family by scatterin' 'em around in so many different homes."

If Christianity hasn't outgrown its little old denominational log cabins, it ought to. Those cabins—taking them any way you please—are too small for the religious family that the Church has got to raise, if it expects to cut much of a figure in the world today. It's time the Church was moving into a bigger house, I say. There's a lot of us will cry over the move, I suspect, but we'll move just the same, 'cause we love the family more than we do the house, after all."

THE papers announced the Westover Church Foundation in rather a light vein, as if it did not matter much what a millionaire did with his money, so long as he spent it. The bare facts were given, with no remarks except the suggestion that the chief value of the project would be more or less publicity for Westover. The names of the five Trustees were given without comment.

Mrs. Paddock read the announcement and demanded an explanation. Georgia was interested. The groceryman told them about the plan. Georgia asked many questions.

Mrs. Paddock waxed more and more indignant. She protested against her husband having anything to do with such a ridiculous affair. She feared for her standing in the community. It would be vulgar for them to countenance such a religious fad. The best people are always conservative. Think how your father and mother will feel with the church that they founded depending upon your support! If you have so much influence with Dan Matthews why did you not interest him in your own church? I'm sure we could use the money. Everybody will be disgusted with you. As if your grocery business were not humiliation enough—now this!

But the groceryman's daughter, glimpsing the deeper truths of the plan, supported her father with eager loyalty.

The church people received the announcement with great interest. The ministers were mildly alarmed. Five different pastors interviewed the five Trustees.

The general public, as a whole, was amused. The friends of the Trustees advised, joked and asked questions. When the groceryman and his associates explained the purpose of the experiment, the questioners became thoughtful. One group of the younger business men, headed by Jack Ellory, was bitterly opposed to the movement. The city, they said, was already dunned to death by the churches and could not stand another. Several of those who were most opposed went privately to the Trustees in hopes of selling them a lot. But Saxton already held an option on the most desirable property. The disappointed ones became more outspoken in their opinions that this new-fangled religious scheme would be a bad thing for Westover.

It had been decided, by Dan Matthews and the Trustees, that Mr. Saxton would remain in Westover and have active charge of the work until the plan was fully established and the first move of the Westover Church Foundation was to open an office immediately in the business district.

The day that the office furniture was being moved in, Mr. Saxton received an application for a position. "I have had no experience," the applicant admitted frankly, "but I am sure I could learn to be useful, and I want very much to try."

Mr. Saxton smiled at her earnestness. "Have you talked to your father about it, Miss Paddock?"

"No sir, but I don't think Daddy would object, do you?"

Saxton replied gravely: "No, child, I don't think he would object." Then he added: "The Trustees permit me to employ my own assistants, of course. I am quite sure you could, as you say, learn to be useful. As to salary—"

She interrupted him eagerly: "Oh, Mr. Saxton! But I would not expect a salary! Don't you understand?"

"Father has told me all about the plan. I believe in it. It is wonderful. It is Christianity—real Christianity, I mean, and I want to help. Please let me come, just because I would love to do something."

"You are hired," cried Saxton promptly.

"But, about that salary," he said when her rejoicing had calmed so that he could speak. "This Foundation, you understand, is a business organization. The Trustees, Georgia, (I really must call you Georgia now that I am your boss) the Trustees have decided on the policy of paying regular salaries to their regular office force. You expect to consider

this a regular job, do you not?"

"Yes sir—just as though I were working in a bank."

"Well then, you must accept a salary. If you wish to turn your salary in at the Temple services as your offering, that is your own private affair."

Mrs. Paddock was completely overcome when she learned that her daughter—her daughter—was to work in an office like a common stenographer.

Georgia's "old crowd" heard the news with amazement, laughter and mourning. A few were thoughtful. The groceryman's happiness over the girl's resolution may be imagined.

less wit, began to ridicule this latest freak religion. The sinful waste of money was deplored. Efforts to strengthen denominational pride became more strenuous, exhortations to loyalty to the faith of the fathers, more fervid. Sermons, to demonstrate the fallacy of thinking that Christianity could possibly endure without denominations, were frequent. The pastors labored with their errant members and with those influential ones who they had reason to fear might be tempted to become errant.

The Trustees, in answer to all this, said nothing. To the attacks of the ministers they made no reply nor did they in any way retaliate. When questioned directly by some



THEN THE SOUND OF SOME ONE APPROACHING STARTLED THEM AND, AS THEY MIGHT HAVE DONE WHEN THEY WERE BOY AND GIRL, THEY SLIPPED AWAY TO HIDE FROM THE CURIOUS GAZE

WITH the passing months, the work of building the Temple progressed steadily. There were no blurs in the papers—no drive for funds. If Dan Matthews ever came to town it was not known. The newspapers, after that first announcement, never mentioned his name. Indeed, the general public soon ceased to connect Big Dan with the Foundation, for the Trustees, understanding that the effectiveness of the plan demanded that no man's name be glorified by this Temple, were careful never to refer to him when speaking of the work.

As the building went forward in an orderly and efficient manner, the people were not long in discovering that there was nothing in Westover to compare with the Temple in architectural beauty. Interest in the movement grew. The public looked upon the Foundation with increasing respect. While the plan of the experiment was not yet generally understood, Westover was beginning to feel that something of more than ordinary religious significance was taking place.

With this change in the attitude of the people toward the experiment, the apprehension of the churches increased. The denominational "higher-ups" gave the matter their attention and advised the local ministers. The preachers, with more or

interested one, they simply explained the plan. That was all.

The inevitable followed. The very people whom the ministers tried to turn against the movement were aroused by the criticism of the clergy to a still greater interest in the Foundation and its plan. Because human nature is what it is, the increasing opposition of the churches served to turn the tide of sentiment toward the Temple.

As popular opposition to the Temple became less active, Mrs. Paddock became more lenient. She was not slow in interpreting the signs that her groceryman husband's connection with the Foundation might turn out a distinction instead of a dishonor. There were indications, in certain circles, which led her to comment with more caution. So far as it was possible, she held to her old place of superiority in her home. The Astell affair was a closed incident. But the feeling between mother and daughter persisted.

Georgia was absorbed in her work under Mr. Saxton in the Foundation office. She attended no more parties at Tony's and Sundown Inn. She saw Jack occasionally, by chance, but when possible they avoided each other.

The groceryman grimly determined to follow the way he had chosen, quietly declined to come again under the rule

of Mrs. Paddock. With his daughter's interest in the Foundation work, and their old companionship restored, he was happier than he had been for several years. As for the rest—with Astell out of the way, he was content to await developments.

THE Temple was placed well back from the street, in grounds spacious enough to set it apart from all neighboring buildings. This, in itself, gave the edifice a distinction, a dignity and a value which was sadly lacking in most of the denominational churches in Westover.

The Temple grounds were ample for effective planting,

presented frankly. The endowment, in relation to the present expenditures of the forty-four Westover churches, was explained. The offering to the poor, the activities, and the character of the teaching were stressed. The name of the Temple minister was given, with the hours when he would be at the Temple to receive those who might wish to counsel with him. The name of Dan Matthews did not appear in the pamphlet, nor was any reference made to the man who had established the Foundation.

The newspapers took their stories from the pamphlet. There was no long and elaborate program of special music and exceptional singers. There were no flamboyant promises

who had decided to attend this first service because she was told that many of the best people would be there, was very quiet and walked beside her husband with not quite her usual air of ownership. She, too, had heard the early morning bells.

As the three arrived at the broad walk which led from the street to the Temple doors, the groceryman felt his daughter's arm tremble, and drew her closer with a comforting little movement. Jack Ellory was only a few paces ahead. Then, just as they were about to turn from the street toward the Temple entrance, an automobile drew up to the curb and they saw Grandpa and Grandma Paddock, Davie Bates and his

father and mother.

The groceryman and his daughter greeted them joyously. Mrs. Paddock was more reserved. Davie's face was beaming with happiness. His mother's eyes were shining with gratitude and thanksgiving. The carpenter's deep voice trembled a little as he told them that he was going back to work Monday morning!

There are few natures that do not respond instantly to an atmosphere of sincere and true religion. It would have been a strange person who could have entered through the portals of that Temple of Christianity without being instantly impressed by the spirit of the place. The great room, softly lighted, was beautiful in the simple dignity of its proportions and quiet coloring. There was no attempt at elaborate decoration; no display of costly carvings and expensive windows; no glittering chandeliers. But while this place of worship was without a suggestion of theatrical showiness, on the one hand, it was as far from cheapness and bad taste, on the other.

Except for a simple reading desk there was no "pulpit furniture." There was no organ in sight. There was no choir—no chorus—no singer—to be seen. On either side of the rostrum and from the main floor, there were arched openings of passageways, leading evidently to other rooms. There were no doors except the great doors at the entrance. The seats were as comfortable as the seats in the best motion picture theaters.

On the back of each chair was a receptacle to receive the offering of the person occupying the seat next in the rear. There was an inscription on this receptacle: "Your offering, made in the name of Jesus for the relief of those of whom He said 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me'."

There was also a small rack with a supply of cards and a pencil. On each card was printed: "If you wish to make an offering of personal service, write your name and address in the space below." On the same card was another line: "If you know of any person in need, write the name and address in the space below and deposit this card with your offering."

There were no racks filled with assorted hymn books and church literature.

With the subdued tones of the unseen organ trembling on the air, and with nothing to distract their

attention, the people became very quiet. Many heads were bowed in prayer.

The minister entered from the archway on the right of the pulpit, and going to the reading desk stood before the people. He was dressed in no distinctive robe or garb.

With no organist in sight, mysteriously working his stops and keys; with no elaborately gowned and hatted soprano; no choir fussing with music; no distinguished tenor; no cornet soloist tinkering with his instrument; the attention of the audience was fixed upon the teacher.

The music of the organ died softly away. There was a moment of silence. The minister raised his hands and the great audience arose to stand, with bowed heads, for the invocation prayer.

Again the organ was heard, and as the melody of one of those grand old hymns which are common to all denominations, and which for generations have been woven into the religious life of the nation was recognized, the words of the hymn appeared in letters of light in a panel above the pulpit. There was no announcement of the hymn or number. There was no noise and confusion of books being taken from the racks; no searching for number or page; no helping a neighbor find the place. The people, as they stood, merely lifted up their eyes and sang.

When the hymn was ended and the congregation seated, the minister without

[Turn to page 50]

OF WHOEVER IT WAS THAT HAD CHANCED TO COME UPON THAT SACRED SPOT AT THE WRONG MOMENT, MRS. PADDOCK SUDDENLY CAUGHT HER HUSBAND'S ARM WITH A GASP OF HAPPY AMAZEMENT.



which would add to the simple dignity of the building, that quiet beauty which is the hand-maiden of all true religion.

If it be said that Christianity needs no distinctive edifice with beautiful surroundings—that, perhaps, is true. Certainly, Jesus needed no pulpit other than a mountain side, a fishing boat, a humble home, or a seat beside the road. But if Jesus were to build a place of worship in Westover, can anyone doubt that he would give to it that importance among the common buildings of the city which he would have his religion occupy in the thoughts of the people?

For the architecture of the Temple, it is enough to say that it was Christian. There was a tower for the bells, and high above all, softly lighted by subdued rays from some hidden source, quietly glowing against the dark night sky, a cross.

During the week before the opening service in the Temple, every citizen of Westover received, through the mail, a pamphlet setting forth the plan of the Westover Church Foundation—much as Dan Matthews had presented it to the groceryman and his friends. The reason for the experiment was given, with no unkindly criticism of the churches and with genuine appreciation of the good accomplished by the denominations in the past. But facts and figures were

of eloquent preaching. There was no extravagant write-up of the minister. There was no advertising of a sensational sermon subject. The announcement, of the hours of the service and the place, was as simple and sincere as the invitation given by Jesus: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Sunday came, and with the beginning of the day the Temple bells were heard—clearly, sweetly, in the quiet of the early morning, the beautiful music of the chimes floated over the city—*Nearer my God to Thee*. In hundreds of homes the people listened, and many hearts, which commonly held no thought of the day, involuntarily echoed the familiar words of that prayer as it was sung by the sweet toned bells.

When the hour for worship arrived, the bells summoned the people. From every quarter of the city they came—the curious—the seekers after the new and unusual—the lovers of the sensational—those who hungered for religion—those who hoped for something to criticize or ridicule—and those who had grasped the meaning of the plan and were praying for its success.

The groceryman's emotion was too deep for words. Georgia, close by her father's side, shared his emotion. Mrs. Paddock,





SHE WAS PRETTY.....WEAK-
ENING SLIGHTLY HE STOLE
ANOTHER GLANCE. HE KNEW
SO WELL WHAT IT WAS TO FEEL
FORLORN. AND IT WAS A LONG
TIME SINCE HE'D SEEN ANY-
THING OF GIRLS



"God, make me a good movie actor." So prayed pathetic Merton each night beside his sagging bed. Tom Harrison, just as pathetic in his half-tragic struggle, reached Broadway stardom only a moment after he had been "walking the streets without even a toothbrush."

That quickly did the cat jump!

The CAT JUMPS QUICK

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

MIKE FITZWALTER, the property man, first observed him sitting on a painted canvas stump. A slender youth with a sensitive, haggard face and burning eyes. Looked as if he hadn't slept or (for that matter) eaten very lately. Between his knees a dog-eared booklet of sides at which he glanced now and then; but for the most part he stared up into the dim cavernous fly-loft moving his lips rapidly like one telling beads. Beside him on the stage floor, lay a bundle wrapped in newspapers, and his hat.

This was in the Stamford Theater, at the ungodly hour

of nine o'clock Monday morning. Dress rehearsal was called for ten. They'd be at it all day; as they'd been at it all of Saturday, Saturday night and Sunday in a dusty hall on



Forty-fifth Street that had in it a sort of pulpit and the insignia of an obscure fraternal order and many broken chairs. At eight-thirty in the evening the new play would have its out-of-town opening, with a cast strung up to the breaking point, a frantic stage manager bawling out electricians, props and clearers, a director worn to husky hopelessness, producer and backers hovering anxiously, shrewdly silent ticket brokers sitting out front considering whether to make

a "buy" for New York. An atmosphere tense with hope, risk, worry. But to Mike it was just a play. What he was thinking about now was

that it was nearly time to set the first act and he wanted that stump. So he said, "I beg your pardon."

"Oh!" The youth started, and sprang up, running his fingers through his hair. He was saying a little more, confusedly, "Oh!" again; and, "Oh, I'm sorry!"

"Oh, that's all right." Mike picked up the stump. "You haven't been rehearsing with the company, have you?"

"No. Only yesterday. They threw me in. I'm Tom Harrison." The boy couldn't help pausing to watch the effect of this announcement. But then, incoherently full of words, he rushed on. "My agent sent me around when he heard they were letting Arthur Dever go. It's a wonderful part. Wonderful! But my Heavens, when you think of getting it up in two days . . . I wouldn't consider it, only I've been through so much . . . those nervous fingers were in his hair again . . . "Oh, everything! Sleeping in Bryant Park, and just about starving. Everything! But they'll have to recognize me yet. I'll make 'em. I'll fight. I'm not the first that's had to struggle. Look at what Glenn Hunter went through."

"Oh well," remarked Mike, ill at ease under this verbal attack, but ever a tactful man, "you'll make a hit and after that there won't be anything to it. The cat jumps quick in this business."

"It's my chance, you see." Thus young Mr. Tom Harrison. "My first real chance." Good Heavens, was he going to burst out crying? The way his face worked . . . "Heaven knows I was in no position to pick and choose. See that bundle there? That's my tuxedo, and a dress shirt and studs and things. Had to have 'em for the third act. But let me tell you it was a tight squeak. Getting 'em, I mean. I couldn't pay the landlady and she threw me out. This last week. Kept my things. Everything. Mrs. McCandless, her name is. Over on West Fiftieth. I walked the streets without even a toothbrush. Only sixty-three dollars, too. I told her I'd surely . . . Oh, it was awful. Then this chance came. Saturday. When they asked if I could dress the part, I said yes. Had to. My Heavens, I couldn't just . . . so last night I went up there to lay the whole problem before her. She was away. Lucky, I guess. She's terrible." A nervous chuckle. "So I argued with the maid. Tried to make her see it. That if they didn't let me have the tuxedo I'd lose my chance to make the money to pay 'em with. Well, finally she let me. I suppose she thought I'd tip her; but Ye Gods, how could I? She acted kinda scared about it, anyway. She wouldn't even let me take the suitcase. I had to wrap 'em up like this. Then my agent lent me ten dollars, and . . . well, here I am."

Mike, really at a loss now, lowered his eyes. He was considering moving quietly away, when the boy caught him by the arm. "I'd said to myself, you see, 'It's now or never! I've got to fight! I've got to win!' I said, 'I'll take my punishment, I'll suffer any humiliation. I'll go through if it kills me. And win. Fight and win.' I'm like that."

The stage door opened and closed. A slimy pretty girl came by, followed by a personal maid, carrying a suitcase.

"How do you do?" said the girl, in an icily precise voice.

"How d'do?" muttered the boy.

"Remarkable how that girl has got on," ventured Mike, tactfully disengaging his arm. "Falling into a real lead at her age."

"Elsie Ames? I'll say so. But she's cold. She's hard. A selfish actress." The sensitive face was working again. "She made it very difficult for me yesterday."

"Just as well to be hard-boiled in this business," observed Mike, discreetly. "If you don't mind my saying so."

Mike glanced uncomfortably about. Other members of the cast were coming in. "If you don't mind my making a suggestion. I'm a pretty old hand at this business . . ."

"Oh, of course, but . . ."

" . . . well, really, I'd try a little of the same if I was you. I'd sorta watch my step. It'll be quite a while before you find out who's going to be your friends in this troupe. Perhaps not any of 'em. And if you criticize folks it'll surely get around to 'em. Never fails. And it makes trouble. Well, I'll move along. Time to set up."

The boy, motionless, stared at the place where the property man had stood holding the stump. His imagination was stirring. A phrase was taking shape before his mind's eye . . . one of many picturesque bits that much random reading (mostly of poetry) had left scattered about in his mind . . . "Wax to receive but marble to retain." The man was right. You had to be hard-boiled. Very well, he'd be. Just that. Marble.

He rushed after Mike and caught his arm again. "I want to thank you," he said, with a sudden dramatic intensity that had, none the less, a flash of dignity about it. "You've helped me. You've shown what I've got to do. Marble. I can't tell you how much your kindness . . ."

"Shucks," said Mike. "That's nothing."

It didn't occur to the boy that he was merely playing a

rather splendid hero of the theater . . . strong, silent, aloof. He was like that.

The play was one of those comedies of small-town life that had something of a vogue a few years ago. The setting of the first act represented the front porch of a village home. Here the girl lived, and here the awkward, excited youth came to call of a moonlit evening after his day's work in the local bank. The scenes were simply and pleasantly written.

The rehearsal had hardly more than gotten under way when it became evident that a remarkable change had come over young Mr. Harrison, the boy. All through the previous day he had wandered about in a state of apparently hopeless confusion. At times he had seemed to have difficulty even in reading the lines from the typed sheets; but now, through quite a feat of concentration, he knew them, and was stepping boldly out to play the part. The character was taking on reality. And as a result something seemed to be happening to the play. The difficulty was elusive at first, but soon it appeared to come down to a flaw in the work of Miss Ames.

There was no denying her delicate beauty or her grace. But she was smooth, studied, even, a charming surface and nothing else. Tom's speech was honestly American, while hers was tinged with the pseudo-English accent that is widely affected by American players, clipped, precise, with little variety or color. In her simple costume as a village type, and in the rustic setting, her smoothly finished personality

rang a little false. Apparently no one had observed this small difficulty before. It was the boy's feverish honesty which, by contrast, set it off. The director, sensing that she was not quite in the picture, and pleased by the note of truth in Tom's work, began interrupting her with suggestions. Quietly, coolly, she listened, but each time went on as before. She couldn't, or wouldn't, understand. Before long the director was frankly keying the performance to Tom. It was a triumph that warmed his hungry heart. But he wouldn't show his emotion. When the older members of the company gathered and attentively watched his work, he pretended not to notice them. That was the way to do it. Marble. The property man was right. He thought—"I said I'd show 'em! I can do it. And if I can do it here I can do it in New York. Then there'll be nothing to it. The cat jumps quick in this business."

It was after noon when somebody brought in sandwiches and coffee. A recess was called. The harassed director hurried off for a conference with the producer.

Tom sat alone, devouring bread and ham in huge bites. Glancing about, he saw Miss Ames, also sitting alone. She had a sandwich, too, but didn't appear to be eating. And a cup of coffee rested untouched on her knees. She was pretty. And perhaps a thought forlorn. Weakening slightly, he stole another glance. He knew so well what it was to feel forlorn. And it was a long time since he'd seen anything of girls.

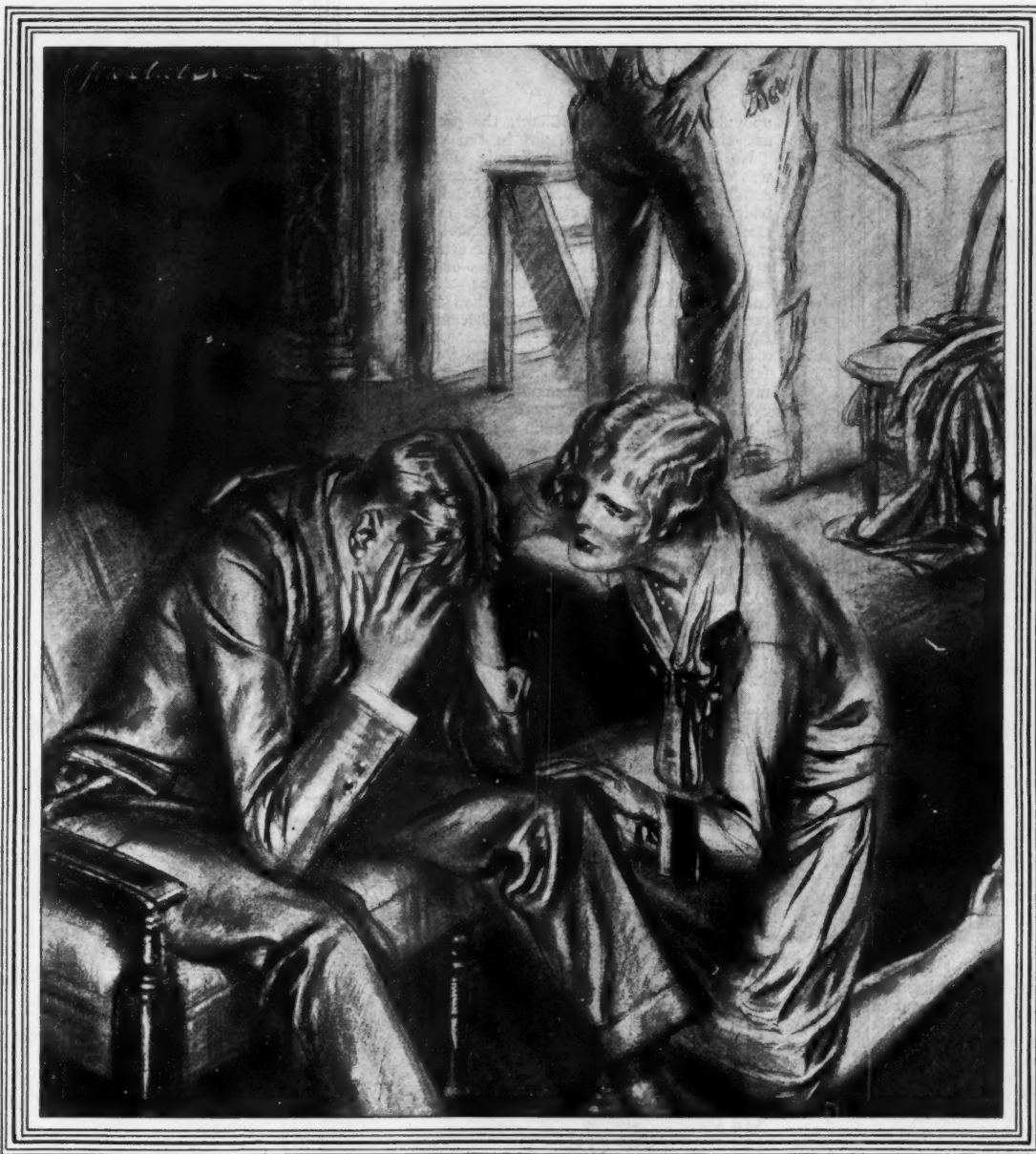
This wouldn't do. Better not look again. Then he looked. She

had lifted her head. Their eyes met. Uncomfortably. Come to think of it you didn't often look right into another person's eyes. How little she was, and how dainty! A touch of unwelcome color was warming his cheeks. Absurd, that. It rather angered him.

She smiled. Wanly. So he got up and moved over by her. He couldn't very well help doing that much. No sense in being rude.

"There isn't much room to sit down," said she.

"I'll sit on the floor," said he, doing so. She fingered the cup; then in a low, breathy voice came out with—"You're wonderful in the part." [Turn to page 61]



FORGETTING THEN THE STAGE . . . SHE WENT TO HIM AND TOOK HIM IN HER ARMS



new rôle; playing it, like a born actor, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his shapely head; breathing it, posturing it, living it. In his thoughts he was now a suffering but

The Story of Frances Hodgson Burnett



"DEAREST"



BY VIVIAN BURNETT

"Little Lord Fauntleroy", now grown to manhood, here tells the story of "Dearest"—his mother—just as she once told his story, a story that made them both famous.



MRS. BURNETT'S GRAND-DAUGHTER, VERITY BURNETT



TO all the world Frances Hodgson Burnett is known as the creator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, the most universally read and beloved children's book in all literature. How she, the gallant hearted daughter of a plucky, widowed English mother who came with her small brood pioneering in Tennessee soon after the Civil War, began to write, and how her writings began to draw the attention of the foremost editors of the day, has already been told.

SURLY Tim created a real stir, and in literary circles people began to take account of the name—Fannie Hodgson. Its success and the entree thereby gained to the higher-class magazines had its effect. As the young Frances had opportunity to meet editors in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and to match her wit with theirs, she naturally reached a higher estimate of her own mental and literary powers. Emerging from her chrysalis, she inevitably felt a desire to spread her wings in an atmosphere more stimulating than she could find even among those who loved—actually adored—her in Knoxville. Therefore, with the first hope of having money enough, came the decision to travel a little, and go back to England for a visit.

One person, however, found the task of being enthusiastic over this proposed journey quite difficult—the poetic-eyed Swan Burnett. He had finished his medical course in Bellevue, and returning to Knoxville about 1870 to settle down and practice, he had begun again to be a member of the "Vagabondia" household.

It was not long, however, before Swan had something at least to console him. Fannie had made a sweet confession to him, and they were engaged. Swan was, however, at once the most happy and the most desperate of young men. He had Fannie's promise to marry him; therefore, delirium of joy for the present; but as she was determined to go abroad, his soul was harassed by visions of dukes and earls and glittering European army officers surrounding her who was

undoubtedly the most brilliant, the prettiest and the most captivating girl in the world.

No one ever denied that Fannie Hodgson was comely. At this time, just reaching womanhood, she had a plump, rounded figure, which set off her clothes, and a half-jauity, erect carriage that, with her somewhat airy manner of carrying her head, became almost a challenge to masculine admiration—or feminine, for that matter. And, however straightened the family circumstances, it had rarely been denied that Frances was becomingly dressed. So it can be surmised that for her arrival in New York she had planned a really fetching toilette—and one not savoring too much of the styles of Knoxville, Tenn.

R. W. Gilder immediately took her under his care, and the friendship of this great editor was one of the most helpful influences in her literary life.

Frances landed in England late in the Spring of 1872. Her plans were not laid for a long stay across the water, and she intended returning possibly in the early winter, but the visit extended to more than a year, much to the despair of the raven-haired young lover at home. When she returned to America in the late Summer of 1873, with fresh laurels upon her brow, Swan could not be gainsaid, and she had hardly arrived in Knoxville before he had persuaded her to "name the day." He was building up something of a practice, and she was earning a steadily growing income with her pen.

It was decided that the wedding should take place in the Burnett family home in New Market, the nearest approach that circumstances allowed to the ancestral halls required by Romance for such an occasion, and September 19, 1873, was the date. The big living-room of the Burnett house was



MRS. BURNETT WITH HER TWO SONS IN THE HAPPY WASHINGTON DAYS

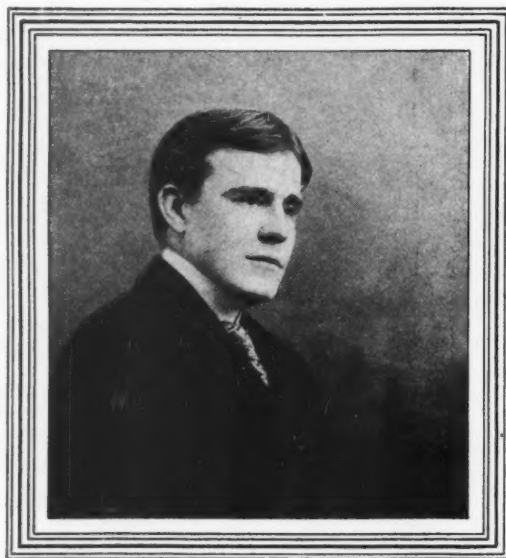


the place, and, of course, many New Market friends and a large part of the society of Knoxville were expected to make up the wedding party.

But, as the plans were being made, a most distressing hitch presented itself. The wedding dress which, with sly foresight, she had ordered of an European modiste had not arrived. To even an ordinary bride-to-be, the wedding dress would be an important feature of the event. To Frances it was more than that; it was a dominating element, and her "fairy story" for herself had been that she would have such a bridal gown as could only be devised by minds and put together by fingers across the water—by Paris itself. She did not bring the "creation" in her trunk—it was to be packed with special precaution, and sent after her. It was delayed, day after day, and so, too, was the final decision on the wedding plans. Finally reports came that the boat bearing the precious package had arrived in New York, and then the invitations were issued. But storms and freshets, or something of the kind, delayed the express, and the fatal day was right at hand, and still no wedding finery! At the last moment it was decided to have the marriage on the date originally set. There *was* a wedding dress. It was a cream and brown satin affair, included in the trousseau for evening parties, and no doubt a fine garment for that purpose, but by no means the frilly, lacey snow-white creation in which a bride should appear at the high moment of her career.

Frances' visit to New York and her stay in England had led her to re-essay her powers. She began to be conscious of her responsibility as the guardian of a gift, and she felt she could, and should, write stories and novels that would measure up to the highest standards. And to this resolve Swan was an enthusiastic seconder.

Swan was now called Doro. Because of her inexperience in domestic matters, he had likened her to Dora in "David Copperfield." She had countered by calling him Doro. Doro had serious views of his future. He was [Turn to page 81]



THE AUTHOR AS A HARVARD STUDENT



HE STEPPED IN: "HAVE I THE HONOR OF MEETING LADY MAYO?" LADY BLANCHE REGARDED HIM

The dream that HAPPENED

BY MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

THE doctors gave Peter King six months to live. Several weeks later he was in Algiers bound on a dangerous mission to Persia disguised as Sir Heriot Mayo of the British Secret Service. Major Lake, Peter's advisor, rescued him there from the death plot of Murillo and the beautiful Carey Mills who hates Peter—yet loves him secretly. The following evening when Murillo and the dancer, Zarah, are being entertained aboard Peter's yacht, Lady Blanche, Sir Heriot's fiancée who is traveling as a stow-away discovers Zarah in her dressing room.

THEN ensued a silence during which she and Blanche again regarded each other. "Fiancée of English milord?" said Zarah coaxingly after awhile.

Over Lady Blanche's baby face there began to flicker an adorable blush. With shining eyes she nodded.

"Who—who asked you to come on this yacht?" "Sir 'Eriot," murmured Zarah.

Blanche sighed. She continued what she felt to be this dark tremendous inquisition sternly. "Are you staying . . . that is, staying . . . I mean to say . . . Are you staying for the . . . very long?"

"I go home with Mr. Murillo," said Zarah obligingly. "Why should—why should Sir Heriot ask you to come and dance here?" said Blanche, pursuing.

"He see me dance at Mr. Murillo's."

"Then—then he must have wanted to see you again," said Blanche, burning.

Zarah laughed. Her laughter was delicious and very sly.

"Oh, not 'im," said she. "The other milord—"

"Major Lake?" asked Blanche, with a lightening of her

heart. "Did he, too, ask you to come here?"

Zarah nodded. "He see me too. He arrange. He not guess I know, but I know. Of course." She dropped back into a demure secrecy, and Blanche left her there.

"I should wish ver' much to come to your London," said Zarah presently, in an earnest voice.

"Perhaps," said Blanche, "Sir Heriot and I could help you." "You are sweet generous lady," Zarah sparkled, clasping her hands.

Blanche's heart, jealousy lulled, was touched and pleased by the ardor of the other's pleasure. "I really mean," she said, "that I want you to feel you have a friend in me. If you only knew—" Blanche conjured up recollections of all she had ever heard on the topic—"how intolerant an Englishwoman finds it even to think of the conditions of life for the Oriental women, you would understand how keen I am to do this. I can lend you a hundred pounds any time you like. I really have enough clothes, and—besides my mother won't have the right to question me much longer, because—"

She paused, blushing beautifully. "Because I may be married soon."

The Persian sat up very still on the bed. Her heart was an organ to which neither light nor love had penetrated very deeply, but she was touched, to a tiny degree, with the

Oriental's sense for gratitude. She looked under her heavy lids out of her very wise eyes at the glowing girl in the blue kimono.

"To Sir Heriot?"

Blanche smiled. Her smile said all, without reticence. She added to it softly: "But it is a—a kind of secret just for awhile."

"Ah! a secret," said Zarah vaguely. Then she leaned forward, and touched the other on the knee. "See? You promise to

help me all you can to dance in London? In your London theaters?"

"I have promised," said Lady Blanche.

"I want big success," said Zarah, "European success. To break away free! To have power. Persian women have power while young and lovely. No sort of power remaining after. European women have honor all her life if she like. American women too, very honorable—I know. I have been told. You help me to this by letting me be a friend of Lady Blanche Sommers?"

"My dear, I have promised!" cried the ardent and lovely Blanche.

"Perhaps," said the Persian slowly, "I have some reward for you. I will make it. I will try."

She gave Blanche a long, slow, careful look. "I hope you be married, live happy forever," she said. "English women are ver' nice. But your Sir Heriot, does he not have dangerous mission?"

"I don't know," whispered Blanche. "How do you know?"

"I do not know either," said Zarah, very slowly, "except what I guess and see. I am just told: 'Do zis; do zat.' I do it. It's my business to obey. I do not ask. I do not care, except for you. You are kind to me."

"What can you tell me?" whispered Blanche.

"Nothing," said Zarah, with a headshake. "Nothing at all."

But if I can, I will. I make my promise too."

With schoolgirl heartiness, Lady Blanche stretched out her hand. Zarah would have taken and kissed it. But the English girl cried: "No! Shake!" and they shook hands, Zarah going through the ceremony with a naive air of curiosity.

The two girls were bending towards each other smiling confidently into each other's eyes, when a voice behind them exclaimed, "Heavens!" Lake had pushed open the only partly-closed door, and stood there, a picture of rigid amazement and anger.

Zarah crawled, laughing, in the most languid fashion, from the bed.

"Lady Blanche!" said Lake, in a martinet voice. Lady Blanche retained her seat. Her golden hair in thick pigtails, dropped over each shoulder; her blue kimono matched her resentful blue eyes. "Major Lake?" she drawled.

"What are you doing here, Lady Blanche?" said Lake incisively.

"What are you doing here?" drawled Blanche, still hating him for the quarrel earlier in the evening. And she added: "What are we all doing here, I should like to know!"

The Persian girl laughed.

"Well," said Lake, "well . . . Mayo has a dinner party . . ."

"A small one," said Lady Blanche.

"Well, Lady Blanche, Mayo has a small dinner party," Lake said again, "as you were perfectly aware, and this lady—"

"Is one of the guests," said Blanche.

"Has kindly been dancing for us," amended Lake. And to Zarah: "If you've put all the powder you want on your nose, will you kindly return with me to the saloon?"

"Im-mejat-ly," said Zarah obediently, making Lake breathless with a look from her brown eyes.

"But I should like a longer talk with you, dear," said Lady Blanche, sweetly, rising and putting an arm about the Persian. She gazed hostilely at Lake.

"I must beg of you, Lady Blanche—" he began furiously.

"Zis lady is going to help me to London," said Zarah in a meek voice.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Lake. Lady Blanche's cheeks became even pinker.

"There's no nonsense about it," drawled she. "I have promised her." She gave Zarah a little squeeze.

Before he could speak, another footstep sounded behind him; a voice with a hint of raillery and more than a hint of possessiveness, uttered:

"Where is she?" Murillo stood at Lake's shoulder, looking into the cabin.

The pause that followed was short, but a great many sensations filled it, for those two women and two men: Zarah wondering at Lake and cunningly defensive already against Murillo; Lake aching first to shake and beat and kiss the imprudent, mischievous thing; second to kick away from his vantage point that dago; Lady Blanche resenting the intrusion of the stranger, for a woman was one thing, but a man so obviously removed from her own class was distinctly another; and Murillo . . . ? His brain took in many things and possibilities at a flash.

"We intrude on a lady, I fear," smiled Murillo, intruding the fraction of a step further.

"We do!" said Lake. "Come," he added to Zarah. He signed to Murillo to precede them down the corridor.

But Murillo, who had given Zarah a look, stood back politely as if to give precedence to a lady, and Zarah, obedient to that look, had taken a pinch of Lake's sleeve between finger and thumb, and, swaying slightly against him, had led him forward before he realized it. It was an indefinite almost unnoticeable manoeuvre, but it achieved its purpose of leaving Murillo momentarily behind them, on the threshold of the cabin, assimilating Lady Blanche.

He did not waste the moment of time.

He stepped in: "Have I the honor of meeting . . . Lady Mayo?"

Lady Blanche regarded him.

He looked swiftly at her bare left hand clutching the kimono across her breast. "No," he smiled. "Pardon me. A very forgivable mistake, I think?"

Still she did not speak, and he tried her again.

"I begin to fear our presence on the yacht tonight is an inconvenience. An intrusion, eh?"

"As far as this cabin is concerned," said Lady Blanche in icy voice, "your presence is a lamentable intrusion."

He bowed swiftly, protested, smiled; and moved away

walked back along the deck to the saloon.

"Blanche," he said again, "you mustn't be careless, my dear. You've got to behave as if the strictest *duennas* guarded you night and day. Won't you do it?"

"No!" said Blanche, sitting down upon a chintz sofa under the winking port holes, and putting up her face.

But he did not bend over her and kiss her on the mouth as she longed for him to do. He sat beside her, took her hand, and raised it to his lips. He saw her eyes full of tears.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is seeming such a long time," Blanche whispered, "and tonight—"

"Tonight, dear little girl?"

Her breast heaved and her eyes flashed, "I had to go to my cabin while you—why did you do it?"

"For Guy Lake, my child."

"Are you sure?" said Blanche in a whisper. "Are you quite sure that you didn't ask that dancing girl for yourself?" For with the departure of the guests Lady Blanche's jealousy had returned fourfold.

"My dear little girl," said Peter, "I swear it. There was a reason why, if she was asked at all to dance for us, she must be accompanied by that fat chap. There was a further reason why it was better to ask the fat chap to the yacht instead of going ashore. Are you satisfied, Blanche, now?"

"I shall never be satisfied, Heriot, till I've got you." She sighed, and then she was in his arms; he had to hold her—carefully; kiss her carefully; and swear to her—with truth—that only one girl in earth and heaven mattered to him.

At last he persuaded her to go to bed, seeing her to the door of her cabin, telling her why he wouldn't come in and say good-night, telling the wayward love-torn girl all he could think of to make her safe, and to impose restraint upon himself.

He sought George Fortune, who seldom turned in before midnight. He had come by now to trust unflinchingly this wise and tongue-tied old skipper.

"George, Lady Blanche Somers is aboard without her family's knowledge, and without any invitation from me."

"Ah!" said Fortune. "It's a difficult and rather delicate affair. Naturally, for Lady Blanche's sake, it is to be

kept quiet."

"It is kept quiet, sir," said old Fortune placidly.

"Have you daughters of your own, George?" He caught himself up, remembered that he ought to know that, and relieved himself by recollection of Sir Heriot's three-year absence. "I mean, have you one left unmarried?"

"The one who keeps house for me, sir."

"George, consider yourself Lady Blanche's guardian and chaperon and what not during this trip. She's in your care like your own daughter. And tomorrow I'm going to tell her so."

They looked at one another briefly; and shook hands. "I don't know what's going to turn up, George, don't you see?" said Peter.

"I know that, Sir 'Eriot," said old Fortune.

Next morning when the launch was put out to meet Lake, Peter was in it. Lake was waiting, looking impeccably British in white flannels, smoking a cigarette. He observed the unexpected apparition of Peter with cynicism.

"Wait a second," hailed Peter, "I'm coming ashore."

"All right," said Lake, "I'm with you then. Whither-so-ever thou goest, I will go."

They crossed the wide Boulevard Carnot, and struck through the Boulevard Laferriere into the winding long Rue Michelet. And in the Rue Michelet, nearly a hundred yards ahead of them, walked a woman in white with a beautiful silhouette, at the sight of whom Peter silently quickened his pace. But at that precise moment a long cream car shot by them, sidled up to the girl, and stopped. The fat man in the car greeted her; then turned in his seat and watched blandly the oncoming of the two Englishmen. He lifted his



SHE FASTENED THE ROSE IN A GREAT ARROW-BROOCH OF PEARLS THAT WAS PINNED ACROSS HER BREAST. THEY WERE DELICIOUSLY ALONE

just as Lake, at the end of the passageway, looked over his shoulder and saw what was happening.

"I apologized to the lady," he explained blandly, as he rejoined them.

"A sweet, beautiful lady," purred Zarah. But to Murillo she said nothing about Lady Blanche and London.

They entered the saloon again, and Peter was still sitting at the table, head on hand, quite still.

"Heriot!" said Lake. "I am going up to see about the launch for your guests."

Lake sent Murillo over the side first, while he held Zarah's soft arm in his big hand, and spoke to Peter. "Heriot, our lady here has met and talked to Blanche tonight. It must have been an interesting encounter." In the dimness of the starlight the men's eyes met.

PETER hung over the rail until the launch was well on her way into the harbor, wishing he were aboard her. Suddenly he felt a touch on his arm, and turning, found Blanche beside him, negligently dressed in the blue kimono, mules on her bare feet, her plaits of golden hair hanging to her waist.

She whispered urgently: "Heriot!"

"What is it?" he asked gently, adding, "dear," because her heart must have something to feed upon, and by now he knew it.

"I want to talk to you."

"Dear, honestly, you mustn't come on deck in a dressing gown. Come below." He tried to smile at her, and they

hat to them as they came within speaking distance. And Carey Mills, under a scarlet parasol, nodded.

She looked swiftly at Peter; and he thought that never had he seen her clear face so white and her eyes so big and dark. And never before had so many devils looked out of them.

"Good morning," Murillo greeted the two men, while Peter went obviously up to Carey as if she alone existed in all that world of sunshine and blue skies. "I am picking Miss Mills up for a drive. The car seats four. Won't you join us; and perhaps we can all lunch together?"

Peter nodded instantly, "Thanks."

Carey Mills remained nonchalantly quiet under the scarlet sunshade, with all the devils looking murderously out of her green eyes.

"Where are you going?" said Lake.

"Oh, just along the Sahel," said Murillo; "or anywhere Miss Mills chooses. Miss Mills, I am going to ask you to let Major Lake have the seat beside me, because I can already see him looking with the eye of an expert at my peach of a new car."

That was how Peter and Carey found themselves together, behind the protection of the very perfectly devised back wind-screen in the rear seats of the cream car, the sound of their voices entirely cut off from the two in front.

"I came ashore this morning solely to find you," said Peter. "Why would you not dine on the yacht last night?" he asked.

"I was not so inclined," said Carey.

"You would prefer that we met here?"

Carey smiled with curling lips that this morning were pale, but she did not reply. Then, quite suddenly, she turned and said: "Who was there?"

"The dancer and Murillo and Major Lake."

"No one else?" said Carey.

"No one," Peter replied.

Carey asked gently: "Is that so?"

They sat in silence for a few moments, she lying back inert—but it was the inertia of a coiled spring—while he began to puzzle himself with her queer mood. So quiet and gentle she was; yet with hints of danger in every tone or look which he knew her well enough now not to disregard. All at once an explanation rushed to his brain: "They have told her about Blanche. She thinks . . ."

He laid his hand for a moment on her wrist before she drew it away as if his touch stung.

"Carey," he said, "why don't you talk to me? Tell me . . . ask me anything you like? I think Murillo told you something—"

"What should he have to tell me?" said Carey, with half-shut eyes.

He uttered a short baffled laugh. If she knew, so much the worse; if she did not know, he would not tangle things further by revelations. Besides, Lady Blanche was not his secret; she was Heriot Mayo's.

"Carey," he reminded her softly, once more touching her wrist slowly with his finger-tips, "you have not forgotten that I have told you that one day you shall love me?"

"Never!" said Carey, lying back inert.

"You must!" he answered. "You shall!"

She laughed a little callous laugh of defiance. "Our paths," she cried, "may not cross very much oftener nor for much longer."

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"I go to Cairo tomorrow."

"I, too," said Peter, "shall go on to Cairo tomorrow."

After a silence she said lazily. "You'll have to leave the yacht then, won't you? No more dinner parties on board—"

"Hang dinner parties," said Peter, "except with you. How soon can I see you after I get to Cairo?"

"I don't know," said Carey. "I suppose it depends on your ingenuity."

"If it depends on me I shall not have long to wait."

Carey was playing with the long ivory handle of her scarlet sunshade. She no longer repelled; she encouraged. It seemed as if the shoulder next to him leaned a thought nearer as she said, in a voice like velvet:

"You'll be in Cairo cut off from your yacht to which you have clung so . . ." she paused so long that again he said to himself: "Murillo has told her; she means me to know; heaven knows what she thinks." Then she went on: "I'll be in Cairo, cut away from my friends, for awhile, thank goodness . . . I think, as you suggest, we must meet, Sir Heriot. You'll be staying—where?"

"At Shepherd's. And you?"

"I'm not sure," said Carey. "I will ring you up."

alone, "I can't help seeing that you're as happy as a lark and on the very tips of your toes and so on. What's afoot? What are you and the siren plotting?"

"She's off to Cairo tomorrow," said Peter briefly.

"And you?" Lake queried sarcastically. Peter smiled slightly. "Exactly," said Lake, "you're off too. Now think things over pretty carefully. I've put it to you all along that you must play for time. Heriot wanted, at the outside, six weeks. I don't know now that he wants quite so long."

"You've heard from him?"

"He sent a message through to me," said Lake, "this morning. Good old Heriot."

"I should awfully like to meet the chap," said Peter.

"Well," Lake promised genially, "you will. That's only fair and decent. And old Heriot will want to see you. However, we don't discuss Heriot now. You're Heriot. About this business of Cairo . . ."

Lake looked at Peter with a kindness that came very near to, genuine affection in his eyes.

"Time has been passing along very satisfactorily," said he.

"And I give you pretty nearly a week from now before anything much happens, again. Heriot, also, is nearly through. So you will probably be feeling, my lad, that you can let yourself go for a bit, if you want to. Barring that you must keep Heriot's identity till we say the word 'go!'; there need now be only a few limits to what you do."

Peter sat with quietly shining eyes while Lake still regarded him.

"Yes; but," said Lake, bringing his hand down emphatically on the arm of his chair, "but, my son, let me persuade you, let me beg you, by all the worldly wisdom that I've gathered during a well-spent life, not to trust that girl."

"Lake," said Peter very quietly, "the situation between a man and a woman is just about the one situation of which no outsider can judge."

"On the contrary," Lake replied, "it's just about the one thing of which an outsider can judge."

"You've never told me what she has got, or thinks she has got, against Mayo."

"In a week at the least, and a fortnight at the most, you shall have the whole story, King."

"Why not now?" asked Peter. "Haven't you learned to trust me?"

Lake got up, and said very seriously: "I have learned to trust you as far as I can trust a man I've had no real means of knowing; but that doesn't go far enough. I wouldn't trust you to go through torture."

"Torture?"

"Torture," said Lake. "If you ever fell into the hand of the enemy, I don't answer for any methods they might use to make you speak. That's why I still give you nothing to say."

"I should not say it, anyhow."

"You cannot answer for that," said Lake suddenly turning emphatically upon him. "No man could answer for it. I have known men who have been tortured . . ." He was silent for a few minutes.

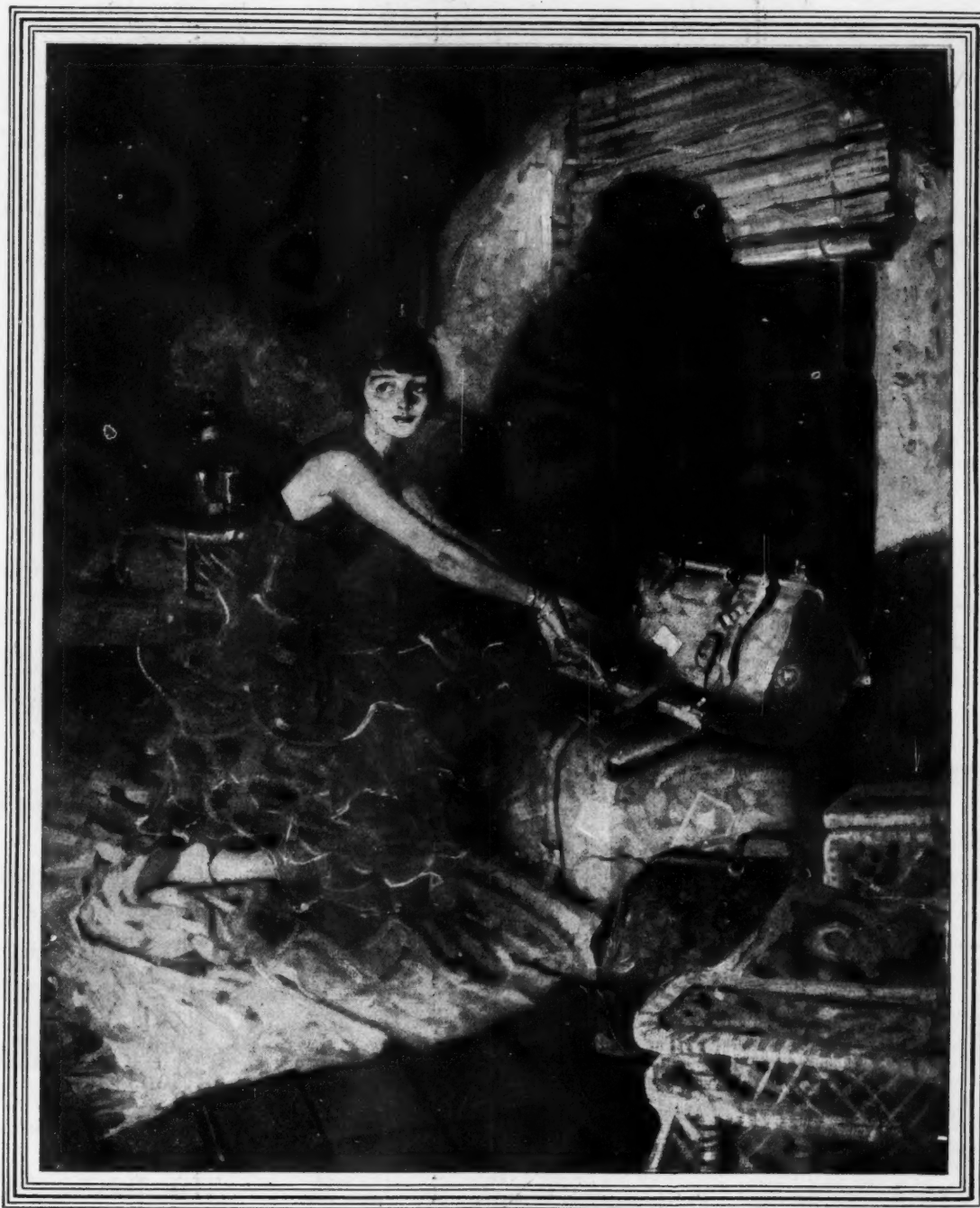
"Things can be done . . ." he said. He held out his hand.

"Stay at Shepherd's; keep to the beaten tracks. I may turn up quite soon and I may not. Good luck. Try and be there still when Heriot and I drop in within the next fortnight."

"Of course I'll be there."

"There's no 'of course' about it, my son, unless you take good care of yourself," Lake answered. But when he went out at last, he knew that

[Turn to page 62]



"AS IT WAS WHEN YOU ENTERED MY ROOM."



He picked up her hand, and dropped a swift kiss into the palm.

They all went back to the Hotel St. George for lunch, and after lunch Carey drove off with Murillo.

"Now Peter King, my lad," said Lake when they were

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES



A CLASH COMES IN "SATURDAY'S CHILDREN" WHEN THE WIFE FINDS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF DEBT HER HUSBAND WANTED TO KEEP SECRET

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

BY MAXWELL ANDERSON

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

MAXWELL ANDERSON is best known everywhere as co-author with Lawrence Stallings of *What Price Glory*, one of the most original and powerful dramas of this epoch, and one of the most successful. After *What Price Glory*, Mr. Anderson wrote, again with Mr. Stallings, two other plays; and in the season following he was sole author of *Outside Looking In*, a play whose material was drawn from the writing of Jim Tully but whose writing, for liveliness, idiomatic edge and a bright rhythm that engaged and delighted the ear, cannot be forgotten. His new play, *Saturday's Children*, has proved to be one of the successes of the Spring, and has made the Booth Theater one of the most frequented in town.

The quality of *Saturday's Children* is so different from that of Mr. Anderson's other work as to suggest almost another talent. Where these other plays were more riotous and burly and poetic, this new work is quieter and more domestic. Its field lies in our everyday life; its people are not soldiers, braggart, tormented, imaginative, and not tramps of the road, nor buccaneers of older and more spacious days; but are the little people who have jobs as stenographers or clerks, whose fortunes prosper not on battlefields, plains or the high seas, but in small business enterprises; whose joys and sorrows lie close at home and among themselves.

The boldness of the earlier plays appears in the general theme of *Saturday's Children*. This theme turns on the point that there are many cases in marriage where neither the man nor the woman is the kind that desires a household or family life, or the subordinations of the family arrangement. For them the element of freedom enters in, the element of romance and uncertainty is necessary to the happiness and prosperity of their love; and the feeling of economic independence is essential to their respect for themselves and for



each other. We have a story of a young girl who is a stenographer. Her older sister has married herself to a chap, and they fight, love, manage as best they can, making surrenders, under-cutting, stumbling and fudging along on a rather low plane. The young girl cannot so compromise her self-respect, her good sense and her romantic spirit. Her lover is going off to South America, and in despair she does make a moment's compromise; with her sister's help she contrives to make him blurt out his feeling for her. They marry. We see them then in their flat. Everything is comfortable and busy. But the husband does not like to be tied at home. The wife does not like the care of a house, the lack of freedom, the bother with making ends meet, having to ask her husband for every cent she spends. He, moreover, writhes under the perpetual visits of her family. They love each other, they mean to be happy, but they always end in a quarrel. He flounces out in a temper, she leaves her house for good.

In the final scenes we are in a lodging-house, none too commodious. The landlady keeps a sharp eye on her lodgers' behaviour. At ten o'clock the house is as locked and closed as a convent of nuns. Meanwhile the young wife's father visits his daughter, looks after her. The courage to give up her home and try again for her own life has come from him; for her father had gone over his own history with her, pointing out his mistakes, trying to explain the causes behind her mother's and his drifting apart. The young husband comes to see her. She maintains and insists on her independence, though it may break her heart. A lock and chain comes by a messenger. The closing hour arrives, he goes, the landlady makes her round. And then at the very last we see a shadow against the window curtain, the husband creeps in, the young wife turns from where she lies sobbing on the bed to see him standing over her, and the curtain falls with the two of them fixing the lock to the door.

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

BALLET MÉCANIQUE

By GEORGE ANTHEIL

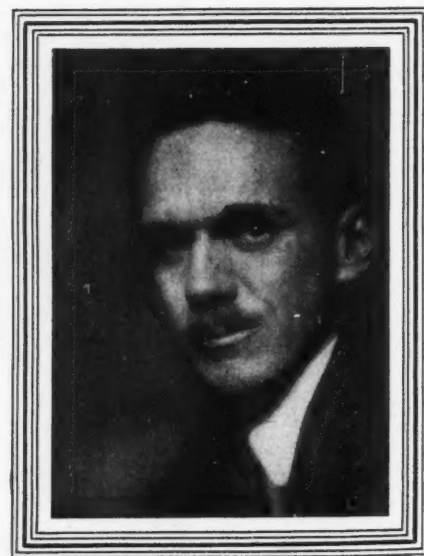
REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

THE latest essay in the intellectualizing of music was made by George Antheil in Carnegie Hall last April. Mr. Antheil, a young American, had already created extraordinary excitement in Paris during the past year or two. During this time he has given a series of concerts of his own music, which invariably drew crowded houses and almost equally invariably started riots among the auditors. His arrival in America early this Spring was, therefore, an event to be chronicled at length in the newspapers.

The evening began with Mr. Antheil's string quartet, written in 1925, announced diffidently by the composer as presenting "a new problem in quartet writing." The quartet comprised a single movement in which a short rhythmic phrase was bandied about by the four instruments with a persistence far out of proportion to its value. The quartet players bowed and withdrew, amid dutiful applause. After a brief pause young Mr. Antheil himself appeared followed by Sascha Jacobsen, the violinist, and an anonymous assistant whose duty it was to hold a bass drum. The trio proceeded to perform Mr. Antheil's sonata for piano, violin, and bass drum.

The next number was the *Jazz Symphony*, written "as a reaction toward negro jazz as away from 'sweet jazz.'" Frankly, I do not remember the *Jazz Symphony* very well. There were the usual jazz noises—"wah-wah" mutes on the trumpets, clarinets in their top register, saxophones moaning as saxophones will—and a great deal of rhythm. But of anything remotely resembling jazz music I can remember nothing beyond the last six or eight bars, which turned, unexpectedly enough, into a good old-fashioned German waltz. This may have been an ironic touch; at all events the audience hailed it with delight.

And now came the long-awaited *Ballet Mécanique*, written originally as music for a motion picture but played twice in concert form in Paris, with riotous results. To play this work there were assembled upon the stage [Turn to page 76]



JAMES BOYD

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MARCHING ON

By JAMES BOYD

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

JAMES BOYD wrote a novel two years ago on the American Revolution. It was called *Drums*. Boyd chose a family of modest Carolina farmers, the *Fraser*s, and followed it through the changing fortunes of the great American experiment. Boyd follows this same *Fraser* clan in his second novel, which he calls *Marching On*. James Fraser, grandson of that lad in *Drums* who fought with John Paul Jones, is the hero of this new book, which has for its setting the American Civil War. [Turn to page 76]

Pea Soup with the freshness of spring!



12 cents a can

With the meal or as a meal soup belongs in the daily diet



Dainty little peas—sweet, nutritious, inviting.

Culled and selected with greatest care to meet the exacting Campbell's standard of strict quality. Blended by skilled French chefs and cooked in imported tureens of solid nickel, in kitchens famous for their spotless cleanliness.

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Cream of Pea Soup is easily prepared with Campbell's!

Heat contents of can of Campbell's Pea Soup in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup . . . a little at a time, stirring constantly . . . (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately. Especially attractive topped with whipped cream.

Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER



Crushed



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**YOU WOULDN'T
GO BACK TO THE
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offers to do this work
so easily—at such
little expense?*



After all, home canning is just as needless as spinning your own wool or making your own soap. It's simply another task necessity demanded when better, quicker ways were lacking. Today, the DEL MONTE organization not only offers every housewife complete freedom from canning itself but assures that fine flavor, variety and wholesomeness so prized in the foods you serve.

It's simply a question of convenience and economy—of time saved for things which really need your skill and care. Time for children and friends, for guidance and companionship, for rest and relaxation—all without slighting the quality of your pantry.

Indeed, DEL MONTE is the last word in canned food quality—uniform, dependable quality every time. First of all, DEL MONTE Fruits are selected from types specially grown for canning—many of them in orchards owned or supervised by the DEL MONTE organization itself—all in favored sections to make sure of the very best.

Then again, DEL MONTE Fruits are picked and packed at the moment of perfection—fresh and fully ripe—in sunny, modern plants close to the source of supply.

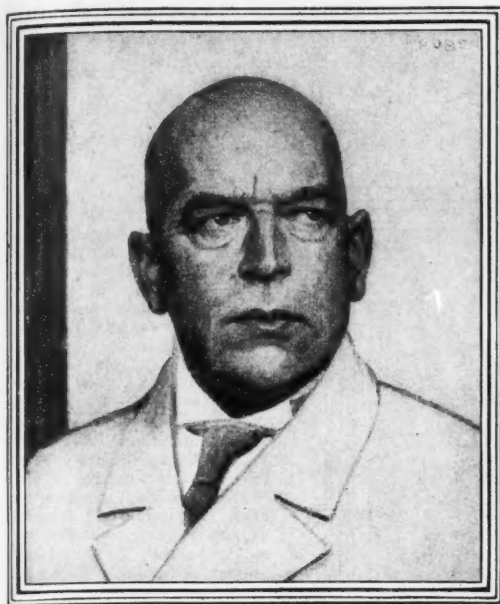
Yet such care does not make this brand too costly for everyday use nor beyond the means of even a large-sized family. DEL MONTE Fruits are most economical. What you get is the final, full-meated product—with no cores to throw away, no peelings to discard, no trimmings—no waste whatever. It's all food, with no lost time or effort.

If you figure what you get, plus the fuel and sugar, the time and energy you save—not to mention the cost of canning equipment—you'll make the happy discovery that DEL MONTE Fruits are really cheaper than those you put up yourself!

And just as DEL MONTE quality and economy leave nothing to be desired, so does DEL MONTE's wide selection supply the needs of a varied table, day after day. This label offers a wide list of varieties from which to choose—Peaches, Pineapple, Apricots, Pears, Fruits for Salad, Cherries, Plums, Berries and many others. With your pantry well stocked, there's almost no end to the many delightful, economical, simple dishes you may put before your household.

The dishes pictured above illustrate a few of the many tempting ways to serve Del Monte Crushed Pineapple: with sponge cake; in molded salads; as a refreshing drink; heaped on ice cream; in fruit salads; in crisp, flaky tarts. Delightful treats, all—simple enough to have every day.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD



OSWALD SPENGLER
(Portrait by Frobenius)

THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

OSWALD SPENGLER

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

FEW books of recent years have created such a stir in the world as has fallen to the lot of Spengler's *Decline of the West*. This massive survey, which appeared in two stout volumes in Germany in 1922, has already called forth the most virulent attacks and defenses on the part of historians and students of the world's affairs. It is the sort of book to which no one can remain indifferent. It upsets all our preconceived ideas about man and his destiny. Whether we accept it as sober history, or as embittered polemic, or as a sort of tragic poem based on fact, it shakes up our minds, makes us uncomfortable before the ordinary prospects of today, and creates in us a desire and determination to create something that will outlast our time and fit into a longer perspective.

Like all ideas of primary importance, Spengler's root idea is simple. The notion is this: that humanity, far from needing the same things in life constantly, or making the same uniform advance in progress, has been in the past and is still as diverse in aims and achievement as different species of plants or different chemical combinations. According to Spengler, there have been nine great and perfectly distinct cultures upon the earth, with Western Europe and America comprising the ninth. To us who are of this phase, an ancient Egyptian, or an Arab, or a Hindu, or a Chinese, is as incomprehensible in his inner feelings as beings from another planet. Our ideas, the assumptions on which we stand, are totally different from theirs. Therefore, to talk about progress, except in the sense of progress in external scientific knowledge, which has nothing to do with our inner needs and aspirations, is entirely ridiculous.

This idea will probably appeal to many in America who are strongly disillusioned with some of the well-intentioned but mistaken efforts of reformers, but the conclusion Spengler draws from it is almost certainly likely to startle the same readers. He declares that though each culture on earth has been different, each has gone through the same stages of political de- [Turn to page 76]

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

THE NEW BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

By COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

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WHEN Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister of Great Britain, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, there began a series of events which finally terminated in a declaration by the recent Imperial Conference at London of a new understanding of present day relations between the Mother Country and her Dominions.

At the meeting of the League of Nations in the Autumn of 1923 there was proposed a protocol of the widest scope bearing on disarmament and compulsory arbitration. Had the United States been a member of the League it is probable that the 1923 protocol would have been accepted without much question. But being a non-member, there was a strong feeling, particularly in the British Dominions, that it would be inadvisable, not to say dangerous, to adopt such a drastic policy.

When it seemed certain that the protocol would be abandoned, there was a demand for a workable substitute that would not involve complications with the United States. It was then that the Locarno Conference was called and the substance of the protocol was accepted as the basis of agreement at that historic meeting. This marked the turning point in the peace of Europe.

In becoming a guarantor, Great Britain expressly released her Dominions from sharing in her obligations. This was the beginning of the new relationship which culminated in the understanding at the recent Imperial Conference in London. It seems that the discussion of this question was carried on at the Conference in the best of temper and good feeling by all the parties at interest. The result was that on November 20, 1926, under the chairmanship of Lord Balfour, the Imperial Relations Committee of the Imperial Conference made public its conclusions which the conference, as a whole seems to have adopted without dissent. It was agreed that henceforth the Dominions should be designated as "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate to one another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

From now the recognized channel of communication with London will be direct. The title of the King is altered "to suit changed conditions and constitutional development." In the future he will be known as "George V, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." [Turn to page 75]



REV. RICHARD ROBERTS, D. D.
(Rice Montreal Photo)

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

THE GOD OF THE OUTSIDER

By REV. RICHARD ROBERTS, D. D.

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

DR. ROBERTS, who recently went from the American Church in Montreal to the Sherborne Street United Church in Toronto, is one of the outstanding preachers of Canada, as well known in England as on this side of the sea. Before going to Montreal, he was for seven years minister of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn. To a keen spiritual intelligence he joins a wide-ranging sympathy, as in the sermon here reviewed, in which he takes for his text the words, "Jesus suffered without the gate," (Heb. 13:12) and points out that the New Testament everywhere favors the outsider, not one kind of outsider only, but all sorts.

"Jesus was Himself an outsider," says Dr. Roberts. "Born in the Manger because there was no room in the Inn, He lived without the pale, regarded by the 'upper ten' of His day as the 'friend of publicans and sinners.' An outcast at last, He died outside the city gate."

"It is not a mere fancy, then," Dr. Roberts insists, "to think of the Christian God as the God of the outsider. His love is as wide as the world. As the revealer of the love of God, Jesus knew nothing of racial antipathy or sectarian narrowness. All men were sons of God, regardless of race; all who were doing good were His friends and fellow-workers. Not yet have we learned the mysterious largeness of the mind and spirit of Jesus, who saw men not as rich or poor, learned or ignorant, Jew or Gentile, but as human souls having one nature and one need, and God the Father of all, seeking the salvation of all."

Dr. Roberts has made a study of the lives of the great dissenters, rebels, heretics and outcasts from Socrates to John Brown, and he has discovered that "they were not men—as too often supposed—of over-developed ego, defying beliefs and customs just to be eccentric, but men who assailed the walls of narrowness and privileged bigotry in order to broaden the basis of human fellowship. They were men who had become aware of a fellowship broader, juster, kinder, richer than the classes and [Turn to page 75]



REPRESENTATIVES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE DOMINIONS AT THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE. READING LEFT TO RIGHT: W. MONROE OF NEWFOUNDLAND, PREMIER BALDWIN OF GREAT BRITAIN, J. G. COATES OF NEW ZEALAND, KING GEORGE, PREMIER BRUCE OF AUSTRALIA, PREMIER KING OF CANADA, GENERAL HERTZOG OF SOUTH AFRICA, AND W. T. COSGRAVE OF IRELAND.—(International Newsreel Photo)



♦ WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD ♦

ART OF THE MONTH

OLD WORLD TOWNS

By WALDO FRANK

I HAVE been living for a whole month in Heidelberg, the loveliest and most ancient of the university towns of Germany. Nature is beautiful, there: as it is in most parts of the old world and the new. Indeed, I wonder if Nature is not always beautiful. We know that mountains are fair to look at, and the sea: but prairie land is beautiful as well; and little hills have an intimate loveliness that great peaks lack. So the particular beauty of this old scholar-town is not due merely to the stately river, and to the high-wooded hills that curve above its banks. No: the beauty of Heidelberg—and of all old-world towns—is due to what men have done there.

What is it they have done? (For remember, what I say of this particular town is true of hundreds of others from Spain to Russia). The streets are not laid quadrate-wise, like a grid-iron. They curve about. This gives them the appearance of being *alive*. They seem to have grown in this irregular fashion, and to move. They are narrow. This means that from across the gutter the houses are close—very close; they seem to look at each other, to have their opinion of each other, to commune with each other. There, for centuries, they have lived, these neighborly houses: what secrets of life are in them, with what thoughts of wisdom and memory they nod across the winding gutter!

If you look at them close, moreover, you will find that they are mellow, these houses—good to look at. You wouldn't care to live in them, perhaps. There's little plumbing (not one bathroom to a block). And when the street is so narrow, the sun can't come in, nor the damp go out. They are old and a bit musty, and dark, and hard to heat in winter with nothing but individual stoves in individual rooms. But they *are* beautiful, none the less. Their proportions are strong and well-balanced. The windows seem just the right size. The gabled or tiled roofs slope graciously from chimney-pot to dormer. The woodwork is hand-carved: often the whole façade is painted pink or blue. And there are coats-of-arms, religious mottoes, statues of saints and heroes above the windows or under the [Turn to page 75]



AN OLD WORLD TOWN SUCH AS WALDO FRANK DESCRIBES
— ROTHENBURG IN GERMANY — (Publisher's Photo Service)



ANTHONY COMSTOCK, without having read or seen "Mrs. Warren's Profession," declared it unfit for dramatic production in New York. It was then that Bernard Shaw, who had written the play, coined the word "Comstockery," which ever since has served to express amusement or contempt for that type of ignorant censorship. Indeed, Comstock himself took up the word and defined it as "the applying of the noblest principles of law . . . in the interests of Public Morals, especially those of the young." But while few mothers or teachers would disapprove of the policy defined in those terms, a great many of [Turn to page 75]

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE

DIRECTED BY EDWARD SEDGWICK

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

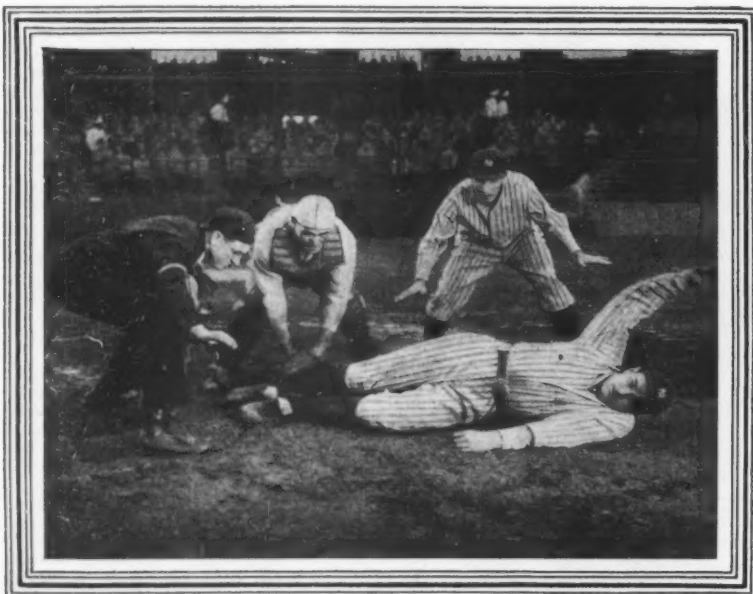
IT may seem strange that a moving picture dealing with lives of professional base-ball players could be calculated to appeal to women, who are supposed to know nothing of the sport (so-called) which makes their husbands late for supper on warm summer afternoons.

Nevertheless, I may safely say that *Slide, Kelly, Slide* will appeal to everyone—to those who know the difference between a first baseman's mitt and a fielder's choice, and to those who don't. Its characters wear the uniforms of the New York Yankees, they speak the Lardnerian jargon of the sporting stage, but they happen to be real, living, breathing people; for that reason, their hopes and fears, their emotions and impulses, are recognizable, understandable and deserving of sympathy.

Slide, Kelly, Slide may be stamped with that overworked label, "human." It is real, it is sincere, it is straightforward and true. Its central character is a smart-aleck—a successful ball player whose head becomes inflated with too much popular adoration. He wins games and the ecstatic plaudits of the multitude and then, through his unbearable conceit, he loses the confidence of his team-mates, the respect of a little boy who has worshipped him, the love of his best girl and, ultimately, his job. But while the ego of this fresh young man has been overdeveloped, his heart has remained

in the right place; one believes that he has got what was coming to him and, at the same time, one is impelled to shed a sympathetic tear for his plight.

This unusual rôle is played, with almost incredible skill, by William Haines, a young leading man who has been moving ahead rapidly of late. Mr. Haines gives a remarkably convincing performance of the flippant, cock-sure *Kelly*; he manages to be offensively obnoxious and touchingly tender at one and the same time. The character of the hero-worshipping little boy, *Kelly's* best pal and severest critic, is in the more than capable hands of a youth named Junior Coghlan. Sally O'Neil is a sprightly heroine, and various rugged chips of the base-ball diamond [Turn to page 75]



♦♦♦ ONE OF THE THRILLING BASEBALL INCIDENTS WHICH CONTRIBUTE TO MAKING "SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE" A NOTABLE FILM ♦♦♦



♦♦♦ THERE IS LOVE-MAKING, TOO, IN THE EXCITING BASEBALL MOTION PICTURE BRILLIANTLY DIRECTED BY EDWARD SEDGWICK ♦♦♦

GIVE YOURSELF THIS New, Complete WOODBURY Facial EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK

From the very first you will see the improvement in your complexion—a new freshness, loveliness—the natural charm of a skin exquisitely clean



YOUR complexion—everyone's—is naturally lovely. But, if your skin has lost the soft, fresh radiance of youth, it is because you are not allowing it to be beautiful. If it seems dull and lifeless, you are not giving it the care it needs.

For natural beauty of the skin depends upon proper daily care. And that, as your physician or facial masseuse will tell you, is nothing more than absolute cleanliness of the pores as well as the surface of the skin.

But for such absolute cleanliness, what must you do? Use cream? Use soap? Or both?

That need not puzzle you, now. For, in the new complete Woodbury Facial, the use of creams and soap is ideally combined, in one treatment. Indeed, Woodbury's Creams have been especially prepared for use with Woodbury's Facial Soap, to insure that perfect cleanliness which is the basis for all natural beauty of the skin.

Such a simple treatment, too.

First, Woodbury's Cold Cream, a cleansing cream that melts at skin temperature, reaching every pore, softening and loosening embedded dust and dirt particles. Then, Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its mild, creamy lather, dissolving away the soiled cream that remains in the pores, preventing blackheads and enlarged pores. And finally, Woodbury's Facial Cream—smooth and greaseless—leaving the skin cool and refreshingly moist.

The generous trial set—pictured below—contains enough of the Woodbury Facial Soap and Creams for seven Complete Woodbury Facials.

That is the Complete Woodbury Facial—simple, isn't it? And yet you can, readily see why we have called it "complete"—surely no such thorough cleansing treatment has ever before been possible in the home!

You need only Woodbury's Facial Soap and the Woodbury Creams prepared especially for use with it—obtainable at your drug store or toilet goods counter. And from the very first, you can actually see the difference in your skin. The result of absolute cleanliness—a complexion each day a little fresher, clearer, more radiantly beautiful.

Write today for a trial set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments. Notice, from day to day, the improvement in the texture of your skin. After the first week, use the complete Facial once or twice a week, keeping your skin clear and healthy in between times with Woodbury's Facial Soap, as directed in the booklet around every cake.

Begin at once to give your skin the proper daily care it needs. Send now for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.



Follow these three simple steps for one week—you will actually see your skin responding



1 Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to thoroughly open the pores. Then massage Woodbury's Cold Cream well into the skin with an upward and outward motion, covering the face and neck thoroughly with the cream. Notice how gently it penetrates into the pores and softens and loosens the embedded dirt and dust particles.



2 With a clean soft cloth remove the surplus cream, always with an upward motion. Now, wash the face and neck thoroughly with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, working the creamy lather well into the skin so that it will dissolve and wash out the soiled cream which otherwise would remain in the pores. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then finish with a dash of cold water or a small piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth.



3 And now the final step. With the tips of your fingers, apply lightly Woodbury's Facial Cream which tones the skin by supplying just the right amount of natural moisture without loading or clogging the pores. This finishing cream is greaseless and gives that soft, velvety texture so much desired.

TRY this new complete Woodbury Facial for one week. After your first treatment, you will feel the healthy glow of an awakened, stimulated skin. Use it regularly thereafter and you, too, will have the charm of "A skin you love to touch."

SEND THE COUPON FOR YOURS TODAY

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1513 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of The New Complete Woodbury Facial, and your booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.—1513 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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"No man has ever wrecked his life on the ordinary conception of a vampire," says the beautiful American born wife of one of England's noblest titles in this revelatory article which she has written especially for McCall's



Her Grace in her wedding gown

The DUCHESS LOOKS at LIFE ~ and LOVE

BY GLADYS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

NOVELS, the cinema, popular imagination, gossip, insistently present us with a singularly absurd idea of the fatal woman. We read or hear, for instance, that the lovely So-and-So is besieged with admirers. A line of carriages is always winding through her park. Princes, Dukes, Lords and M. P.'s are found dead every other day or so, victims of unrequited love. The postman calls at every hour, the halls are mournful with the lamentations of lovers. Her rooms are smothered in roses, her writing table groans beneath the weight of *billets-doux*; she is in a continual state of broken engagements; she is pictured as languishing away in uncertainty and sustained only by smelling salts from Arabia. She is a typical enchantress.

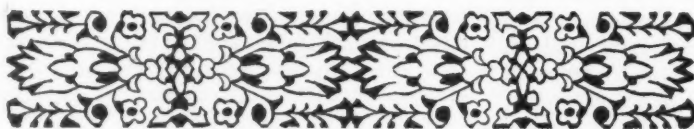
I may be wrong, but I do not think that any man has ever wrecked his life, or the life of his country, on the ordinary conception of a vampire, that tall, dark, vitreous woman, wearing ear-rings, bracelets, necklaces, and shod in pointed shoes. Swathed in black, painted, glistening with sequins, powdered, perfumed, wigged, with black, bitter, cutting eyes, a cruel red mouth, and breathing all heavy incense.

The ship does not go ashore on the lighthouse. It goes ashore on that smiling stretch of calm, blue, gentle and caressing water just above the sand bar.

Why? Because man, since the beginning of the world, has sought for that person who was the most empty that he might fill her with as complete and faithful reflection of himself as is possible. Therefore the true type of the enchantress or, if you will, of the vampire, is she who does not seem either cunning, indomitable or dangerous. She will probably even convey the impression of an engaging helplessness, have a gentle, improbable voice, incredulous eyes and will seem to be without guile and without a goal. She, of course, is none of these things but she does not let that secret out by word or by gesture—she does not wear her ambitions on her sleeve. She never permits herself to be timely; she is always the symbol of tomorrow; she never allows herself the pleasure and the dissipation of a yesterday.

But I wonder if women give enough attention to consideration of the psychology of beauty and its relation to their success in life? Do they appreciate the value of beauty, both for good and for evil? A face that is beautiful is the face that is eminently possessed by those conditions and those circumstances that are a part of its sphere. Woman does not realize that beauty is only a perfect reflection of the history of her life, no matter what her calling.

Yet how many women cherish what they are? Almost none. They try to hide it. They endeavor to conceal everything, and to keep "youth" with its bland lack of expression.



Why? Because they have no conception of what beauty is. Does the average woman know, indeed, just what is beauty? Each of us would differ as to a definition of it. Personally I like a face to tell of the mind and soul behind it.

Such a face had Duse. What a beautiful woman she was! How ghost-ridden, how encircled, how engulfed! How she surrounded the abyss of her existence, how she championed her soul, and the tragedy that had claimed her for its own, with what pride she kept the evidence in her face, in her body, in the movement of her hands! She did not try to become other than she was; she hoarded herself, and emblazoned it with her constant attention, doing it honor by a never-tiring acknowledgment and silencing her pride.

I see no harm in a woman stressing the points which indicate her personality, and why she should not use all those little encouragements of artifice which nature has not given. By using them she often succeeds in making herself complete, in making herself what she might and should have been. She who is enhanced by rouge and perfumes should paint and scent herself, clasp all artificial things to her as a lover clasps the beloved. She who wears dimity to the best advantage should make a point of dimity, and she who flowers between furs should cherish fur. The woman who looks better in a silver wig than under her own hair, should wear a silver wig, and she who is more beautiful in a crimson robe, should by all means wear a crimson robe.

She who loves austerity should husband austerity. She should wear single garments, the severe coiffure, and move in simple arrangements, shorn of lace, of ribbons and flounces—the cool precise movement. She who is limited to one grace should make of that grace something so marked, so pronounced, so enduring that it will by its perfection, hold the eye. A way with the hands, a trick of the mouth, the line of the back, or it may be the lift of an eyebrow.

Be what you are at your greatest pitch. But no! People are afraid. Since the mediaeval days, people have become fearful, not of death, terrible, swift and unreasoned, but of society, of each other, of competition, of their husbands, fathers, mothers, sisters, children, friends, everything.

And you cannot be beautiful and fearful, not with this kind of fear. Fear of man, perhaps, of *le monde* never, simply because it destroys every vestige of woman's individuality.

You say what of beauty of feature? Certainly that is a blessing. If God has been good, if He has given you a Greek nose, a perfect mouth, and wide set eyes, so much the better. But what use is it, if you do not know to what it is born, if it does not, in its very aspect, tell the condition of the soul that is behind it.

And now, what of the question of dress? It is a pity that Anglo-Saxon women should as a whole be so afraid of originality in dress. Paris is always striving for something new, however perfect the actual mode of the moment may be. Restless and unsatisfied, the Rue de la Paix prepares its new models, revising them each season as Parisian women finally decree. But when these women put on their frocks, each again revises a detail, adding or suppressing. She, in a word, individualizes the frock so that it may express her personality even more clearly and definitely. Some one added a gardenia to the buttonhole of her coat one day; alas! it was not long before too many imitators followed and an army of gardenias walked past in dreary repetition. And so it is with far too many modes.

The fashion from the point of view of beauty was then quite lost, but whereas in Paris the really smart woman dropped it and went on to evolve some new device, in Anglo-Saxon countries it continued long enough to become a dreary uniform. I am afraid Anglo-Saxon women make the mistake of thinking that originality in clothes is akin to freakishness, something "not quite nice." Let such women go to Paris and pass south and over the hills to Italy. When they return to their native country they may not be afraid to express their individuality in clothes, merely because the Rue de la Paix does not make this or that particular thing at the moment.

What settles the type which is fashionable is, I presume, the idea that it is supremely fascinating. The one woman in whom that appearance was fixed had won admiration and perhaps renown and she was then copied by all others.

The woman, who like Duse, can lead a public life and live a private existence, this is the woman who has power and significance of character. A public life is a very difficult one, particularly in the higher circles of society. One may desire to be frank, and yet one can say so little. There is so short a time for one's meditations, there is so little privacy in which to know and to cultivate the thing that you are, that it takes a very strong nature to live in public and yet have a private reality. Seclusion is a blessed thing and through it one may become anything. It gave us religion, it gave us value, and it makes here and there those rare, those amazing, those ever precious women, who have come into the world, and gone out of it unafraid and glorious in their pride. These are life's successful women—the beautiful and the possessed.



In a Chanel sports costume—crepe and kasha—Mrs. Doubleday's blonde beauty has the perfect setting. She is one of the season's favorite hostesses at Palm Beach, but her New York apartment is only a pied à terre en route to her Paris house.



Mrs. FELIX DOUBLEDAY was Miss Elizabeth Heymann of Vienna before her marriage to the son of the president of the well-known publishing house, Doubleday, Page and Company. Chanel has displayed great finesse in this exquisite gown of flesh crepe georgette, and fan of pale yellow ostrich shading to burnt orange.



A capeline of fine navy blue horsehair crowns Mrs. Doubleday's lovely head with flowing beauty. And a navy blue crepe de chine frock in Chanel's best manner enhances her charm with its restrained simplicity.

Mrs. FELIX DOUBLEDAY discovers two secrets of beauty

THE smart international set has recently been adorned by a lovely new member—Mrs. Felix D. Doubleday, a delicately blonde figure of lilting grace and sparkle.

Her natural interest in the best way to care for her lovely skin—like that of a Dresden china shepherdess come to life—led her to the same discovery made by so many women of the social world.

"Although I was accustomed in Vienna," she says, "to seeing beautiful women, I was amazed when I came to America, at the fine complexions so many women have here. I found that your Two Creams are used by the women whose skin I found so beautiful.

"I am now using them daily. I like them so very much—they keep my skin in such perfect condition—that I thought you would like to know what a Viennese woman thinks about them."

For cleansing and keeping the skin supple, fresh and firm, use Pond's Cold Cream. Before retiring and whenever your skin feels dusty, drawn and tired, pat this fluffy cream over your face, throat, hands. Leave it a few moments. Its fine oils will penetrate and relax the pores, lifting from them every trace



These are the Two CREAMS women of social prominence have chosen

of dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, pat fresh cream on when you go to bed and leave it until morning.

For a lovely even finish, a velvety powder base and protection against the weather, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth a little into your skin after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream and before powdering. Now go out into wind, sun and dust-laden air. Your cheeks stay as soft and fresh as rose leaves, your hands smooth and white. And your powder never cakes or flakes but lies for hours like the nap of chiffon velvet.

Free Offer: Mail this coupon if you would like to try, free, these Two Creams made by Pond's, with instructions.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. U
111 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Water—\$10 a Glass



© 1927 W. L. G. Co.

"YOUR trip evidently did you a world of good. What happened?"

"Big specialist ordered me abroad to a water-cure place to drink water—lots of it—no medicine—just water. I drank gallons and gallons during the weeks I was there. Counting steamers, railroads, hotels and doctors, that water must have cost \$10 a glass but it was worth every penny. It worked miracles for me. What are you laughing at?"

"Laughing at the price you rich men pay for miracles. While you were away my doctor ordered me to drink water, too. Lots of it—8 glasses every day. Told me to have my prescription filled straight from our own faucet. And I never felt better in my life."

It is a curious fact that some people cannot be made to realize the value of drinking water freely unless they pay a big price for it. Yet pure water—drunk as regularly at home as it is taken at the spas—will often produce health "miracles". Nowadays good doctors agree that almost everybody, except those who need a specially selected diet, should drink water regularly—one glass before breakfast, one in the forenoon, one in the afternoon, one before going to bed, and one with each meal—six to eight glasses a day.

The doctors say, also, that more than two-thirds of the weight of the body is water, that water forms the bulk of the blood, and that three quarts of water a day are needed for the body's daily necessities. If the blood does not get the water it needs—either as a beverage or in food—it will absorb water from the tissues of the body and be over-loaded with harmful waste products as well.

Poisons, produced by our organs in the

business of living, are eliminated largely by means of the water we drink. If too little is taken, they tend to remain in the body.

This summer you probably will be motoring, hiking, or camping out in the country. Take care that the water you drink is pure. Sometimes those cool and inviting brooks, springs and old wells carry deadly typhoid germs.

To be safe, before your summer trips begin, make an appointment with your doctor for inoculation against typhoid fever. It is a simple matter and gives immunity for a period of two or three years.

To keep in the best physical trim at home or abroad, drink plenty of Nature's marvelous health-giver—pure water.

Medical experts warn us that those who neglect to drink sufficient water will eventually pay the penalty. Symptoms of digestive disturbance, headaches, muscular and neuralgic pains, dullness, inertia and intestinal stasis—may result from drinking too little water.

Metropolitan Life statisticians report that while typhoid scourges have practically disappeared in large cities and in other places where the water supply is protected,

typhoid is still a menace in many rural areas and wherever the water becomes contaminated.

Typhoid can be stamped out. Send for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's free booklet "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever". Learn how to protect yourself and your family from water which may be unsafe.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION

BY JOHN FARRAR
EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN"



NO. VI

LITTLE NELL

Illustrated with a portrait of the heroine of Charles Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" painted by Neysa McMein and appearing on the cover of this magazine.

WHAT influence have novels on the ways and manners of mankind? To seek further for an answer than the consideration of two famous child characters of the past century is unnecessary. *Little Nell* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* have been the ideal offspring to millions of parents, and millions of young things have striven to be dutiful according to these famous patterns drawn by Charles Dickens and Frances Hodgson Burnett.

How well Dickens knew that the sentiments of mankind come most readily to the surface when they read or dream of children and animals! All of his novels are brimming with child characters: *David*, *Tiny Tim*, *Little Dorrit*, and in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, where the stage is occupied mainly by the bright blue eyes and the light brown hair of delicate *Nelly*, there are also *The Marchioness* and *Tom Scott*, pathetic *Harry*, whose death wounds the heart, and faithful *Kit* and his pretty *Barbara*. The sighs and pangs of children, the innocent love and worship of children, the misunderstanding and misuse of children: these are constant in the story of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and how many a grandfather, turning these quaint pages, must have longed for a *Little Nell* to guide him into the shadows of old age and death.

Like most of his novels, Dickens wrote *The Old Curiosity Shop* part by part for serial publication, and there is the story told by Charles Dickens, the younger, of how Macready, the great actor of the day, called on the author to ask him to spare *Little Nell* from death. Others not so well known wrote him, but the author felt the inevitable conclusion of his story, and when he was nearing the end of his work wrote: "Nobody will miss her like I shall. It is such a very painful thing to me, that I really cannot express my sorrow." It is such sincerity of emotion that makes the great books of the ages. It is such sincerity of emotion that uplifts and influences mankind.

Little Nell is the sort of child whom we dream of having as our own in those moods of sentiment which overcome our reason. To be sure, in the more work-a-day world, we should probably prefer a dusty little tom-boy for a daughter, more fit to face the cares of twentieth century life; but nevertheless there is a longing in all of us for a being so dutiful, so brave, so caring, so angelic, to worship us in spite of all our faults, to stand by us in all our difficulties. *Nell's* grandfather, turned out of his Curiosity Shop by one of the most grotesque of all the Dickens' villains, the ugly dwarf, *Quilp*, is guarded in all his wanderings by the faithful child. On the road, falling in with gamblers, with mountebanks, with the famous Mrs. Jarley and her wax-works, she preserves herself and him by her delicate innocence and tact. When she finds that he is crazed with the desire to gamble in order to win her a fortune, when he steals from her little hoardings, she does not complain nor betray him, but continues to nourish and protect him. This is the type of love at which we may laugh, but in our heart of hearts, it appeals to us, and it is the secret of the power which this great novel has

held over the world for years.

Charles Dickens was always the preacher as well as the novelist. In *The Old Curiosity Shop* he was showing two things: the

terrible danger of the system of hiring children to do the work of grown-ups, and the fact that the child when treated with kindness can develop the sympathy and understanding of a man or a woman.

Is it not, however, a fortunate fact that the time has passed when such children as *Little Nell* are held up to us as models of what a child should be? There is not a question of a doubt in my mind that Dickens knew that his children were not children at all, but little grown-ups. Why couldn't he change the end of his story? Why did he let little *Harry*, the model school boy, and *Little Nell*, the angelic figure, die? Because he knew they were too good to live. All through nineteenth century literature we find these angelic children. In America we had two of the most famous, who found life too difficult and too harsh for the delicacies of a perfect character. Who of you has not read and wept over the death of *Little Eva* and of *Beth* in *Little Women*? Or sobbed sincerely at the exquisite, if sentimental, pages of *The Birds' Christmas Carol*?

From the mass of picturesque and grotesque characters with which he surrounds her, *Little Nell* remains a lovely, a pathetic and a beautiful figure.

As we come to the pages which explain the mystery of *Little Nell's* parentage, we are astonished to find what a superb psychologist Dickens was, even though he was far removed from any knowledge of our modern psychological terms. The description of *Nell's* mother is really the keynote of the whole book, the description of the ideal woman, the woman we worship, the woman who shines with pure radiance through the ages: "If you have seen the picture gallery of any one old family, you will remember how the same face and figure—often the fairest and slightest of them all—come upon you in different generations; and how you trace the same sweet girl through a long line of portraits—never growing old or changing—the Good Angel of the race—abiding by them in all reverses—redeeming all their sins—"

Nell grew like her dead mother. "When the old man had her on his knee and looked into her mild blue eyes, he felt as if awakening from a wretched dream, and his daughter were a little child again."

Little Nell, too, was not made for this earth. The novel spins its colorful way towards the famous death scene; and this lovely, frail, dutiful, almost unbelievable child passes into the gallery of frail and fancied heroines of the world, ideal brain children of the writers of the world and of the dreamers who find their brain children in the pages of books:

"She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more."

YOUR mother had to put up in summer the fruit supply for winter days. You go to your grocer any day in the year and get the finest fruit, freshly canned from the best orchards in the world.

Your grandmother probably kept a cow. To-day you can get from your grocer, and keep on your pantry shelf, fresh, sweet milk that is purer and richer than any milk your grandmother ever knew.

The new and better way. Our grandmothers had prejudice against food in cans. We all know now, on the word of the greatest scientific authorities, that food sterilized in sealed cans is as safe as food can be. We know the can does no damage to the food. We know the sterilization does not harm it. We know that milk sterilized in sealed cans, is just one of the modern accomplishments through which science has given us safer, better foods.

The modern housewife worries no more about her milk supply than she does about her winter fruit. She knows Evaporated Milk. She buys it from her grocer. She keeps it on her pantry shelf. She uses it for everything.

What is it? Evaporated Milk is pure, fresh milk in air-tight containers. Nothing is added to preserve it. Not a thing is taken from it but some of the water which is the greater part of all milk. All the food qualities of the milk are kept in it. None of them is harmed in any way.

Fresh, sweet, and absolutely clean. The milk is produced under the supervision of experts on farms in the best dairying sections of America. It is received in sanitary plants in the country within a few hours after it comes from the cow—while it is fresh and sweet. It is carefully tested for purity and cleanliness. Then part of the water is removed—it is concentrated. Finally, it is put in



You don't have to do it Now

air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. In this condition, it comes to your pantry—absolutely clean.

With better richness. 87½% of natural cows' milk is water. The remaining 12½% is composed of butterfat (cream), milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts. 60% of the water of

natural milk is removed in making Evaporated Milk. The food (solid) content of Evaporated Milk is, therefore, more than twice as great as in ordinary milk. And *every drop* of Evaporated Milk contains *all* the food elements of milk. There is no cream line. The cream never separates. It stays in the milk. Evaporated Milk is *never* skimmed milk. It is always more-than-double rich in butterfat and is *also* more-than-double rich in the bone and tissue-building substances—in all the elements which make milk nature's most perfect food.

For every use. Wherever you need milk, Evaporated Milk will *better* fill the need. In cream soups, for creaming vegetables, in breads and cakes, in cocoa, iced or hot—wherever you use milk—Evaporated Milk serves as nothing else will serve.

Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream for coffee, in ice creams, for desserts—wherever you need cream (single or double). The adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every milk and cream use will be an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

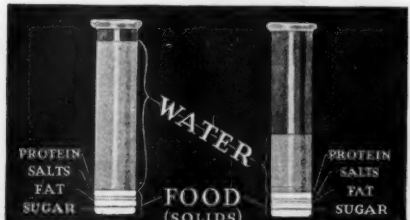
The modern cream and milk supply. Undiluted Evaporated Milk serves as cream—at less than half the cost of cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need, and costs less than ordinary milk. You can buy it from grocers everywhere. The supply on your pantry shelf is always fresh and sweet and absolutely clean.

Let us send you our free booklets telling you more about the good qualities and varied uses of Evaporated Milk.

The cream begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



ORDINARY MILK



In Evaporated Milk the cream never separates—it is kept in the milk.



EVAPORATED MILK



HERE'S *the* WAY to MAKE *the* PERFECT SUMMER SALAD

Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

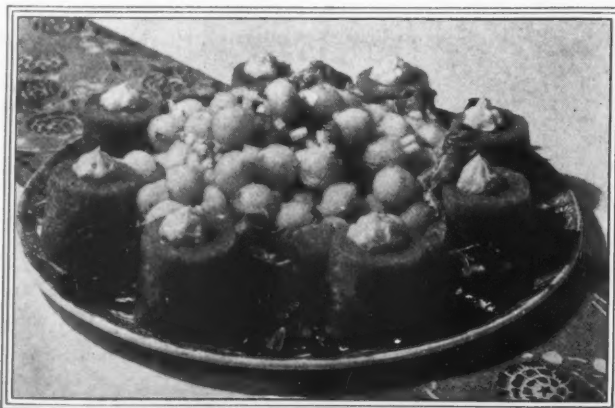
SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Director*

ILLUSTRATED BY CORNELIA BROWNLEE



Six Secrets for Salad Success

1. Serve salad greens very cold and crisp.
2. Save the outer leaves of lettuce, shred them and use as the foundation for fruit or vegetable salads.
3. Never put salad dressing on lettuce or other salad greens until just before serving as it makes the greens limp and wilted.
4. Marinate in French dressing all vegetables, meat and fish to be used in salads.
5. Make your salad attractive to look at as well as to eat. Never throw the ingredients carelessly together.
6. Don't let your salads become monotonous. Vary them frequently, and serve different dressings.



*For a Fourth of July party serve
Molded Ham with Potato Salad*

SUMMERTIME is salad time—there isn't a doubt of it! For months we have been looking forward to telling you about many new kinds of salads we have been trying out in the Laboratory-Kitchen. Of course, we include salads in our menus all the year round, but we seem to have a special longing for refreshing green things at this time of year. Don't you find this true in your families?

We are not so fortunate as many of you, who can go out into your own gardens and orchards and gather the ingredients for a salad, but we have splendid markets here in New York where we can buy all kinds of fresh young greens, new vegetables and delicious fruits. So it isn't difficult for us to get variety into our salad-every-day schedule.

A salad, no matter what kind it is, must have three qualities if it is going to be a perfect salad. It must be fresh, crisp and cold. Salads are very easy to prepare, but they require care and no matter how carefully you may select the ingredients, they can readily be spoiled and made unfit for the table by improper handling. Salads, like everything else, are easy when you know how! So here's how!

When our lettuce or romaine, or whatever salad green we are using, comes into the kitchen, we wash it in cold water, separating the leaves unless we plan to serve hearts of lettuce. We allow it to stand in the water for a few minutes, look it over carefully, shake out the water, then put the leaves into our salad bag and into the refrigerator.

If the lettuce is wilted when we get it and we need it to serve within a short time, we let it stand in a bowl of water containing cracked ice until it is crisp, then dry each leaf carefully in a clean towel before arranging it on the salad plate. A towel or piece of cheesecloth will serve the purpose of the salad bag, but you will find the bag a great convenience because the greens cannot fall out of it. To make one, just sew up three sides of a square of cheesecloth and run a draw-string through the top. In the photograph you will see a wire lettuce basket, which is good because it keeps the lettuce from becoming bruised if, as is often the case, your refrigerator is crowded.

With a supply of fresh, crisp greens in the refrigerator and a jar of French or mayonnaise dressing, we have the foundation for any number of delicious salads. We have found that it pays to be just as particular about all the ingredients as we are about the greens. They must be just as carefully prepared and as thoroughly chilled. Many of them can be prepared in advance. Fruits which do not discolor we prepare before we put them in to chill. Bananas should always be peeled and added last to a salad because they turn dark quickly when exposed to the air. Summer fruits make delicious salads, and because the season for some of them is so short we seem to enjoy them all the more. For emergencies, keep a can or two of your favorite fruits in the refrigerator for salads.

Vegetable salads are always popular, especially if you have a garden. When we cook vegetables to use in salads, we do not cook them quite as soft as we ordinarily would because if too well-done they become mushy when mixed with the dressing.

If we are going to serve a mixed vegetable salad, we marinate each vegetable separately then mix them together lightly just before serving. Every vegetable used for salad should be marinated; that is, allowed to stand in a cold place with a little French dressing on it. If you have never done this, you will find a great difference in the flavor of your salad when you try it.

Jellied or molded salads are refreshing and cool for summer, and can be prepared a day or even two days ahead. Now that we have an electric refrigerator in the Laboratory-Kitchen we find frozen salads a great treat and so easy to make. You can make them, too, and pack them in ice and salt as you would a mousse. In our recipes we give you both methods.

Almost as important—or perhaps we should say *quite* as important—as the salad itself, is the salad dressing that is to be served with it. For example, with salads to be served as an accompaniment to a hearty dinner choose a plain French dressing or one of its very simple variations. With vegetable salads or molded salads to be served [Turn to page 52]

SWIFT



Shoulder of lamb—ready to be roasted with fresh vegetables in a rich, wonderful combination—Lamb Roast, Maître d'hôtel—a dish which has a characteristic French blended flavor. The shoulder, blade bone removed, is one of the less expensive cuts of lamb that offers endless possibilities for easy, "something different" dishes. The ten new Swift recipe cards, which will be sent free, give you this and other lamb recipes.

Adapted from famous French recipes —these delicious new meat dishes so inexpensive and easy to make!

IT IS the French—those thrifty master cooks—who have learned how to get the most enjoyment out of meats! How to cook to perfection the familiar steaks, chops and roasts! How to make, out of the less familiar cuts of meat, the most wonderful variety of dishes—dishes so rich and tempting you would never guess how little they cost!

American women, always alert for new ideas, are learning to adapt these famous French methods to their own uses.

And now they are varying their menus with more and more of these delicious yet economical dishes. Savory meats en casserole; meats and vegetables in rich, wonderful pot-pourri, pot roasts with their matchless brown gravies; stuffed meats; and many others equally delicious.



Lamb Roast, Maître d'hôtel—ready to be served. The recipe for this dish—made from the less familiar shoulder cut—is given in the ten new Swift recipe cards, with other lamb recipes just as interesting.

New recipe cards FREE— interesting secrets of meat cookery

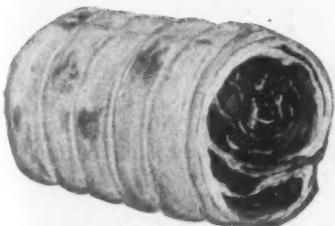
In response to this interest in meat dishes, Swift & Company has made up for you a set of new recipe cards, "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French." Here are ten new

ways to serve lamb—in appetizing, thrifty dishes that embody the most prized secrets of French cookery. In addition, Swift's meat charts will show you just how to buy the various cuts of meat. Many housewives have gained new pleasure and profit from marketing by using the information in these graphic charts.

And these recipe cards and meat charts are free—a part of Swift Service. Our 400 branch houses and our great fleet of refrigerator cars help us to supply you with the choicest fresh meat wherever you live. But our desire is broader than this! We wish also to help you get the most enjoyment out of Swift meats.

That is why these new recipe cards on lamb cookery are offered you. To get them, and the lamb chart, simply mail the coupon today.

Swift & Company



Lamb Roll—your family will enjoy it in delicious roasts that may be varied from the ordinary in all sorts of interesting ways. This less known cut is the boned, rolled forequarter. You can order any weight you want. There are several ways of cooking it described in the 10 new Swift Lamb Recipe Cards.

Free! These 10 valuable Lamb Recipe Cards, "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French," and the Helpful Lamb Chart. Just mail the coupon now and they will be sent you at once—a part of Swift Service.

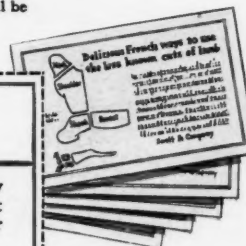
Home Economics Department
Swift & Company, Chicago

Please send me free of charge your special new Lamb Recipe Cards, "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French," and your Lamb Chart.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



Lamb Shank—delicious for roasts, ragouts, soups, and casserole dishes. The Swift recipe cards tell just how to buy this little known cut and how to cook it to the best advantage.

TIME for Kellogg's Corn Flakes and—



Peaches

SERVE Kellogg's with juicy peaches and enjoy one of summer's most wonderful treats! A great dish for kiddies. For everybody!

Kellogg's are the world's favorite corn flakes. Never tough nor thick. Always easy to digest. More than 11,000,000 people each day prefer them. For matchless flavor and crispness! For breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Sold by all grocers. Served at all hotels and restaurants. Order them on dining-cars. Eat them with milk or cream—add fresh or canned fruits or honey.

Always oven-fresh in the inner-sealed red-and-green package. Imitations cannot equal such wonder flavor. Demand the genuine—Kellogg's!

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep, Krumbles and New Oats. Other plants at Davenport, Iowa; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES



SAFETY FIRST! APPLY IT TO FOOD!

Every Homemaker Owes It To Her Family To Take Certain Sane, Sanitary Precautions, say

DR. E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED ANN OWEN



YOUR refrigerator should have a lining which can be kept clean easily. If it is not electrified, always keep it well filled with ice. Buying too little ice is false economy. A small piece melts faster than a large piece and it doesn't keep your food cold enough for safety.



BOTTLED milk is left on your doorstep in a sanitary well-chilled condition. Don't let it repose for the summer sun to warm and the neighbor's cat to inspect. Take it in at once and store it in the coldest part of your refrigerator.



BUSY clerks can't always have clean hands. There may be many a germ on an unwrapped loaf of bread. Buy bread wrapped at the bakery, for the wrapper is your safeguard. Treat your family to cakes and pastries which have been kept dust- and fly-proof under glass.

GIVE your patronage to the conscientious butcher who handles fresh, government-inspected meat; who is proud to guarantee you safety by (1) using glass enclosed display cases, (2) by keeping his refrigerator well iced and scrupulously clean.



USE up your left-overs promptly! In warm weather it is wise to reheat food before you serve it if it has stood in the ice-box for a day or two. Food poisoning usually comes from eating cooked food, such as cold meat, which has been kept long enough to breed bacteria.



IN summer, it is safer to trade only at markets whose doors and windows are screened. If fruits or vegetables are displayed on the sidewalk, they should most certainly be covered with netting. Food exposed to flies and dust is apt to be dangerous fare. All fruits and vegetables should be thoroughly washed.



Ready Immediately

When you have to get a meal in a hurry, think of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese. This good-to-eat treat is already prepared. Takes only a few minutes to heat and serve.

All the dry spaghetti Heinz uses is made in Heinz spotless kitchens from selected hard wheat flour. The sauce is Heinz-made from garden-fresh tomatoes grown under Heinz supervision. The cheese is specially selected.

These wholesome, nourishing ingredients are perfectly blended by skilful Heinz chefs who follow a recipe developed by Heinz.

The result is a delicious, ready-to-eat dish that you just heat and serve—and enjoy. A meal in itself, or as a vegetable • H. J. HEINZ CO.

When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz Kitchens

HEINZ COOKED Spaghetti

In tomato **57** sauce with cheese

Some other varieties:

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP • HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS
HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP • HEINZ PURE VINEGARS

The taste is the test

Do you use a dentifrice because you are *scared* or because you want your teeth to be **CLEAN?**

PICK up the package of dentifrice that is in your bathroom now and try to remember why you bought that particular kind. Was it fear? Did you buy it to cure or prevent some ugly mouth disease that you had been frightened about?

Or did you buy it simply because you wanted your teeth to be clean?

It is a very wise thing to keep the teeth clean, and a very foolish thing not to. There is no doubt that neglect of the teeth is dangerous and that you ought to do all you can to protect the health of your teeth, mouth and gums.

But how much can you do?

"Surely," you may think, "I want to keep my teeth clean always, but is that all I can expect of a dentifrice?"

You can get the best answer to that question from your dentist. He will tell

you just this: "The most that we in the dental profession expect of a dentifrice is that it will *clean* the teeth safely and thoroughly. More than this, we feel, a dentifrice cannot be logically expected to do, nor can it actually do.

"Keep your teeth clean and don't be afraid, for in keeping them clean you are doing every possible thing that anyone except a dentist can do to avoid dangers of tooth decay and other dental troubles."

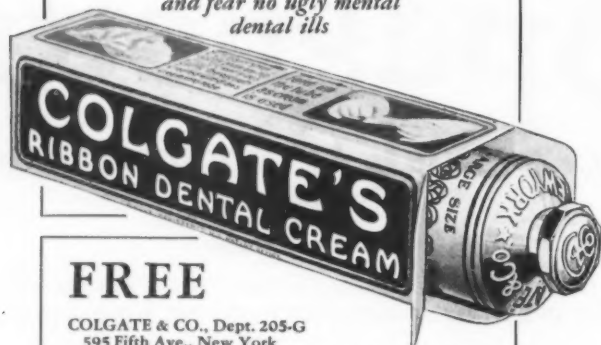
Thus say dentists to those patients who ask them for their opinions of the relative virtues and curative properties of dentifrices.

It is better, too, for your teeth, for your serenity, and for your purse to rely on *cleanliness* and be confident, than to pin your faith to "Patent medicine" dentifrices and be in a perpetual state of worry over ugly mental dental ills.

Colgate's
Est. 1806

**KEEP YOUR TEETH
CLEAN**

*and fear no ugly mental
dental ills*



FREE

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 205-G
595 Fifth Ave., New York

Send me a sample of this modern Dentifrice that cleans.

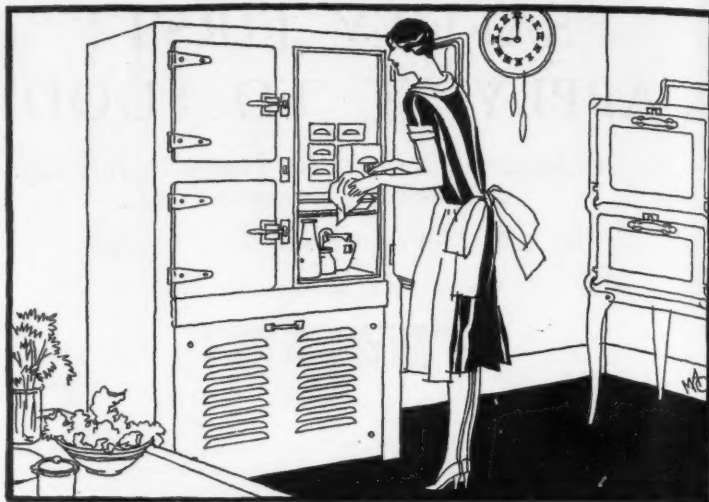
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambrose Street, Montreal



Electricity Comes in the Kitchen Door

SHE ASKED ME ABOUT AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED ANN OWEN

DEAR Miss Splint:
This season I must buy a new refrigerator. I should love to have an electric one, but naturally before I make so large an investment I want to know more about it. What are the things I should consider before I decide?

I am a regular reader of McCall's and I have always found your magazine so practical. I shall be grateful for any help you can give me. Mrs. I. J. B.

This is one of many letters I have received recently from readers asking about electric refrigerators. Because I believe many more homemakers who have not taken time to write are interested in this same question, I am taking this opportunity of telling all of you what I told Mrs. I. J. B.

For one thing, you must consider the rate charged for current in your vicinity. In certain sections of the country it is so moderate that the cost of running the refrigerator is little if any more than to keep the average ice-chilled refrigerator well iced. In some places however the rate is high, and if you have several pieces of electrical equipment in your house, it would be well to inquire about a power rate. It will depend on the rate the electric company makes, on the cost of installing the special meter and on the amount of work you do by electricity, whether it will be worth while for you to have such a meter installed.

Another thing to consider is the condition of your present refrigerator. Because if it is a well-made box and still in good condition, you can have an electrical unit installed in it. Any reliable manufacturer or dealer will examine your old box and give you his expert advice. Of course, if it was a cheap box in the first place, by all means buy the complete electric refrigerator. A poorly insulated box will use so much more current to keep the temperature of the food compartment low that you soon will have paid out for electricity all that you saved in the first place.

When you are ready to make your purchase be sure you are dealing with a reliable company, one which is sure to stand back of its product. The manufacturer usually guarantees to keep the machinery in order for a year and although there isn't much to get out of order in a well-made electric refrigerator

something may go wrong and then you are at the mercy of the service department or agent for your particular machine.

Of course, there are certain mechanical features which the dealer should explain to you or to a member of your family

when you buy your refrigerator, especially if you live in a remote section where servicing necessarily will be slower than in a city. You should know, for instance, that the motor must be oiled occasionally and the tank defrosted every two or three weeks. Your dealer will explain just how and when to do these two things. It is no longer necessary to warn you about the sound of the motor. All the manufacturers of standard makes have of late years so improved the mechanical details of their machines that they run with almost no noise or vibration.

When your final investment is really made and this good-looking piece of furniture makes its appearance in your kitchen you will find many occasions for rejoicing. No more muddy foot-prints across the clean floor, no more days when "the ice-man forgot to come" or when you didn't "put the card out." Best of all you will be assured of a dry, uniformly cold temperature considerably below 50° F.

The longer you have an electric refrigerator in your home, the more ways you will discover in which it can help in your every-day meal planning. With it you can do a great deal of preparation in advance. It will make it possible for you to give more variety to your menus and it will be a wonderful help in preparing special dishes for entertaining. There are many delicious frozen salads and desserts you can have with almost no trouble at all; you simply put the mixture into the ice-trays in the morning and by dinner time it will be ready to serve.

You can keep down the cost of running it by being careful. Don't open its doors any oftener than you must; don't put hot food into the food compartment; cool the mixtures to be frozen before putting them into the freezing trays.

NOTE: We have prepared a leaflet containing a list of reliable makes, directions for caring for electric refrigerators and some recipes for frozen dishes. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



LORAIN

What The Red Wheel on a Gas Range Means To You

WHEN you decide to buy a new cook stove be sure to investigate first the *unusual* advantages of Red Wheel Gas Ranges and learn all that the Red Wheel stands for.

A Red Wheel on a Gas Range means that the oven is equipped with Lorain, the original oven heat regulator—invented, built, and *unconditionally guaranteed* by the American Stove Company, World's Largest Manufacturers of Gas Ranges.

The Red Wheel means that the heat of the oven can be pre-determined and controlled automatically, thereby insuring perfect results with everything you cook or bake in the oven.

The Red Wheel means that Whole Meals can be cooked deliciously in the Lorain self-regulating oven while you're miles away.

The Red Wheel means the culmination of nearly fifty years of research, experience and outstanding success in the stove industry. It

means that the stove was designed by experts and that its efficiency, durability, safety and general performance were *proved* in American Stove Company's own Research Laboratory, one of the finest of its kind in the world.

The Red Wheel means that the gas range was built in one of six great stove factories owned by American Stove Company which also operates its own foundries and enameling plants.

The Red Wheel means that you will own the

same type of gas range that is giving perfect satisfaction in hundreds of thousands of homes—that is used in two thousand schools and colleges to teach the art of cookery.

The Red Wheel means that you will be entitled to the free service offered by American Stove Company's famous Research Kitchen which is operated under the direction of one of America's best-known food authorities. You will get a handsome cook book *free* with your Red Wheel Gas Range. You can also obtain a monthly recipe-service (see coupon.) And you can submit your personal cookery problems to the Research Kitchen for helpful advice.

To sum it all up the Red Wheel means that you will never regret buying a Red Wheel Gas Range. A mighty big promise to make—but one that will be fulfilled. Ask any owner.

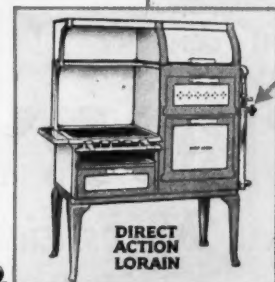
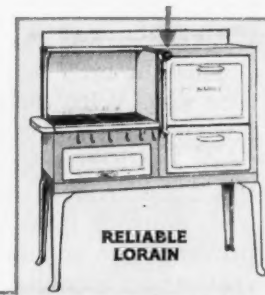
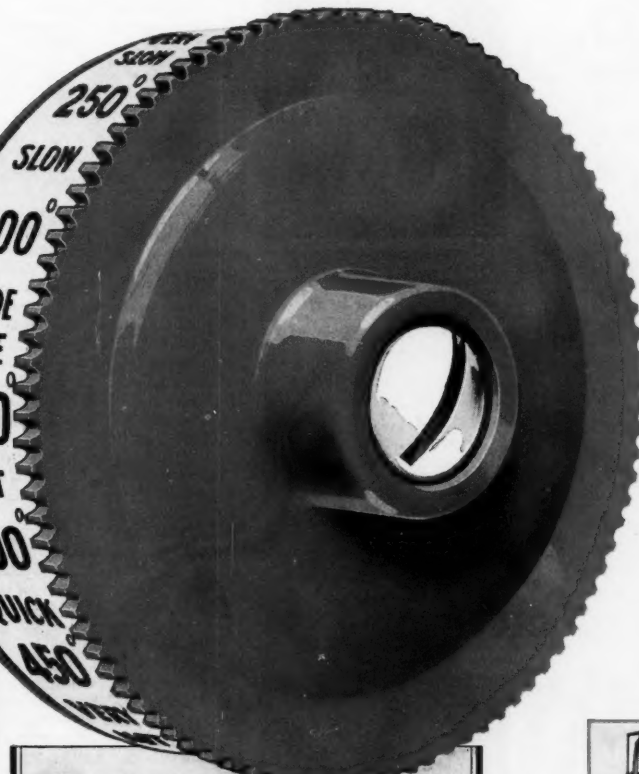
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

No matter where you live you can now use a Lorain-equipped Gas Range

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain tank-gas service for use in a standard Lorain-equipped Gas Range.

Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN



AMERICAN STOVE CO.
829 Chouteau Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart. (Print name and address plainly).

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

McC-7-27



PROTECTION for trousseaux—for vacation wardrobes

Those lovely new things that you pack so carefully . . . that cost so much . . . that look so fragile! How are you going to protect them—to keep that first smooth, perfect, freshness?

This summer—try a new way, a sure way. With each outfit, wear a Hickory protector of fine lingerie fabric and light weight rubber. Just this bit of rubber does it—keeps body warmth from your skirt and prevents the appearance of deep creases and wrinkles.

There's a special style of Hickory garment for wear under each of your summer frocks—all light, cool, conforming garments, and so perfect fitting that they show no outline. See the selection now, at your favorite store. And look at the Hickory Sanitary Belts and Aprons, too. If you do not find Hickory products, write, mentioning your dealer's name. Address Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1149 West Congress Street, Chicago.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

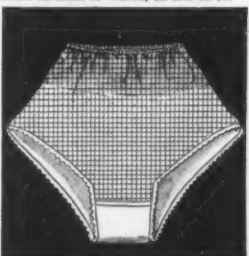
CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

HICKORY

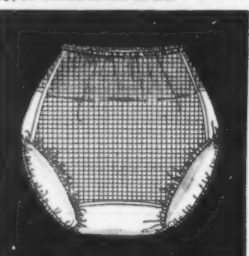
Personal Necessities



Hickory Shadow Skirt
A light little step-in pettiskirt of cool lingerie fabric with a lower back panel of fine rubber. Shadow-proofs and wrinkle-proofs—especially helpful under sheer summer dresses. In flesh or white, as low as \$1.



Hickory Step-Ins
are a great protection, too. Wear them under your knickers this summer. This style, in cool mesh and light rubber; (shaped to fit—no bulk); in medium or largest sizes; flesh only, \$1. Others as low as 50c.



Hickory Bloomers
An all-enclosing garment offering complete protection. Light weight rubber and deep mesh top for cool comfort. Neat tailored fit. Medium or large size, flesh color only, \$1. Others as low as 50c.



The head of the family has tea with us at five o'clock

FEAST YOUR APPETITE WHERE YOU CAN ALSO FEAST YOUR SOUL!

BY MARGUERITE L. BOURDON

ILLUSTRATED BY S. WENDELL CAMPBELL

IT is sheer delight to eat out-of-doors in warm weather, if one is so fortunate as to have a porch or even the smallest of tree-shaded lawns. The setting is complete when the back yard boasts a flower garden as so many of yours do.

In our family, breakfast becomes an adventure, because we eat it on the porch. The windows which make up three sides of the porch are flung wide. The lilacs and spiraea move gently above the windowsills. Across the lawn and past the little apple trees are great gray rocks covered with woodbine and guarded by a tall sentinel pine.

Instead of beginning breakfast with the usual orange or grapefruit and hot cereal, we serve strawberries, blackberries or raspberries, then cooked cereal chilled in individual molds with thick cream poured over it. Or we serve a dish of tart gooseberries or sweet blueberries and crisp, dry cereals with cream. Then when we desire further variety, there are peaches and plums, melons of all sorts, bananas, grapes and apples.

For a more substantial meal one of our favorites consists of thick slices of tomato or apple broiled and served with crisp bacon and buttered toast. Delicate thin slices of liver broiled in bacon fat and served with crisp bacon and cornbread makes another appetizing porch breakfast.

Grilled kidneys with mushrooms and popovers make a breakfast for an epicure. Omelets offer an unending variety, served plain or with minced ham, jelly or whatever the refrigerator happens to contain at the moment.

If the family is not hopelessly attached to coffee for breakfast, cocoa may be served. On cool days, cocoa or chocolate flavored with cinnamon in Spanish style is delicious.

It is a good plan to buy an inexpensive set of dishes to use when eating out-of-doors, thus lending an added variety to these meals. Imported peasant wares from France, Italy and Spain are most interesting and colorful.

On very hot days we have the coolest of luncheons; salads of every kind with as many different varieties of dressings as our ingenuity can devise. With all the types of cheeses now available, salads can be infinitely varied, and nutritious luncheon dishes can be served at low cost. For dessert, fruit of different kinds is served with cakes and cookies and we pride ourselves on the number of cool drinks we can invent.

Sometimes, as a surprise, we serve a foreign luncheon—one that smacks of France or Italy. The first course is a generous plate of *hors d'oeuvres* chilled in the refrigerator. Ripe and stuffed green olives, anchovies or boneless sardines, cucumbers sliced in oil and vinegar, and strips of pimientos make a good combina-

tion. We then serve a great bowl of crisp lettuce or other salad greens with a mild French dressing and a plate of different kinds of cheeses. Among these are Roquefort, *Port du Salut*, Gruyère, Can-

dian Coon and cream and cottage cheeses. All except *Port du Salut* may be bought in domestic as well as foreign brands. With this course is served crusty French bread or brown, graham or whole wheat bread and some kind of fruit. Peaches are good with cream cheese, grapes and plums with Gruyère, apples and pears with almost all of them. Cottage cheese seasoned with salt and paprika and with heavy cream stirred into it is delicious with strawberries and raspberries.

On cool days Italian dishes are in order, such as spaghetti or noodles with cheese, or *gnocchi*, which is hominy baked with cheese. Spaghetti with chicken livers, mushrooms and grated Parmesan cheese is, we think, the best of all!

A special treat for luncheon which is equally good for breakfast or as a dessert for dinner is old-fashioned blueberry cake made preferably in muffin tins as the little cakes have more crisp, brown crust than the loaf would.

At tea-time the table is moved out to the north corner of the garden. The head of the family gets home early enough to have tea with us at five o'clock. Then, when the grass does not need cutting, he has almost two hours to read and rest before dinner at seven. "Tea" for him has to be hot tea or coffee, except on the most torrid days when he succumbs to our favorite cold drinks. Sometimes we have sandwiches and sometimes toast or cake and cookies with our tea.

A secluded lawn is a wonderful spot for early dinner, too, with its cool shadiness and its sense of peace. Dinner, like all the other meals served out-of-doors, must be an affair simple enough to be carried on a few trays and should not involve too many dishes for each person. Meat or fish, potatoes or rice and a green vegetable served on each dinner plate in the kitchen, and either a salad or a cool dessert such as home-made milk sherbet make up a good "portable" menu.

If you who read these suggestions have always eaten within four walls and you feel unconvinced that eating out-of-doors is practical as well as a means of filling your soul with beauty, try it one of these stifling days. Serve a simple meal in a simple way, then give yourself up utterly to enjoying those last moments of the day when, stretched out in a comfortable chair, you look up through the dark foliage of the trees and see the sky turn from yellow to pale green. Then as the stars come out, and there is wafted across the lawn a mingled, delicious fragrance, you will wonder why you have never discovered before, the joy of eating in the out-of-doors.



For picnics especially -the new and finer dairy product, Pabst-ett [more than cheese]

Pabst-ett makes most delicious sandwiches. It keeps better than cheese — you can prepare your sandwiches the night before and the Pabst-ett filling will not be stale and hard when you come to serve them. Or, make the sandwiches after you're seated for lunch. With its smooth, creamy texture, Pabst-ett spreads easily and is more convenient to use. Does not melt and run in summer temperatures.

Most important of all, Pabst-ett is a food that children as well as grownups may enjoy to their hearts' content. Pabst-ett is not cheese — but more than cheese. It is made by an exclusive process which

retains the nutritive value of whole milk — the milk sugar, milk proteins and body-building milk mineral elements lost in cheese making. It is more nutritious than milk. *As easily digestible as milk.* And, it acts as an aid to the digestion of other foods. A delicious, nourishing, *regulative* food that should be included regularly in the diet.

A little more than a year ago, Pabst-ett was introduced. Today it is the great favorite everywhere, for every use. Brings tempting new flavor to rarebit, macaroni, potatoes. Does not become lumpy or stringy with cooking. Preferred for salads—with pineapple, tomato, other fruits and vegetables.

There is no other food like Pabst-ett. Pabst-ett may be imitated, but it cannot be duplicated. It is made by a secret process. Furthermore, few if any manufacturers have facilities to produce this new, finer food that's more than cheese. Always insist on Pabst-ett, the original, to get Pabst-ett qualities. Sold at leading stores.

PABST CORPORATION (Cheese Division)
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
(Also Makers of PABST WONDER PROCESS CHEESE)

Convenient
airtight
family size
carton



Note to Physicians and Dieticians: Pabst-ett is a nourishing, health-building food, rich in vitamins. It is served in leading hospitals and may be included in any diet that includes milk.



Individual Portion Package
—especially popular in
clubs, hotels, dining cars,
etc. Ideal for picnics, too.

More
than
Cheese

Pabst-ett

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. THE SAME OLD NAME SINCE 1844





FRESH , , FRAGRANT , , ,

these Sun-Maid Nectars

*How you will enjoy cooking with seedless raisins
that add the flavor of grapes!*



AS IF the juice
in the grapes had
merely jelled—
they are so tender
and plump, so
rich in flavor

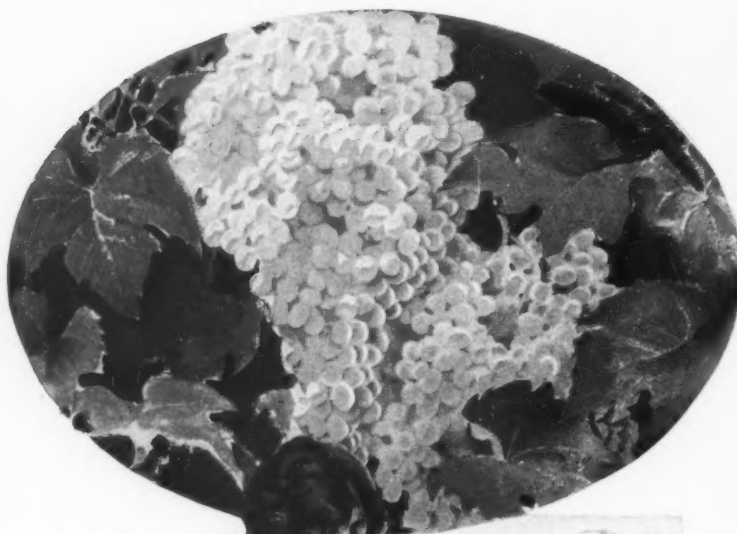
You who have proved the magic of raisins in cooking—have learned how they change ordinary dishes into dishes that the family loves—you especially will welcome this news.

A wonderful improvement has been made in seedless raisins. Now there is a new kind unlike any you have ever seen. Seedless raisins strikingly like the grapes themselves, when the California sun has brought them to full perfection on the vine.

You will want to serve them as a confection. You will hurry to get them into your cooking—into your cakes and pies and puddings and cookies.

For these Sun-Maid Nectars are irresistibly tempting.

They glisten as fresh grapes glisten on the vine. They are rich amber in color, and clear—



SUMMER
PUDDINGS
—tapioca, custard,
gelatine—all kinds
—are given new
goodness with Sun-
Maid Nectars



WHAT A surprise
when you open the car-
ton—to get that fra-
grance of fresh-pressed
grapes!

as seedless grapes are at the hour
of their perfection.

Plump, soft to the touch, with skins that are delicately tender, they seem to be grapes with their juice merely jelled.

They even have the fragrance of fresh-pressed grapes—these new seedless raisins.

Ask your grocer for Sun-Maid Nectars. Be sure you get them, for only Sun-Maid knows how to retain in raisins the natural qualities of the fruit.

Why not add this new fresh taste, this new goodness, to some simple pudding tonight?

For seeded raisins that aren't sticky, that bring you all the flavor of the Muscat grape, get Sun-Maid Puffed in the blue carton.

S U N - M A I D

NECTARS [Seedless Raisins] in the red carton
PUFFED [Seeded Raisins] in the blue carton



Yesterday's
Swiss Steak, be-
comes today's
Savory Rice!



A DINNER AND A HALF AT A TIME

BY MILDRED WEIGLEY WOOD

Formerly Chairman of the Homemakers' Section of the
American Home Economics Association

WHAT home-maker among us would not happily welcome any suggestion that assured her of at least two extra hours each week for recreation? The idea of getting more time for my thinking seemed as much of a bargain to me as more food for my money, so I set out to lessen the number of hours I spent each day on the preparation of my dinners.

At first thought it would seem that planning a dinner so there will be left-overs would be the simplest way of saving work for the next day. But I soon found that the time saved depended on the way these left-overs were to be used.

It was not only a question of saving food. I had to evolve, also, some plan whereby I could shorten the actual time spent in preparing and cooking these left-overs. Finally I tried the scheme of working out approximately a dinner and a half at a time, and found that by planning at least two meals at a time, I could save, with no difficulty, the half hour or more on the second day. The following two dinners show how the plan worked out.

DINNER 1, FOR THE FIRST DAY

Swiss Steak with Carrots, Celery,
Tomato and Onion
Mashed Potatoes Jelly
Lettuce Salad
Fresh Chocolate Cake

DINNER 2, FOR THE SECOND DAY

Savory Rice
Pineapple-and-Cheese Salad
Floating Island Chocolate Cake

The Swiss steak I prepared from a flank steak, large enough to assure some being left after the hearty appetites of my family had been satisfied. The meat was cooked according to the recipe given below, with so generous an allowance of vegetables that these, too, would suffice both for flavor and nutrition the second day.

For the first dinner the steak was served with the vegetables and gravy over it. On the second day the meat and vegetables for the dinner were prepared with less than 5 minutes work including the washing of the meat-grinder. The work consisted in (1) putting on some rice to boil which took only a minute of actual

time; (2) grinding the left-over meat and vegetables together, which took but two minutes; (3) then, when the rice was boiled and drained, mixing the two, adding more salt, and placing the mixture in a baking-dish to heat in the oven before serving. The flavor of all the vegetables with the meat and gravy gives a most delicious savory dish.

The custard to be served with the cake which was left from the day before was also made during the twenty-five minutes that the rice cooked; the can of pineapple was ready for the salad and a fresh bottle of French dressing was made. I made sufficient dressing to use for later dinners, too. All this was accomplished in thirty minutes, with several minutes to spare.

Now, if you analyze this dinner carefully you will see that just about half of it was prepared the day before. The custard and salad, the new dishes, were planned so that the cooking processes were short. Some of the time saved was in the lessened dish-washing. Thus the second day was free from cooking responsibility and the time saved then could be given to another occupation—a club meeting, new clothes for the children, or a luxurious home beauty treatment for the homemaker.

There is no use figuring out such plans unless we make a record of them and have them at our command for future use. We have dinners planned to use left-overs, dinners with meat substitutes, simple dinners for guests, emergency dinners.

DINNER 3

Chuck Roast Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Carrots and Peas Jelly
Lettuce with Seasoned Dressing
Hot Gingerbread

DINNER 4

Mashed Potato Pie
Apple-Celery-and-Nut Salad
Steamed Gingerbread with
Whipped Cream Dressing

The saving in these dinners is in the preparation and cooking of all the vegetables on the first day. On the second day the Mashed Potato Pie is made of the potatoes, meat and vegetables left from the first dinner. The salad dressing, if not already on hand, is made on the first day for two days, and the gingerbread is made on the first day to serve as dessert for two dinners. [Turn to page 73]

What are Babies' skins made of?



Velvet folds, so easily chafed
they need this powder-lubricant

GLOSSAMER layers, silken-soft—delicate, tender creases. That's what babies' skins are made of. Tiny bundles of flesh, sensitive to the slightest rubbing—skin-folds that need protection to save them from angry chafing.

To keep these precious skin-folds always safe and comfortable, here is a soothing powder-lubricant.

Like healing cream, it smooths into chafed surfaces, anoints roughened areas with the effect of a soothing lotion. Yet it is the daintiest of powder, fluffy, flaky, clean—invaluable to sprinkle on the body after the baby's bath, before he takes his nap, every time diapers are changed. A super-soft protective, it prevents painful rubbing and chafing.

The base of this powder is Italian talc, a flaky substance mined in the Alps, which breaks into airy particles light as thistledown. Purified and

sifted, it becomes a creamy powder, soothing and absorbent. Like a magic veil it covers tender skin without danger of clogging the pores.

Other precious aids to comfort are blended with the talcum base—delicate perfume; a boracic compound which serves as a mild skin-healer, neutralizing the acids expelled by the folds of skin. The result is a powder soft as a whisper, a caress to the tenderest body—a healing agent used by more mothers, hospitals, and eminent physicians than any other baby powder.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect, without a flaw or blemish, give him the protection that will keep him always beautiful. Keep his skin healthy every day—soft, pliable, safe—free from discomforts, with Johnson's.

Three Rules for your baby's health and comfort

First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally relieve roughness, rash, or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream.



Make this simple hand test
Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. There is no friction, no ensuing warmth.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

YOUR DRUGGIST is more than a merchant



Not sold
in Stores

CHARIS

A PATENTED GARMENT

for smart lines and supreme comfort

IN figure improvement and unrestrained freedom, no garment can compare with CHARIS. Women everywhere are discarding corsets, combination garments and other substitutes for this modern creation which meets their every need.

Stout women say they never knew such comfort; never had such modish lines. Thin women are equally enthusiastic over the designs built for them. Women who are blessed with naturally lovely figures are amazed at the perfection CHARIS gives them.

CHARIS is the original one-piece garment with adjustable inner belt. This belt, which is patented and exclusive with CHARIS, is so shaped that it reaches under the organs which require support and gently lifts them into place, instead of pressing them straight inward.

The flexible outer garment provides perfect figure control and molds bust, hips and thighs into the smooth, sinuous lines which fashionable frocks demand. The entire CHARIS weighs only 15 ounces and for all its superiority, costs less than the garments it replaces. Moreover, it launders beautifully.

CHARIS is never sold under any other name and never sold in stores. It is available only through CHARIS offices located in all larger cities, with representatives everywhere. Phone to the nearest CHARIS office, or write us, if there is no representative in your locality.

Price \$6.75

(\$6.95 west of the Rocky Mountains)

Write for free descriptive folder

THE FIFTH AVENUE CORSET CO., Inc., Allentown, Penna.



CHARIS
Service—
in the privacy
of your home

We are adding women of refinement to our staff to sell CHARIS where territory is open. If you wish a pleasant and profitable profession, fill in coupon and mail now.

FIFTH AVENUE CORSET CO., Inc.
Dept. M-7, Allentown, Pa.

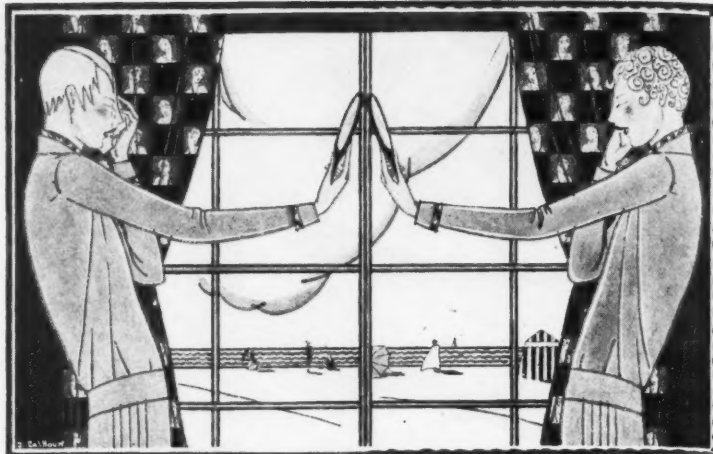
Please send me further information about CHARIS.

Name.....

Address.....

If you wish to know how you can become a representative, check here ☐

THE ORIGINAL ONE-PIECE GARMENT WITH ADJUSTABLE INNER BELT



Straight hair never gets a fighting chance

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, WILT THOU BE MINE?

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JEAN CALHOUN

IF your hair is quite straight, be sure this summer that you need rippling waves to frame your face before you dedicate precious hours to waving it. Are your features fairly regular? Is your nose patrician, aquiline perhaps? Then—unless your face is unusually small—you are one of the many girls who can wear her hair straight. Most girls whose features are irregular need a wavy frame for the face. While a round face with a tiptilted nose can often wear that delightful gamin bob with straight wisps brushed around the cheeks and brows as if blown there by summer breezes. Give straight hair a fighting chance, if it's even in color and glossy in texture, before you consign it to a lifetime of curliness.

The tendency today in the best hair-waving establishments is to make the hair take a soft, natural wave rather than a tight, corrugated washboard effect. Finger-waving is by far the most popular method used, but it isn't by any means a short cut to an immediate wavy effect. To get results, hair must be finger-waved regularly and at frequent intervals. In time it is trained to fall naturally into becoming waves. First a curling fluid is applied with a comb, then the hair is shaped with the fingers. It is dried by dry heat, artificial sunlight, or, if you are doing it yourself at home, in the open air and sunlight.

Water-waving with combs is effective and fairly lasting. While the hair is still wet from the shampoo the hair-dresser inserts a series of combs, locking them so that the hair is pushed up in ridges all over the head. Then she ties these in place with a cotton net. Between shampoos you can renew this wave by repeating the process with curling fluid at home.

For stubborn short ends I know of nothing better than steel curlers or the silk-wound type women have used for generations. They do look a bit bumpy at night, but a colored silk handkerchief will hide them. Be careful not to wind the hair too tightly. And vary the position a little each night so that the strain on the roots is relieved and breaking prevented.



In talking of hair-waving problems, I suppose we must mention curling irons, still widely used. To my notion they remain, at best, an emergency aid. In the hands of a professional, the marcel iron loses much of its viciousness. Clever manipulators slide the iron through in such a way that it does not burn. If your marcel comes out quickly, try slipping steel curlers into the hair at night along the lines of the wave. And if your hair seems dry and lifeless, change to some other curling method. The hot iron may not be the sole cause of this condition but it's apt to contribute to it. Between waves, care for your hair by feeding the scalp with tonic and keeping it elastic with massage. In giving a marcel, the best hair-dressers do a small piece at a time, lifting it up and pinning it back as they work. If your hair has been permanently waved, don't attempt to have marcel. Water-waving or finger-waving is the solution, till the wave grows out.

Now is the time of year when hair-dressers work overtime giving "permanents." Several good systems have been devised, and they are constantly being improved upon. In one organization the hair is tested first by a machine for quality and texture. The strength of the curling fluid used depends on the result of the test. In spite of many claims that are made, permanent waving is still a fairly elaborate process. The best test as to the reliability of the expert you are choosing is to make inquiries among his or her clients. If possible, find one whose hair approaches yours in color, texture and general effect. If you like the way it looks, go ahead and have your permanent. But don't imagine then that your troubles are all over. All hair subjected to intense heat is left in a more or less delicate condition. It needs special care and should be regularly treated with tonic and massage. In some respects this is the most important phase of the permanent wave, for on it depends not only the life of your hair, but its beauty and also that soft, well-cared-for look to which all women aspire.

Have you a good all-year-round skin? When you go away this summer, be sure to take along a copy of our HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERYWOMAN (10c). Then, even if you are out of touch with beauty aids and hair-dressers, you can make the most of what you have wherever you are. We have a list this month of all sorts of handy preparations for looking one's best as to skin and hair grooming even when the thermometer rises alarmingly. We'll send this if you enclose in your letter a stamped, addressed envelope. Bright sunlight shows up defects in coloring, so if you use powder and rouge, be sure to use them to best advantage. McCall's Make-up Chart and our Perfume Sheet are also at your service and can be slipped into your stamped envelope. Address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

"THE SINK IN THE SUNLIGHT"



There's no end to the wear of this "Standard" acid-resisting sink

Canning time—jars of fruit and pickles—cans of vegetables—dripping juices in the sink. And at last—a sink these acid juices will not mar or discolor. This acid-resisting enamel is an exclusive feature of these new "Standard" sinks. Even kitchen cleansers do not mar its glistening smoothness.

Now you can work in more light and sunshine because this new sink is designed with an 8-inch back so it fits snugly under the window. And the sink compartment is deeper. There's plenty of room for the biggest pan. A tall pitcher goes under the new swinging-spout faucet easily. It is a beautifully designed faucet with platinum-like finish of Chromard that

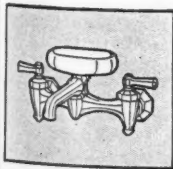
can never tarnish or corrode. Rubbing with a damp cloth keeps it clean and beautiful. Garbage disposal is easier. The directly attached sanitary garbage container slides under the sink on a folding bracket. Covered aluminum receptacle lifts right out. No more need for a corner catch-all.

These new designs are on display at "Standard" show-rooms in principal cities throughout the country. Three styles and seven sizes. Be sure to specify acid-resisting enamel, as many other "Standard" models are also made in regular enamel. Visit the display nearest you. The trademark "Standard" is permanently stamped in every sink. Write for interesting book.

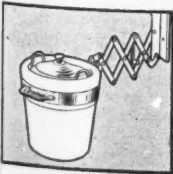
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. • • Pittsburgh

"Standard"

PLUMBING FIXTURES



Swinging-Spout Faucet in non-tarnishing Chromard.



Garbage Container—slides under the sink.

The "THREE EIGHTS"

8-inch low back fits snugly under a deep window.

8-inch deep sink is roomier and prevents over the rim splashes.

8-inch deep front gives the whole sink a new beauty.



Our food is so soft . . . our gums so frail!

IN searching for the source of these widespread troubles of the gums, dentists have found that our gums are dependent on stimulation to keep them in health—stimulation which nature intended the roughage in our food to supply.

But modern cooks have thwarted this plan of nature's. For our food, dentists point out, is too soft, too refined and too quickly eaten to give the gums the stimulation they need so much.

Small wonder that gums become soft, weak and tender—that "pink tooth brush," the first sign of gingival breakdown, may almost be counted a national ailment!

How Ipana and massage keep gums firm and healthy

Ask your dentist how to protect your gums. He will recommend massage—and very likely he will mention, too, the benefits of Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana, because of its ziralol content, is held in high regard by the profession. Dentists recommend it as an aid to the massage in toning and strengthening weak, undernourished gums and in rendering them more resistant to disease.

Try Ipana for a full month

Ipana is a delicious dentifrice to use. And its power to keep your teeth brilliant will delight you. Even the trial tube the coupon calls for will prove these things.

But a better test is to get a large tube of Ipana at your nearest drug store. Use it faithfully for a whole month. You will notice the steady improvement in the health of your gums and teeth. And then you can decide whether you'll be an Ipana user for life!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E77
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

© B. M. Co., 1927



Fellers aren't supposed to be bothered with verbs



In walks about the old streets whose very stones resound with historical echoes



The climate is wonderful for a child who is delicate

IF YOU WOULD EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN IN FRANCE

BY MARIE LANSDOWNE ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MABEL PUGH

THE question of the children's education may be the one thing that is standing in the way of your sojourn in France, especially if you want to make the trip an extended one and really worth while. In my last article, you remember I mentioned my friend who took over the necessary text books and taught her youngsters herself. Not everyone, perhaps, would have either the energy or inclination to do this, and if you do intend to stay so long that you feel the children must not miss school, you may very easily arrange for tuition, providing they have learned enough French. There is an *École Communale* (or Public School) in practically every small village in France and in every ward in Paris. When a hamlet is too small to justify a school of its own, the children of two or three neighboring towns are generally brought together at the largest one of the group. There is a small fee for those who can pay and the instruction is about equal to that of our public school system at home.

If for any reason you are more exacting, it would be best to leave the education problems until you settle in the big town, where you will find the *Lycées*, or private grammar and preparatory schools, very fine institutions. They take the child from kindergarten age through all the university preparation stages. The prices of the *Lycée Jansen* in Paris (one of the biggest) are about \$25.00 for the year.

It is not necessary to consider the possibilities of schooling on the coast of Brittany or the Channel bathing stations. You would go there for the summer vacation when "fellers" are not supposed to be bothered with multiplication tables and auxiliary verbs anyway! If you land in the late spring or summer, Paris is apt to be crowded and the kiddies' thoughts turn naturally at that time to the seashore. Then why not go there? The list of reasonable summer resorts is enormous! Some friends of mine stopping at St. Jean de Mont in Vendée tell me that it

has a gorgeous ocean beach as well as lovely pine forests and the pension rate is thirty francs a day in the best hotel by the ocean. These rates and conditions predominate. Berck is wonderful if you have a child who is delicate and anaemic. It is near Paris and very reasonable.

I may add that I am absolutely convinced that whatever one's success with schools or teaching plans may be, the fact is incontestable that just turning a youngster loose in Paris, without any other effort at education, will give him something in the way of culture and artistic perception that he will never lose thereafter.

Wonderful results, especially in art and history, come from the functioning of his curiosity. And it certainly requires no effort to set that quality to work in any youngster I've ever known. On beautiful sunny days, the children can take walks about the old streets of Paris and discover all sorts of things for themselves. There are numerous parks, such as the Luxembourg with its historic palace, museum and tennis courts, and the Jardin des Plantes, which has a Zoo, Botanical Gardens and Natural History Museum. Here they can go and be absolutely safe—a thing unknown in New York and other big cities! At the impressionable age, suddenly set down in the center of a city whose very stones resound with historical echoes, they cannot help getting a grasp on the essentials of European history.

To come really down to the money question. One can lay out several budgets of varying elasticity, but it is safe to say that a simple, quiet life, with the mother's supreme interest in the child and what he is learning and doing, can be managed for a year on very little, comparatively. It must be remembered that five hundred dollars means about ten thousand francs

at the present moment, and a French family would consider that an enormous amount to spend, even considering that prices seem excessive to them. And here's what I consider

the best piece of advice given me since I've been in France. Naturally I want to pass it on to you—for it's the only thing that works. Once you are here, forget that you ever saw a dollar bill or that you knew what it stands for. Accustom yourself to THINK in francs. This puts you on the same basis as the French person and is the secret of living cheaply here.

The necessary in-between-meals that young people are always clamoring for can be provided without having recourse to so-called "American" grocery stores where they charge enormous prices for a ten-cent box of American crackers. You will be spellbound at the stocks, arrangement, efficiency and order of service at the big Paris grocery shops. Study the metric system to get your quantities right.

If you board, of course there won't be any necessity for taking meals out but just in case you have gone on a sight-seeing trip and don't get back in time, it is not amiss to know that there are many small restaurants where you can get a delicious lunch or dinner for ten francs or less. A few walks about the streets of Paris will show you where they are. The menu with prices is always shown outside and you need have no fear of entering the simple looking restaurants. Very often the cooking and service are far better there than in the ones that look more pretentious.

Contrary to what many people would have you believe, the attitude of the French is most friendly and no difficulties will be met with in the way of getting advice from them, once they understand you.

Note: If you wish further information about conditions, prices, and places in France, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for our service leaflet. Address the SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Frances Lee Barton
answers
the
most important
cake making
question



IN the thousands of letters that we receive from women interested in cake making, one particular question bobs up again and again. "What", ask women all over the country, "is the difference between bread flour and cake flour?"

This is the difference: Bread flour is meant for bread. It contains a type of gluten which, to give the best results, must be leavened from three to five hours by yeast. Swans Down Cake Flour is made from a specially selected soft winter wheat, grown near the Swans Down mills, which contains a delicate, tender gluten that gives perfect results with the "quick" leavenings—baking powder, egg whites, etc.

And there is also a difference in the milling. For Swans Down Cake Flour, only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used. Of the flour milled from 100 pounds of this special wheat, only 26 pounds are good enough for Swans Down! And Swans Down is

sifted and resifted, through finest silk, until it is 27 times as fine as good bread flour!

That's the difference between the flours. And this is the difference between the cakes:

Bread flour makes cake that is nutritious enough, looks all right, and is perfectly edible. But these are prosy virtues for as thrilling a thing as cake! Swans Down Cake Flour makes a cake that is light as a feather, smooth as velvet—a perfectly wonderful cake! And Swans Down eliminates chance or luck. If you follow directions carefully you know your cake will be perfect!

Be sure to use Swans Down Cake Flour in all your cakes—simple or elaborate. Swans Down costs only 3½¢ per cake more than bread flour. Isn't 3½¢ very little to pay for insurance against cake failure? Try the recipe given here; see for yourself what a world of difference Swans Down Cake Flour makes!

SWANS DOWN CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

½ cup butter or substitute	½ cup milk
1½ cups sugar	½ cup water
3 cups Swans Down Cake Flour	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 teaspoons baking powder	¼ teaspoon almond extract
¼ teaspoon salt	3 egg whites, beaten light

Cream the shortening. Add sugar gradually. Sift flour and then measure. Then sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Beat into the first mixture alternately with the milk and water. Beat in the extracts. Fold in the egg whites. Bake in layers in moderate oven (350° F.).

Put together with soft chocolate frosting.

SOFT CHOCOLATE FROSTING

Cut 4 squares bitter chocolate into small pieces and put into a saucepan. Add 1 cup sugar and 1½ cups milk. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Mix 3 tablespoons cornstarch with 2 tablespoons cold water; and add slowly to the first mixture, stirring until thickened. Remove from fire. Add 2 tablespoons butter and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool and spread.

SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR

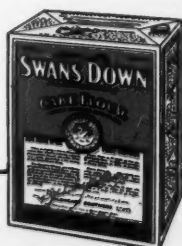
You'll Need This Cake Set!

For just what it costs us—\$1.00—we will mail you this superb cake set—the very kind we use in our own kitchens . . . Set consists of: set aluminum measuring spoons; wooden slotted mixing spoon; wire cake tester; aluminum measuring cup; steel spatula; heavy square cake pan (tin); patent angel food pan (tin); sample package of Swans Down Cake Flour; copy of recipe booklet, "Cake Secrets." ("Cake Secrets" is the only item sold separately. Send 10¢ for your copy.)



An oven thermometer is essential to proper baking. We can now supply you with a standard thermometer, postage prepaid. Send \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and West, \$1.50 in Canada).

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INCORPORATED
Established 1896
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA



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IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC.
Evansville, Indiana.

McCall's—7-27

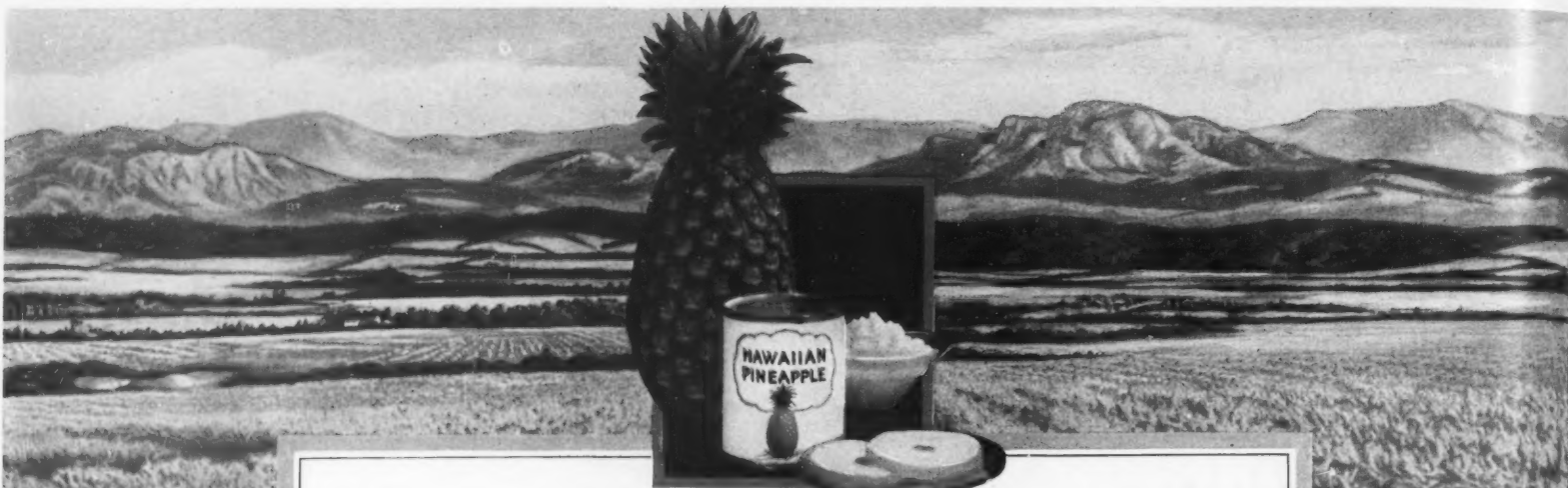
Attached is \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and West, \$1.50 in Canada) for which please send to address below one full set Swans Down Cake Making Utensils—with which I am to receive, free of charge, the booklet "Cake Secrets" and sample package of Swans Down. If not entirely satisfied with set I may return it, carrying charges prepaid, and my money will be promptly refunded.

Name..... (Write plainly)

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

No orders accepted for shipment outside U. S. or Canada.



You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple

29 Years Ago a Boston lad, James D. Dole, dreamed of growing things in a far-off romantic land.

Today the company which he heads plants 30,000,000 pineapple plants a year.

27 Years Ago "Jim" Dole bought a 60 acre homestead in the Hawaiian Islands for the purpose of farming.

Today the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, which he founded, controls 38,000 acres of prime pineapple lands—practically half of all the pineapple acreage in all the Hawaiian Islands.

26 Years Ago "Jim" Dole had an idea and a vision. The idea was to grow pineapples. The vision—to pack them ripe so all America might enjoy this luscious Hawaiian fruit.

Today, thanks to "Jim" Dole, Hawaii supplies the American table with 189,000,000 cans of pineapple a year. 1 out of every 3 of these is from the Hawaiian Pineapple Company.

25 Years Ago it took a trip to San Francisco and Boston for "Jim" Dole to raise \$13,000—needed to start his company and buy canning machinery.

Today the Hawaiian Pineapple Company has nearly \$14,000,000 invested in its plantations and cannery.

24 Years Ago the company worked day and night all summer to pack 45,000 cans of the luscious fruit—golden ripe from the fields.

Today the company packs that many cans in half an hour. Its cannery has the greatest capacity of any fruit cannery in the world—63,000,000 cans a year.

20 Years Ago the "latest" peeling and coring machinery could prepare no more than 6 or 8 pineapples a minute.

Today the Ginaca machine, developed and controlled by the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, cores and peels up to 100 pineapples a minute.

8 Years Ago a man named Eckart said pineapples would grow better if they were planted under paper. The Hawaiian Pineapple Company willingly paid \$50,000 for the idea—and developed it.

Today the Company lays each year 4,000 miles of this paper, through which they set 30,000,000 pineapple plants—just to give you better pineapples.

5 Years Ago nearly all the pineapples Hawaii could grow were being grown. It seemed there were no more good pineapple lands.

Today the Hawaiian Pineapple Company has 20,000 more acres than in 1922. How did it get them? The Company bought "the forgotten island of Lanai" and is spending \$5,000,000 to make it the pineapple kingdom of the world.

Yesterday you had never heard of James D. Dole, the man who dreamed of turning a South Seas Island into a pineapple garden—of making this tempting fruit available to every American table.

Today, but for the work of "Jim" Dole and the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, we might still be thinking of pineapple as a rare fruit to be enjoyed only in tropical lands.

Instead . . . We can thank "Jim" Dole for canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

Sales Office:
215 Market St., San Francisco

Honolulu, Hawaii

© H. P. Co., 1927

YOU have had a glimpse of the romantic story of how "Jim" Dole turned a hobby into a \$35,000,000 industry. This beautiful booklet, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of A Little Boy's Garden", tells the story from beginning to end. You will find it very helpful too for it includes 30 new ways to serve Hawaiian Pineapple—30 recipes prepared by the culinary experts of Good Housekeeping, McCall's Magazine and Pictorial Review. A copy waits for you. Simply drop a post card to Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Dept. M-7 215 Market St., San Francisco.



Like a bit of stage setting is this hospitable little cottage, clad in vines and roses, and overlooking a country lane

SHE BUILT HER *a* HOUSE OUT *of* ODDS *and* ENDS!

BY HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLIE BROMBERG



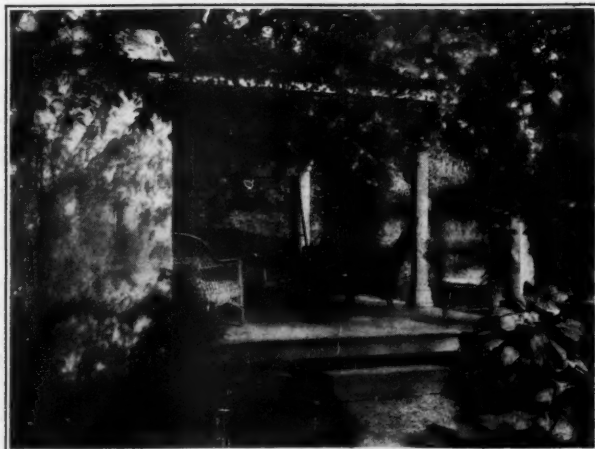
NO one would suspect this shy, demure little cottage, with its inviting porch, its jolly Dutch door and the seductive path of stepping stones leading to it, was of any but Colonial origin. But back of its naive exterior is merely a motley collection of old relics such as a couple of stray beach shacks, a chicken coop, a tool house and a [Turn to page 58]



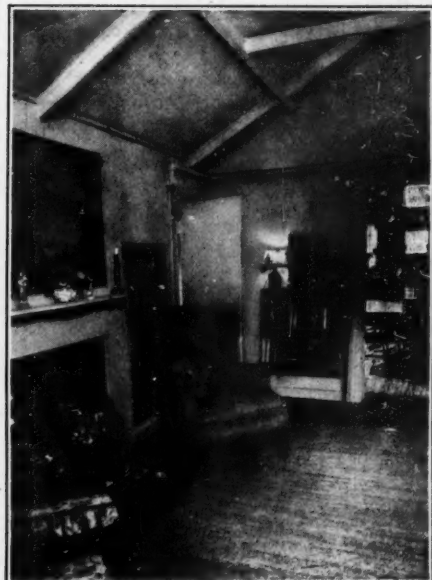
The boudoir in Colonial French effect expresses the owner's ingenuity



The dining-room has an old pine dresser and corner cupboards



ABOVE—Wistaria over the front veranda affords a cool and inviting seclusion. LEFT—A typical Norman stove, recessed in the chimney, gives the kitchen a homely intimacy. RIGHT—The living-room is furnished with comfortable old things





For all
the Clothes
that touch her
tender skin . .

TINY dresses, dainty slips, the most bewitching ruffled bonnets must be caressingly soft when they touch a baby's delicate skin.

For a baby's skin you know is so acutely sensitive to even the *slightest roughness*!

Tiny clothes or diapers to which clings even a trace of the injurious alkali found in so many soaps—regardless of whether they are flakes, chips or cakes—irritate baby's soft skin, and make her fretful with discomfort.

Rubbing with cake soaps adds to this distress. Rubbing shrinks sensitive woollens, makes them harsh and matted. Little shirts or socks that are tight and shrunken bind baby's healthy, growing body.

With Lux there is *no rubbing*. In its tissue-thin, transparent diamonds there is *no harmful alkali*. They whip up instantly into rich mild suds that gently cleanse baby's tiny garments, leave them sweet and clean and oh! so comfortable.

Millions of mothers use Lux for all the clothes that touch their babies' tender skins. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Keep baby's bottles
safe and
sparkling
with Lux



preliminary remark or announcement, read a brief saying of Jesus.

Another of the Master's sayings appeared in letters of light on the panel, and the people, with uplifted faces, read in unison.

The minister read another of those truths which Jesus gave to men, and the congregation responded with another as it appeared on the panel.

"I am the way, the truth and the life," read the minister.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches," came the response.

"If ye love me keep my commandments," read the minister.

"This is my commandment that ye love one another as I have loved you," came the answer.

At the close of the reading the organ sounded with another hymn, and as the words appeared on the panel the multitude caught up the song in a great swelling chorus. The minister, in a few simple words, spoke of the offering as an act of worship, and led the people to see their gifts in the light of Jesus' teaching. He made no appeal for funds. He called attention to no deficit in the treasury. He mentioned no overdue bills or back salaries. This was followed by a prayer, made in the spirit of surrender to God and of giving to his service.

With the closing words of the prayer the organ tones, soft and low, again filled the room. The people sat or knelt with bowed heads. They were very still. The worshippers saw in their offerings that which represented their human strength, talents, possessions. They knew that every penny they gave would be used in the relief of those in their own community who were sick or hungry or naked or homeless or wretched. There were no ushers or deacons passing boxes, or plates and baskets, to break the feeling of the moment. There was no soloist to demand attention with an elaborate vocal effort. In the solemn hush, with only the low murmuring music of the organ, in the spirit of prayer and meditation, the people laid their gifts before their God. In true homage and adoration of the Father of all, they offered that which represented themselves, for the relief of those with whom Jesus identified Himself.

Presently, without a break in the music—with no announcement or fumbling for books—the tones of the organ swung into another hymn. The minister raised his hand and again the people stood, and with upturned faces sang.

With no announcement of any kind; no calling attention to special services; no urging of attendance at Ladies' Aid meeting; no stressing of social events; no urging that the people support this or that political or civic cause; the opening words of the sermon followed.

Intellectually, the thought of the sermon commanded the attention of the best minds in the audience. In simplicity, it was like the sermons of the Master whose teaching it presented. The feeling was deeply religious—as tender as it was strong—as sincere as it was uncompromising. There was no effort to amuse or entertain. There was no straining for pulpit oratory. With the unassuming directness and authority of the Sermon on the Mount, it was an interpretation of the spirit of Jesus in the terms of today.

There was not a feature of that service which is not endorsed by *all* churches. There was not a word of the sermon which would not have been endorsed by *all* ministers. It was simply Christianity in spirit and in fact—but it was nothing else. Grandpa and Grandma Paddock sat hand in hand. Grandpa's lips moved often, as if in prayer. Now and then Grandpa raised a hand to his gentle old eyes.

The delivery boy sat on the edge of his chair in rapt attention. His mother's face was glorified. The carpenter's strong countenance, lined with suffering, was lighted with new courage and hope.

The groceryman's daughter knew that here was strength and that safe refuge which in her heart she had always felt must be, if only one knew where to look for it. Mrs. Paddock was awed by the spirit of eternal truth, beside which her shifting intellectual ideals were as nothing. The groceryman and his four friends

knew that they had made no mistake.

With the closing words of the sermon, the minister raised his hands and the people stood during the short prayer and benediction which followed.

Once more the sweetly solemn tones of the organ filled the building which was sacred to the God of all Christians.

The minister left the rostrum through the arched way.

Slowly the people filed from the Temple.

There was no effusive and perfunctory hand shaking by an appointed committee at the door. There was no laughing, chattering, or exchange of gossip. Quietly, under the spell of the truths of Jesus' teaching and the spiritual atmosphere of the place, the people went out from the house of worship.

THE denominational ministers of Westover planned a united campaign. They joined forces in a great union revival, with a revivalist of national reputation as a "fighter." They held union prayer meetings. They appointed committees of workers to labor with the brethren who were going astray. In short, the churches united in opposition to the Temple plan as they had never united in Christianity.

To all of this the Temple minister answered not a word. Never, in his sermons, was there the slightest allusion to the churches. The Trustees of the Foundation quietly refused even to discuss the action of the clergymen. But the membership of the churches and the people, generally, were aroused by the bitterness of the preachers and began to ask: "To what do the churches object? If this worship in the Temple is not Christian, what is Christianity? Are these ministers opposed to the teaching of Jesus? Do they object to the people meeting for worship in one house instead of forty-four? Do they object to the offerings being used to relieve the suffering of the poor in Westover?"

To those who expressed a wish to "join the Temple," the minister said simply: "If you wish to become a follower of Jesus, follow Him. To accept the teaching and example of Jesus as the guiding principle of one's life, is to be a Christian. If you are a *Christian* you certainly must by *virtue of your Christianity* be a member of the Church. What more do you want? No one can 'join the Temple,' because there is nothing to join. The Temple is a place where the people may, if they desire, worship God as He is revealed in the life and teaching of Jesus, and it is nothing else. Is there any organization, with laws and salaried secretaries and learned counsels, which one must join in order to observe Christmas? Love needs no organization!"

As the people came more and more to understand the principles of the Temple plan, the spirit of the movement gained irresistible force. Saxton reported to Dan Matthews that the Temple was filled at every service. The offerings were increasing steadily. Many were giving themselves to the work among the poor. The doors of the Temple were never closed, and at almost every hour of the day people might have been seen in this house of God, sitting quietly in meditation, or kneeling in prayer. Every morning and every evening the music of the chimes floated over the city. Every night, high against the sky, the people saw the cross.

Lacking the denominational prejudices of their parents, the youth of Westover were quick to sense the reality of this worship, the spirit of the service, and the authority of the preaching, and they responded with an eagerness which was amazing to the churches which had failed to interest them. Boys and girls from the high school and young men and women from the university came in increasing numbers to talk with the Temple minister of religion and life, and to lay their problems before him.

As the weeks passed, the leaders of the Ladies' Aid Societies and similar denominational organizations complained to their pastors that their best workers were no longer attending their meetings. The treasurers of the various churches reported that the collections were decreasing at an alarming rate, and that many of their largest contributors were not renewing their subscriptions. Then the groceryman

and his friends were expelled from their respective churches.

Mrs. Paddock went with her husband and daughter to every service at the Temple. Gradually, in ways unmistakable, this apostle of what she had called the "higher culture" revealed an awakening interest in the Christian Religion. As the teachings of Jesus and the spirit of the Temple worship impressed her with the realities of Christianity, she sought with increasing earnestness to re-establish the home spirit of her early married years.

The groceryman, watching the change, waited the fulfillment of that which it promised. His old restless foreboding of evil was gone. There was a new delivery boy at the store now—a man. Davie was in high school, with the promise of the groceryman's help when he should be ready for the university.

Georgia continued her work with Mr. Saxton in the office of the Foundation. She often went to the club in the afternoon for an hour of tennis, but she never played with Jack—though she knew that he sometimes watched her from a distance. Often, on Saturday, she would go to the farm to spend the night with Grandma and Grandpa, returning to town with them in time for the Sunday morning services.

But between the girl and her mother there was a wall which seemingly could not be broken down. They both wished to overcome the barrier but neither could bring herself to make the advance.

Then one day at dinner, the groceryman told his wife and daughter a bit of business news: Tony's place was closed. "He has been falling behind for some time," Joe explained. "He blames, what he calls, 'this new religious craze.'" The groceryman smiled. "He tried to borrow from the First National to tide him over but we were forced to refuse the loan on the ground that this was not a temporary revival in which the people would soon lose interest, but a very definite awakening which would continue to make his business unprofitable. The other banks turned him down on the same grounds—so Tony has gone out of business."

"I hear the Sundown Inn people are having hard work meeting their bills, too," said the groceryman. "This is confidential, of course, but the merchants are going to refuse to extend their credit after the first of the month."

They were silent for several moments, then the girl said: "By the way, Daddy, at the office today we figured, if the Temple offerings continue at the present rate they will actually exceed the annual Organized Charity expenditures."

Mrs. Paddock's face was eloquent but she did not speak.

Georgia continued: "And Mr. Saxton thinks that we should start work on the other Temples at once. He is going to recommend it to the Trustees at their meeting tomorrow night."

"So he told me," returned the groceryman. "He is right, of course."

Mrs. Paddock rose suddenly. "Will you excuse me please," she faltered. "I—it—it is all so wonderful—" Her voice broke and she hurried from the room.

The afternoon of the following day, the groceryman's wife was among those who sought the Temple minister's counsel.

The minister received those who came to him in rooms which were reached through one of the archways and passages from the main floor. Mrs. Paddock was met by a motherly woman, whose face under her silvery white hair was beautiful with that beauty which comes only to those who have come through the fires of suffering. She explained that because so many called to see the minister it was necessary to have an attendant. She had volunteered for that service. If Mrs. Paddock would be seated in the main room she would call her when the minister was at liberty.

In the quiet of the Temple Mrs. Paddock waited. And as she sat there in that beautiful room where, during the months just passed she had come under a religious influence which had reawakened in her those deep and true emotions of wifehood and motherhood so long neglected and denied her lesser interests, she lived again the years that were gone. Her girlhood days—her [Turn to page 58]

This famous picture "THE DOCTOR"

is published because of the helpful part McKesson & Robbins' products have played in such scenes for the past ninety-four years



© The House of Art, N.Y.

WHEN the drama of sickness touches our lives we stop with a sense of helplessness. Despite all that modern science offers, the sick room still carries us back to fundamentals, to the great realities of life and death.

And how few weapons, after all, the physician has to fight with. Even today, nature must still wage the major fight. A sound constitution, a strong body, a confident spirit—what can science do without these?

Prevention of disease by building up these natural resistants is the modern idea. The doctor and the surgeon must still fight the old fight, but we are learning to guard against illness, to check it in its earliest stages by the sensible use of antiseptics, prophylactics and preparations that help us to function normally.

The house of McKesson & Robbins has been in the fight for health since the Company was founded in 1833. It has seen the changes of nearly a century. Its honorable history in the manufacture of medicines of

unquestioned purity could be better told by the thousands of doctors who have put their trust in these products, from those hardy men who went their rounds on horseback in President Jackson's day to the physicians and specialists of our own time.

From its unmatched fund of experience this Company calls attention to a number of fine preparations. Some of these products were originated in the McKesson & Robbins laboratories and have since become standard in the drug trade. Every one of them represents a perfected formula and the finest quality of manufacture. On the one hand they stand for "Dependability in time of anxiety." On the other they provide sensible means to keep ourselves fit.

To live keenly and abundantly, to face trials and opportunities with a store of physical and mental vitality each person can, and should, take the fullest advantage of such marvelous gifts as medical science today places within easy reach of every one.

Here are a few of the products used by millions all over the world to prevent and check disease and infection:

- LIQUID ALBOLENE—The original Russian mineral oil endorsed by physicians for 30 years.
- AGAR-ALBOLENE—(plain and compound)—Albolene made more palatable by the addition of Agar-agar.
- McK & R MILK OF MAGNESIA—Mild laxative and corrector of acidity in mouth and stomach.
- McK & R STEARATE OF ZINC—(Plain, with Boric Acid, or with Balsam of Peru). The original waterproof baby powder.
- CALOX TOOTH POWDER—The only oxygen dentifrice—it purifies and cleanses.
- McK & R ASPIRIN—Scientifically prepared so as to dissolve immediately and give instant relief. A quality product.
- ANALAX—Ideal mild laxative for women and children. Tastes like candied raspberries.
- McK & R POISON IVY LOTION—Soothing and non-poisonous. For oak and ivy poisoning.
- MOSQUITONE—Sure! protection against mosquitoes—greaseless—heals bites and soothes the skin.
- McK & R SUNBURN LOTION—Takes the burn out. Cools and soothes.
- McK & R PERFECTED COLD CREAM—A cream of delightful consistency perfumed with Jacqueminot rose.
- McK & R STANDARD FIRST-AID AND SURGICAL DRESSINGS.

Your druggist can supply you with these products and will describe to you their use

McKESSON & ROBBINS

INCORPORATED

SERVING THE PUBLIC HEALTH FOR 94 YEARS THROUGH PHYSICIANS, DRUGGISTS AND DENTISTS



What do you understand in your family when you say "Antiseptic"?



Don't think of an antiseptic simply as something to put on a scratch or a cut. A *real* antiseptic is a daily protector against infections of the skin, hair, mouth, nose, throat, gums and all membranes and cavities of the body. Make yours an antiseptic household.



OUR own time has well been called "the age of antiseptics". Not only physicians, but all people in general have advanced in their knowledge of disease-prevention. As a result many dangerous germ-diseases are becoming rare. All because we are taking more care to protect our families and communities.

For family protection there are many forms of antiseptic available—one for cuts and wounds and another for the throat—this one for sunburn and that one for feminine hygiene or the enema. But there is *only one* antiseptic that will do *all* these things. That antiseptic is *Zonite*.

Many in one:

Emergency antiseptic
Dental cleanser
Mouthwash
Nasal spray
Water purifier
Sunburn relief
Dandruff corrector
Body deodorant
Enema
Feminine hygiene

Zonite the all-round antiseptic

Zonite is powerful. Zonite is non-poisonous. Zonite is quick-acting. Can you name any other antiseptic available to the public which combines these all-round qualities? The old-fashioned germicides, like carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury, are powerful

but poisonous. The non-poisonous products, such as peroxide of hydrogen and various mouthwashes, are weak and ineffective. In comparison Zonite stands in a class by itself. For though as harmless as the weak antiseptics, it is actually more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body.

Astonishing range to Zonite usefulness

Yet Zonite, despite its great strength, is absolutely non-poisonous. You can leave it around safely, even with children in the house. They can actually hold it in their mouths without harm. In fact, one of its principal uses is the daily mouthwash. Zonite is useful in protecting against pyorrhea. It disinfects toothbrushes. It is a breath-deodorant and a body-deodorant. It corrects dandruff. It purifies drinking water.

When an antiseptic enema is desired, Zonite supplies the needed germicidal qualities; also invaluable in feminine hygiene. For sunburn, poison ivy and mosquito bites, Zonite Ointment is available (in vanishing-cream form); also for after-shaving use and as a deodorant.

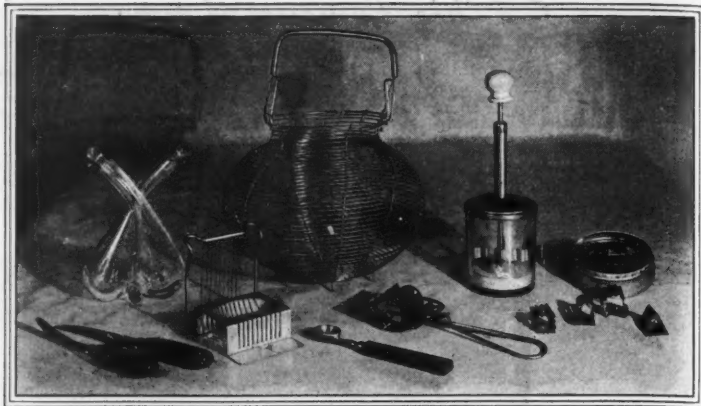
Use Zonite Ointment for sunburn, plant poisoning, insect bites, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.



Zonite

the Great family Antiseptic

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY 21-G
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
☐ Feminine Hygiene
Please print name
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)



Some salad making helps: Left to right, back row: a double glass bottle to hold oil and vinegar, a wire lettuce basket, a tearless onion chopper. Front row: a set of stainless steel orange or grapefruit knives, an egg or beet slicer, a French vegetable cutter, a roller-mincer for parsley and a set of fancy vegetable cutters.

HERE'S the WAY to MAKE the PERFECT SUMMER SALAD

[Continued from page 34]

as the main course of the meal, mayonnaise dressing is well liked, but French or cooked dressing may be served if you prefer it. When we make mayonnaise, French or cooked dressing we prepare a sufficient quantity to serve it a second or third time. With slight variations it becomes an entirely new dressing.

AVACADO SALAD

Chill avacados (alligator pears). Cut in halves and remove seed. Fill cavity with French dressing and serve on lettuce leaf. Or, peel, cut in halves, remove seed and slice lengthwise. Arrange on lettuce with sections of grapefruit or orange. Serve with French dressing.

MOLDED HAM WITH POTATO SALAD

2 tablespoons gelatin 1 teaspoon sugar
1/4 cup cold water 1/2 bay leaf
3 cups canned or 1 tablespoon chopped
cooked tomato juice onion
1/2 teaspoon salt 3 cups minced ham

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Heat tomato juice, add salt, sugar, bay leaf and onion and cook slowly for 10 minutes. Strain and add soaked gelatin. When gelatin has dissolved add minced ham. Pour into individual molds dipped in cold water. Chill until firm.

Potato Salad: Peel potatoes and cut out balls with French vegetable cutter. To make about 4 cups potato balls. Cook in boiling salted water 10 to 15 minutes until done but not soft. Drain off water, dry potatoes thoroughly over fire and allow to cool. Add French dressing and let stand in refrigerator or a cold place until thoroughly chilled and well marinated. Just before serving, add 1 cup celery cut in small pieces and 1/2 cup chopped green pepper. Mix thoroughly and arrange on lettuce in center of platter. Arrange ham molds around salad and garnish with watercress and mayonnaise.

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

1/2 tablespoon gelatin 1/4 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons cold 1 cup pitted cherries
water 1 cup sliced peaches
1/4 cup cream 1 cup canned pine-
whipped apple, cut in pieces

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve over boiling water. Add dissolved gelatin to mayonnaise and whipped cream which have been folded together. Combine with fruit and turn into a covered mold. Pack in 4 parts ice and 1 part salt and let stand about 4 hours. For an electric refrigerator, turn mixture into ice trays and allow to freeze. The length of time required will depend on the kind of refrigerator. Serve on crisp lettuce with extra mayonnaise, if desired.

ASPARAGUS SALAD IN CELERY JELLY

2 cups celery, outside stalks and leaves 3 cups water
1 sprig parsley 1 slice onion
1/2 teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons cold water
1/2 teaspoon pepper Cooked or canned asparagus

Cook celery in water with onion, parsley, salt and pepper 20 minutes. Strain. There should be 2 cups liquid. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in hot celery stock. Tint a delicate green with vegetable coloring or spinach water. Cover bottom of a shallow pan with this liquid and allow to become firm. On it lay stalks of asparagus and pour over them enough celery stock to cover. When firm, add another layer of asparagus and remainder of stock. Place in refrigerator to chill. Cut in lengthwise strips, allowing 3 or 4 stalks of asparagus to each serving. Serve on romaine or watercress, garnish with pimiento and mayonnaise.

SUMMER SALAD

1 bunch watercress 1 cucumber
1 medium-size firm 12 radishes
head of cabbage French or cooked dressing

Pick over watercress, and wash thoroughly. Remove outside leaves from cabbage. Remove also enough of the center of cabbage to leave a shell. Shred or chop center and let stand in ice water until crisp. Peel and chop cucumber. Wash radishes, and slice crosswise, very thinly. Drain cabbage, mix with cucumber and radishes. Cut watercress fine and add to other ingredients. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving, mix with French or cooked dressing and serve in cabbage shell.

FROZEN APRICOT-CHEESE SALAD

2 cakes cream cheese 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1/2 teaspoon salt 1 cup cream, whipped
1/2 teaspoon paprika 1 cup cream, whipped
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper Apricots

Mash cream cheese to a smooth paste. Add salt, paprika, green pepper and pimiento. Fold in whipped cream. Fill small covered mold with this mixture and pack in 4 parts ice and 1 part salt. Freeze 2 or 3 hours. For an electric refrigerator, put mixture in ice trays and allow to freeze. The length of time required will depend on the kind of refrigerator. Serve a slice of frozen cheese on crisp lettuce with half an apricot on each slice. Top with mayonnaise dressing.

Note: If you want recipes for Mayonnaise, French or Cooked Dressing, with variations of each, and a few more salads, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

From any fruit

Perfect jams and jellies every time

by following this simple easy method . . .

WHEN making jams and jellies by the old-fashioned, long-boiling method, even the most experienced housewives find that, using the same kind of fruit in the same way, they get a jelly texture one time and a syrupy failure the next.

The reason for this uncertainty is found in the fact that the jelly forming substance of fruit is constantly changing, always decreasing in quantity as the fruit ripens, so that the ripest fruit with the richest flavor is the least suitable for jelly making by the old long-boiling process.

Many delicious fruits, such as pineapple, do not contain any of this jelling substance, or contain it in such small quantities that it is impossible to make jelly from them unless some of this jelling element is added to make up this deficiency.

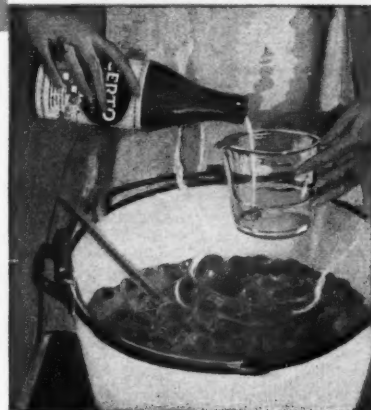
Very few fruits have enough of this jelling substance to jellyify all the juice they contain. That is why, by the old-fashioned method, the juice has to be "boiled down" until this jelling element is concentrated enough to jell the remaining juice.

Certo has changed all this

WITH Certo you can give any fruit the right amount of this natural jelling quality so that it jells perfectly with only one or two minutes' boiling. However inexperienced you may be, you can be absolutely sure of success every time. Never another failure!

For Certo is the natural jelling substance, taken from fruits in which it is abundant,

By the Certo method the fragrance of the fresh fruit is sealed up in the jelly jars for future enjoyment. Jellyed fruits should no longer be considered as luxuries, but as economical food staples to be used freely every day—they satisfy the natural desire for sweets and furnish them in a healthful and appetizing form, in an endless variety of flavor and color.



concentrated, refined and bottled for your convenient use. It is so flavorless and colorless that it can be used with the most delicately flavored fruits without changing their natural color or flavor.

By the simple, easy Certo method, you can use any fruit you like, when it is fully ripe and its flavor at its best. Just one or two minutes' boiling with the Certo method and you are sure of a perfect jell every time.

Also your jams and jellies will look better and taste better than ever before, because the bright natural color of the fresh fruit is no longer darkened by long boiling, and its delicate flavor no longer drifts away in steam.

Half again More Glasses of Jam or Jelly—Lower Cost per Glass

Millions of women have proved by actual experience that it costs less to make their jams and jellies by the Certo, short boil method than by the old-fashioned, long-boiling process using pound for pound of fruit and sugar. The reason is, of course, that with Certo you save the juice which used to boil away.

For example, by the old method, you made Raspberry Jam in this way—

2 qts. raspberries at 20¢	= 40¢
2 lbs. sugar at 7¢	= 14¢
	<u>54¢</u>

Boiling time, about 25 minutes. This made only six eight-ounce glasses of jam.

But now, with Certo, you use—

2 qts. raspberries at 20¢	= 40¢
3 lbs. sugar at 7¢	= 21¢
½ bottle Certo at 35¢	= 18¢
	<u>79¢</u>

Boiling time, only one minute. And, instead of only six glasses of finished Raspberry Jam, you have ten glasses!

Because you save all of your delicious fruit juice by the Certo, short-boil method, the actual cost per glass of your jam or jelly is from one to three cents less than when you made it by the old, long-boiling method.

You just bring the fruit—or fruit juice—and sugar to a boil, add Certo, boil hard one or two minutes, and it's ready to skim, pour and seal.

GET CERTO from your grocer today. It is now packed with the recipe booklet directly under the label, so you will be sure to have complete instructions for making nearly 100 delicious jams, jellies and marmalades.

DOUGLAS-PECTIN CORP., Dept. 27, Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
(In Canada address Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.)

Please send me free booklet, "How to Make Jams, Jellies, Marmalades with One Minute's Boiling."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

FREE—New booklet beautifully illustrated in color! 24 pages of new ideas about the making of jams and jellies—new and interesting ways to serve them. This coupon will bring you a free copy. Mail it today!





The Beauty Men Admire

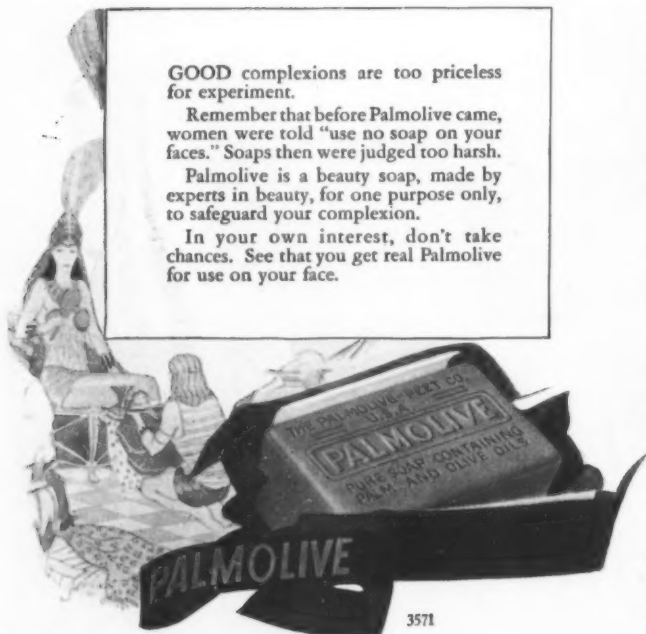
Is natural beauty—which to thousands means "that school-girl complexion"—kept and guarded in this simple way

GOOD complexions are too priceless for experiment.

Remember that before Palmolive came, women were told "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only, to safeguard your complexion.

In your own interest, don't take chances. See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.



3571

Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

NATURAL skin loveliness is the clever woman's goal. For she knows that thus alone true attractiveness is gained.

For that reason, present-day beauty culture is based on natural rules in skin care—soap and water, a clean skin, pores kept free of beauty-destroying matter.

The only secret is in knowing which soap to use, to be sure that only a proved complexion soap touches the face. A good complexion is too precious to risk to any other sort.

Thus, millions, advised by beauty authorities, use Palmolive and no other on their faces, a soap made of rare cosmetic oils, a soap made to be used freely, lavishly, on the skin.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

America's Authority on Etiquette Answers Some of The All-Engrossing Questions About Him and Her



How to make a man really like you! Unfortunately the recipe for success in love is not compounded

NOW that the brides' month is over and passed, I find a different assortment of problems in my mail box. There are hundreds of questions about parties and partners and so on, but I can only mention these significant few here on this page:

When are guests introduced to chaperones at a fraternity dance? Do you go immediately to each chaperone, if the receiving line has disbanded? When a partner is introduced, and when asked to dance, what does one say? After the dance should you thank your partner? What does the girl do with her fan when she dances? At formal sorority dances what sort of refreshments are served? Are they served in the dance room or some other place?

You are introduced to the receiving chaperones at a dance when you arrive. If they offer their hands, you shake hands, otherwise you merely bow. The student who invited you probably accompanies you or else meets you in the hall and introduces you to the chaperones himself. If the receiving line has disbanded, he should take you to one of the chaperones. You say "How do you do?" After that you go to them only if you want to dismiss the partner with you, or if you should happen to find yourself without a partner.

When introduced to a partner you simply say, "How do you do," or smile and say nothing. And when you are asked to dance: "With pleasure," or "I'd like to very much." Usually after a dance your partner says, "Thank you" and you merely smile. Or you say, "Thank you," too. If he is a friend, you can say anything that occurs to you—"See you tomorrow at the game!" or whatever is perfectly natural.

You carry your fan and wrist bag or vanity case all in your left hand against your partner's shoulder. You may leave your fan on a chair or table if you wish, but you may be running the risk of not finding it when you look for it! It is for the dance committee to decide what refreshments will be served, and how. Lemonade or orangeade is usually on a table and dancers help themselves throughout the evening. About two hours after the dance begins, there is usually a supper of ice cream and cake and probably sandwiches in the supper room, or on a table at one end of the dance room.

The next letter comes from a young girl and concerns the sending of gifts to men acquaintances and friends! And this is a subject about which there is always much doubt.

Is it proper for a girl to give a gift to a young man in return for a gift sent to her? And are candy, books and music considered proper remembrances for a young man to send to a girl? Or is it necessary for them to be engaged before exchanging gifts? I am told that the latter is so.

Of course, a girl may give a young man an inexpensive, impersonal gift if she wishes to, but it is not necessary for her to do so because of gifts received from him. Neither is it necessary for them to be engaged before exchanging gifts. But, of course, the gifts must be inexpensive. Candy, books, music or flowers are always appropriate, no matter how long the friendship has endured or how intense the feeling may be.

Another letter comes from a girl who is puzzled about the etiquette to be observed at fraternity and sorority affairs.

THE POST BOX

BY EMILY PRICE POST

Author of "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage"

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES



Should a girl rise when another girl enters the room? Should she rise when introduced to another girl? Should the girl rise when the house mother enters the room or when a member enters the room? Should a girl rise when a young man is presented to her? When a guest has met a number of persons during the course of the evening, how should she express the fact that she is really glad to have met them?

I feel that the girl who wrote this letter is all at sea because she thinks that there are special rules of etiquette for fraternity and sorority affairs. "Manners" are always the same. Take the first and second questions for instance. A girl never rises for another of her own age, unless she is the hostess. A hostess rises for everyone, young men as well as girls. A house mother takes the position of hostess and therefore everyone should rise when she enters for the first time (not each time she may return to the room) and a girl should certainly rise when introduced to her, not only because she is older, but in deference to her position.

The ordinary rule of behavior which says that a woman never rises to greet a man unless he is very old or a person of great attainment is very easy to apply if you will only remember that rising when a person enters a room, or when one is introduced, is a mark of deference. And you are not deferential to persons of your own age and like attainments.

It is perfectly correct to say, "I am very glad to have met you," to a group of people you had met during the evening, only be sure to look as if you meant it. It is better to look pleased and say nothing, than to grunt, "Glad to have met you," like a cross parrot. Looking pleased is always wise.

The question of a title crops up again and again:

"Should a woman of thirty years (unmarried) be addressed by men and women as Miss Jones or the other intimate 'Mary'? I cannot understand why a married woman should be given her title (Mrs.) more than a single woman should be given her title (Miss). I have ten girls in my charge and we call each other by our Christian names. But as soon as a new male member is added to our company, he and his wife immediately start calling us by our Christian names but speak of themselves and each other, as Mr. and Mrs. So and So. Would it be proper to show resentment or should we seem pleased with what I call 'ignorance'? Is it proper

for a single woman to speak of herself as Miss Jones in business conversation? It seems if one doesn't and calls oneself 'Mary,' the person one is conversing with immediately feels free to address one by her first name—'Mary.'

The best advice I can think of is to let things take care of themselves. Standing on your dignity will not do much to help anything except create an attitude of less friendliness on the part of your associates. If you are "over" people you are right (if you chose) in insisting that they call you "Miss." If you are working as an equal, then they merely think you are "putting on airs" if you demand that they treat you differently from the way other young women are treated. Thirty seems to me very young! It is rather the custom at present for young women of the fashionable world, married as well as single, to be called by their first names by practically all friends—quite new ones as well as those of long standing.

The crux of the matter is equality. It really comes to that. If you want to be called "Miss," you set yourself apart. The difficulty of your situation is that the old employees under you call you "Mary." The new employees hearing them, call you the same. You could, of course, ask the old ones to speak of you as "Miss Jones" during business hours. (Which is perfectly proper.) But be careful that you are not losing more in being "set apart" than you are gaining in what is, after all, a rather empty dignity.

True dignity is achieved only through character. Moreover its acknowledgment is inevitable. My real advice is to BE as admirable in character as you possibly can and let time take care of the elevation of your title to its proper plane.

And now I come to the last letter. It is from a young lady who is somewhat in doubt about what is considered encouragement to a young man for whom she holds regard.

I should like very much to send a greeting card to a young gentleman friend, and several of my girl friends would like to do the same for their new acquaintances, yet we are undecided whether we should. We do not want the men to think we are chasing them or "throwing" ourselves at them. There is one young man whom I like especially well—in fact, I'm really thrilled with him but he's so quiet, I can't tell what his feelings are. How can I make him really like me?

We'll take the most important part of that letter first—How to make a man really like you! Unfortunately the recipe for success in love is not compounded. But I can give some of the ingredients that go into it. Friendliness that does not demand or cling. Sympathy that is not curiosity or mawkishness. You can show your friendliness almost as much as you feel inclined, just so long as you do not importune. Be quick to respond and yet not too personal. And acquire a happy disposition, if you do not already possess one. And remember too, that nothing makes you so attractive as the knowledge that you are attractive, or so lacking in success as the "fear thought" that you are not! As for greeting cards to new acquaintances, send them by all means, if you feel the impulse. It would certainly never strike anyone (unless he happened to be the quintessence of conceit) that you were "chasing him" when you send him some appropriate greeting through the mails.



For 3 to 5 times more suds . . . cleaner clothes . . . and best all 'round results in your home laundry work . . . use 20 Mule Team Borax along with your favorite soap. Just try it . . . see for yourself what a difference it makes.

Write for our helpful new handbook, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean". Pacific Coast Borax Co., 100 William St., New York City.



The guest who "obliges" after dinner with a few conundrums

WELCOME *on* THE MAT!

BY LOUISE NICOLL WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGUERITE DE ANGELI



GUESTS," said Marianne as we stood by the gate and waved our Monday morning farewells to the rear seat of the car sliding rapidly down the hill in the direction of the station, "guests can be divided into three kinds—those you ask because, for some reason or another, you feel sorry for them, and before they leave you find that they themselves are quite satisfied with the conditions that have aroused your sympathy, and wouldn't change them if they could. Those you ask expecting them to help entertain the rest of the party, and who come with headaches, or colds, or who sing flat, and are afraid to swim in fresh water, and have hay fever if they go off the front porch; and the blessed few you can forget are guests half an hour after they take off their hats!"

And truly, from long experience as the possessor of two guest rooms which are seldom unoccupied from July Fourth to Labor Day, I agree with Marianne that there are guests—and guests!

Since America discovered the week-end a good many volumes—not to mention magazine articles have been written on the art of entertaining. But most of these from the standpoint of the hostess. She, poor

creature, seems pitifully anxious to give satisfaction. She absorbs any number of suggestions as to menus, table decorations, and her own manners that those who partake of her hospitality may find it good. But what of the guest? Surely she shares with her hostess in equal measure, the obligation of being entertaining.

By entertaining I do not mean parlor tricks. Heaven defend us from the guest who "obliges" after dinner with a few little song hits; who pops conundrums at you as you walk about the garden; who stares unseeing at the wren's nest in the honeysuckle vine of which you are so proud and which you—as earnest of your hospitality are sharing with him, the while he tells you the plot of the last stage success (which you have seen) or of the latest mystery novel cribbed from a review which you too have read. Guests of this sort are more frequently male than female. They come in that odd assortment of "men Father knows in business," and they are suffered by the rest of the family

with a degree of patience in proportion to that member's love for and loyalty to the head of the house. They overflow with anecdotes of their own families until by the time the week-end is over you are achingly familiar with Junior's school reports, the wife's neuritis; sister's best beau; the one really good radio on the market—which is his—the "bus" which gets twice as many miles to the gallon as your car does; I'm surprised you don't change! The secret of his success with his furnace, and exactly why he is a Baptist—Methodist—Presbyterian—or whatever he is.

Next to this visitor in point of terror to the hostess is the guest who entertains with stories of the other households she has recently visited. I say she, for this visitor is almost invariably feminine. At first you listen with enjoyment for the stories are amusing, until a cold chill comes over you at the thought—what will she tell about you at her next port of call? From that moment all pleasure in the week-end is over for you. You become agonizingly conscious of the worn place in the carpet in front of the lounge, and the fact that the butter plates don't match the rest of your set. [Turn to page 58]



We leaned on the fence and waved our Monday morning farewells

As long as you wish You can keep the *sweet inviting* **MOUTH of YOUTH**

EVEN more important than brushing the teeth is caring for six little glands in your mouth.

If you keep them active, they pour out the fluids that counteract dangerous acids of decay and keep the teeth and gums sound, gloriously young and healthy.

But few of us have kept the Mouth of Youth.

From childhood on, soft foods have slowed up the mouth glands, the real guardians that prevent decay. Too little chewing does not keep them exercised, vigorous. Then decay begins.

That is why in Pebeco a formula was worked out especially to correct faltering mouth glands. As you brush your teeth you can taste the slightly salty main ingredient in Pebeco that does this so effectively.

With daily use, Pebeco renews the youthful vigor of the mouth glands. The important substance in it restores for you the gay and lovely Mouth of Youth. A tingling sensation after brushing tells you that your whole mouth is refreshed, kept vigorous, young.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

*Lost sometimes even
in our teens*

Even while we are very young, soft foods gradually rob the important little mouth glands of their youthful vigor. The numbers show them, three on each side. Pebeco contains the important substance that restores their normal healthy action, keeping teeth clean and protected day and night.



*Merry laughter and brilliant smiles are part
of youth's good times*

You know your teeth are lovely and charming when you have used Pebeco. Your breath is pure and sweet, your whole mouth wholesome and fresh.

"Pebeco is just perfectly wonderful," say young people. "It has a sharp, refreshing taste that leaves the mouth cool and clean."



PEBECO keeps the Mouth Glands young

Free Offer: Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. U-15, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me free your new large sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name

Street

City State

This coupon not good after July, 1928

WHEREVER THERE ARE FLIES USE FLY-TOX

In kitchen and dining room -- in tents and bungalows --
in every sleeping room -- for health, cleanliness and comfort



SOAP AND WATER do Not mean Cleanliness

THERE is a cleanly, refreshing charm that far exceeds soap and water cleanliness. You will find it oftenest in those finely appointed homes. Their modest luxury is blended with thoughtfulness. And you rarely ever see a fly, mosquito or similar insect or bug.

They use Fly-Tox. Fly-Tox kills flies. And to them the subtly pleasant scent of Fly-Tox is an agreeable symbol of utter cleanliness. Fly-Tox kills these repulsive disease carrying insects and the offensive pests taint is dispelled by Fly-Tox cleanly fragrance.

No insect can be more repulsive than the fly. None more a fearful menace to health. Scientists declare they are the filthiest

insect known. Crawling about in the most unspeakable dirt—feces and sputum of sick people—flies become loaded with bacteria. And these are dropped upon everything they touch—infesting food, sowing sickness and sometimes death.

It is so easy to make your home fresh and clean, sparkling and immaculate. Fly-Tox kill flies. Fly-Tox is safe, stainless, dependable, sure. Fly-Tox is harmless to humans but sure death to flies, mosquitoes and other unclean bugs and insects.

HALF-PINT	90c	PINT	75c
QUART	\$1.25	GALLON	\$4.00

In Glass Containers.
Gallons in glass jugs are especially suitable
for hotels, restaurants, summer
camps, institutions

Fly-Tox is the
scientific insecticide
developed at
Mellon Institute of
Industrial Research
by Rex Fellowskip

Fly-Tox is Fragrant

Throughout the world, Fly-Tox is regarded as a simple yet a most effective destroyer of flies, mosquitoes and similar insects. Fly-Tox is used everywhere. Particularly in those homes where life is lived pleasantly amid modest luxuries. There the cleanly fragrance of Fly-Tox is recognized as a convincing symbol of cleanliness and purity. There Fly-Tox is used daily in summer—often in every room in the house.

FLY-TOX

KILLS FLIES MOSQUITOES MOTHS, ROACHES, ANTS, FLEAS

WELCOME ON THE MAT

[Continued from page 56]

Your whole thought leans forward to the Monday morning moment of departure.

The relation of guest and host is delicate enough at best. Such a little thing, like the want of an extra blanket on the spare room bed, or a forgotten trunk key, can throw it out of balance.

But the supreme test of successful hostessship depends, I believe, on the management of the morning bath hour. Given one bathroom, a family of five, one guest and an eight-thirty breakfast and you have a problem that calls for the offices of an efficiency expert.

Now, I admit that I dislike being told the evening before that I must bathe at a certain hour or come to my orange juice unwashed. But a schedule has this advantage—it eliminates the great seven-thirty to eight free-for-all which is the before breakfast exercise of so many families. Who, having experienced it, can forget the stealthy advance down the hall, the timid trying of the knob of the bathroom door, the retreat—on tip-

toes, the agonizing wait just within the guest room door with an ear to the crack as savages are supposed to lay theirs to the ground, for the footsteps that shall proclaim that the tub is now free! And then the mad dash to secure it in advance of any other member of the household.

One hostess I know has the happy expedient of tapping at her guest's door with the welcome announcement "The bath is free," having first removed therefrom the damp towels that mark the ablutions of the masculine members of the family.

With the advent of the summer holiday season some thirty million women in America alone are about to become hostesses and guests for periods ranging from one day to two weeks. Estimate this in pies, cakes, gallons of ice cream, picnic sandwiches, guest towels and extra sheets! "At the door there is welcome on the mat," as the song says: whether that welcome extends to the end of the visit is "up to" the guest, no less than to the hostess in this land of the free and equal.

A HOUSE OUT OF ODDS AND ENDS!

[Continued from page 49]

scrap of a woodshed, out of which Miss Lauren Ford has built her abode.

The first to take her eye were two old beach houses which though weathered and worn, fairly bristled with happy possibilities. She next appropriated a chicken coop and a tool house, found standing idle on the place. Even a tiny playhouse and the remnant of an old woodshed she decided were good building ammunition. When these totally unrelated odds and ends were selected, she proceeded to fit the parts together. An architect friend gave his help and a local carpenter did the work.

The two beach houses form the main

unit. The frail walls were weather-boarded and quilted with building paper to keep out the damp.

To furnish the cottage with the least possible expenditure was Miss Ford's aim. She mixed the colors herself and painted the walls.

Her one extravagance was the hospitable fireplace. Big wing chairs, one done in glazed English chintz, the other in quaint sprigged calico, are drawn before the fireplace. Low pink bookshelves, knocked together from left-over boards, accentuate the color effect and the old-fashioned rag rug on the walnut-stained floor is picked out with little notes of color.

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 50]

farm home—Sunday School—the country church—the neighbor boy who won her heart—their university years together—the pond in the woods where he asked her to be his wife—their home-making in the city—the coming of their daughter—the baby son who stayed with them such a little while—the slow drifting from the home anchorage—the intrusion of other interests—the near, oh, so near, tragedy! Could she ever win back that which she had lost? Would her daughter ever forget—could she, herself, ever forget?

The woman, with the silvery hair, came to tell her that the minister could see her now, and she went to ask his advice and help. Mrs. Paddock did not spare herself. She told the minister everything. Nor did she attempt to excuse or explain or justify what she had done. When she had finished the minister spoke a few kindly, reassuring words and rose as if to end the interview. The woman's heart sank with disappointment. "But what shall I do?" she faltered.

He stepped to another door—not the one by which she had entered—and, opening it, motioned her to pass through. As she crossed the threshold he smiled, and softly closed the door behind her.

"Georgia!"
"Mother!"

THE groceryman dined with Mr. Saxton at the hotel that evening, and then spent the hours until midnight at the meeting of the Foundation Trustees.

The next morning it happened that Georgia was a few minutes late for breakfast. While he waited, Joe picked up the morning paper to glance at the headlines. Mrs. Paddock, standing by the fireplace, was smiling happily to herself.

Then their daughter appeared in the doorway and at her cheery "good morning folks," the groceryman looked up and saw the girl go to her mother, who received her with a kiss. Laughing at the expression on his face, Georgia pulled her father to his feet, and the three went in to breakfast. Presently Mrs. Paddock asked: "Joe, have you anything of particular im-

portance for this afternoon?"

"Why?"

"I'd like to go to the farm."

He stared at her in blank amazement. Laura Louise Paddock had not for many years suggested that she would like to do anything. She had merely announced what she was going to do, and ordered her groceryman husband to make his plans accordingly.

"I thought," murmured Mrs. Paddock—while Georgia hid a smile in her napkin—"that you might like to take me. It's such a beautiful day and—and there will be a lovely moon."

"Fine," said the groceryman, meeting the situation heartily. "If Georgia can get off we'll all go. I'll 'phone Mother to have Hetty fry us a couple of chickens. There are some that ought to be about ripe now."

Georgia looked at her mother and deliberately winked—a wink which caused Mrs. Paddock to blush like a girl.

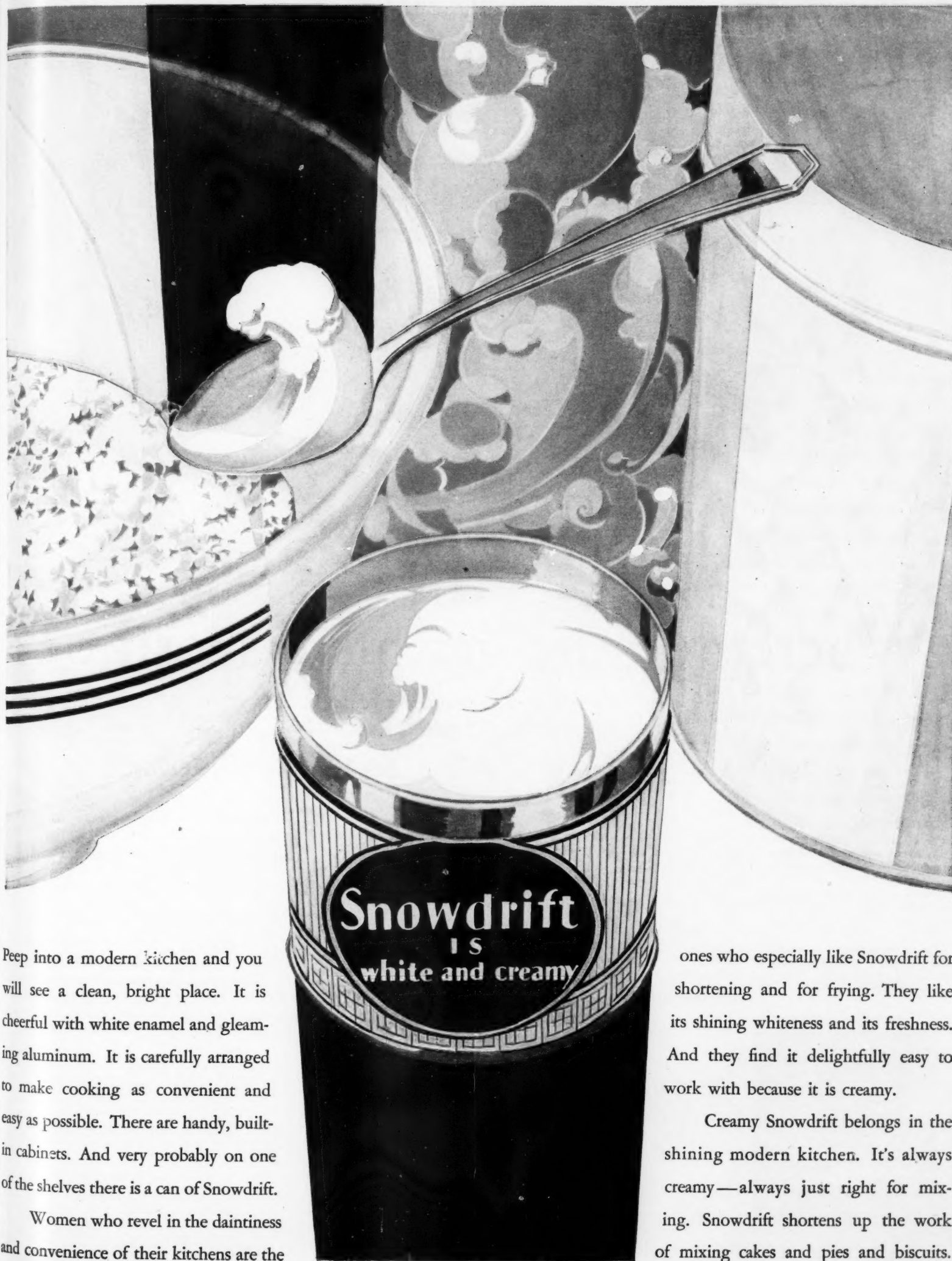
"Sorry, Daddy, but you'll have to excuse me today."

As soon as their mid-day meal was over, the groceryman and his wife started for the country, and their daughter, as she watched them go, thought her mother the most beautiful woman in Westover.

Georgia felt a little lonely as she set out for the office. Considering everything, it was not strange that the girl's thoughts were of the man she loved, and that her heart should be filled with a great longing. Nor was it strange that in her mood she should stop in at the Temple.

For some time she was alone in the great room. The solemn beauty of the place—the soft light—the shadowy arches—the lovely color—the stillness—soothed and comforted her. The spirit of the Temple gave her strength and courage and hope. Something seemed to whisper a promise. Presently, she felt that she was not alone. Some one had entered the Temple and was sitting not far away. She did not move—not even to turn her head—but she knew who it was.

After a little, she felt him coming slowly toward her. She sat [Turn to page 61]



Peep into a modern kitchen and you will see a clean, bright place. It is cheerful with white enamel and gleaming aluminum. It is carefully arranged to make cooking as convenient and easy as possible. There are handy, built-in cabinets. And very probably on one of the shelves there is a can of Snowdrift.

Women who revel in the daintiness and convenience of their kitchens are the

ones who especially like Snowdrift for shortening and for frying. They like its shining whiteness and its freshness. And they find it delightfully easy to work with because it is creamy.

Creamy Snowdrift belongs in the shining modern kitchen. It's always creamy—always just right for mixing. Snowdrift shortens up the work of mixing cakes and pies and biscuits.



Where does he get his disposition?

*From his mother?
From his father?*

"PERHAPS" says Science . . . "BUT ALSO FROM HIS FOOD"

Science speaking:

"In a poorly nourished child, unfortunate personality traits develop, such as self-centeredness, shyness, lack of confidence, selfishness, jealousy, depression and self-pity."

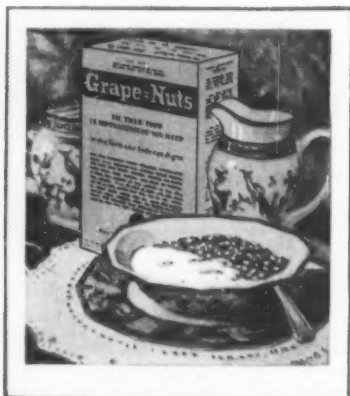
WM. R. P. EMERSON, M.D.

"When properly nourished, the harmony of all the body will be so great and abiding that it will express itself in a happy and jolly disposition."

G. F. ALSOP, M.D.

"Do you know that the so-called 'problem' children, who can disrupt entire families, may be the result of nervous and glandular systems that have become unstable because starved for proper food?"

LULU HUNT PETERS, M.D.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.



READE the quotations given at the left. They are from the writings of nationally famous physicians. They show you how strongly diet affects the happiness, as well as the health, of your children. Science knows now, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that balanced diet is essential to perfect well-being of body and mind.

Because of the varied nourishment it contributes to the body, Grape-Nuts has simplified, for many mothers, the task of arranging a balanced daily diet. These crisp, golden kernels are made from wheat and malted barley. They supply dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts comes to you ready-to-serve—prepared for your table by a special baking process which brings out the delicious, nut-like flavor of the grains and makes Grape-Nuts one of the easiest foods in the world to digest. The same process also gives to Grape-Nuts its unusual crispness.

This crispness is important. Few foods today give necessary exercise to the teeth—and that is one great cause of dental troubles. Dentists especially commend Grape-Nuts for its crispness, which necessitates

thorough chewing and helps to preserve the health of teeth and gums.

For all the benefits it can bring, give Grape-Nuts a daily place on your family menu. Your grocer sells it. Perhaps you will wish to accept the following offer:

*Two servings of Grape-Nuts, free
. . . and two interesting booklets*

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free, and two booklets—"The Effect of Food Upon Your Children's Lives" and "A Book of Better Breakfasts." Both are of vital interest to mothers.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with your booklet on the correct feeding of children, and also "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name.....

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In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

THE CAT JUMPS QUICK

[Continued from page 19]

"Me? Oh no. Really." But he felt somewhat as David must have felt when he had slain Goliath. And his eyes were interested in the way her dark hair was clipped close to the back of her head. "You aren't eating." It was he who said that.

The silence that followed got altogether out of hand.

"I can't do it. And that man knows it."

"But he . . ."

"No. He knows. He'll never let me go into New York with the play." Her voice sounded as if she were crying. But she composed herself somewhat, and went on. "You see, I just haven't had the experience. Oh, I did that part in *Weddings for Two*, but that was easier. It seemed to fit. This part is different. I thought I could do it, but . . . You see, I know an old actress and she said the thing to do was to keep quiet and high-hat everybody and bluff. So I've tried it. And it doesn't work."

She was crying. Terrible.

"I've been wondering . . . of course, I know it's a lot to ask, with your own part to get up so quickly and all . . ."

"Oh, if there's anything I can do . . ."

"Well, I was wondering if you'd be willing to go over some of our scenes."

"Of course!"

"You see, all of them are talking about how marvelously you're taking hold. In just these two days."

"Darn nice of them. Of course, they must realize that I can hardly be expected to give a complete characterization on such short notice. I shall need a little time." Splendidly he said that.

"If you do feel that you can work with me a little, I'd be so grateful. Just tell me what I ought to do. I'll try."

"Then forget everything you've ever been taught. Standing, moving, everything. Just concentrate on that little village simp. Who she is and what she is. Be natural."

It was instinct speaking. He couldn't know that he was uttering words, however crudely put, of profound wisdom.

"Now," he rushed on, "from where I come in and you say . . ."

Half an hour later Mr. Griffin and the producer came along that corridor. The young couple were too deeply absorbed to see or hear. The two men stood by. The scene ended. Then the girl, glancing about, started and caught her breath.

"That's the stuff," said Mr. Griffin, approvingly, and passed on to the stage.

"You see?" breathed Tom. "He got it!"

But she was looking at him. Rather unhappily. She felt wrong. "It must be wonderful to be a successful actor," she said.

"All you need"—magnificently, this—"is a little more experience. You're there."

"It's wonderful to hear that, from you," said she.

"Look here, Elsie, we'll have to get a bite of dinner somewhere. Why don't we—" his confident voice faltered. His hand had strayed into his trouser's pocket. Not quite six dollars left, and pay day nearly a week off.

"That would be nice," said she.

He followed her on stage, those three or four banknotes wadded tightly in his nervous fingers. So he was taking the *Ritz ingénue* out to dinner. Well, darn it! Why not? Why not?

SECOND act!" bawled the stage manager, pounding his table.

As Tom stood behind the set, an unhappy memory stabbed him . . . himself arguing abjectly with a negro maid for the

loan of his own evening suit. And just one shirt. And the studs. He'd have to buy more shirts right away. Maybe Mr. Hucksley, the producer, would advance a little of his salary. Probably he shouldn't have asked that kid out to dinner. It might cost dollars.

She appeared, on the farther side of the stage. His heart leaped. He'd forgotten how pretty she was. Exquisite, really.

It would be wonderful to marry and build a home. Out on Long Island somewhere. Vines on it. And a garage in back with a little car. Suddenly he had to swallow. The thought was unnerving.

She was standing alone over there. Discreetly he crossed to her. Guardedly he said—"Remember, give yourself. Give everything that's in you. And don't forget you're good."

She murmured, not looking up—"If I could only believe that."

"You've got to believe it. There's a lot you don't realize about yourself, your beauty and . . . and all." His hand brushed against hers. Impulsively grasped it. He whispered, "I'm crazy about you."

"I have to go on now," she said, and slipped away.

Had he gone too far? But what matter? This first night business was like going into battle. So men must have felt in France.

It was nearly six o'clock before they were through. He and Elsie moved off-stage together.

"I'll slip into my first act suit," he said. "Won't take me three minutes."

She caught his arm. Clung to it.

"Couldn't we step outside a minute. If I don't get a breath of fresh air . . ."

"You poor kid! Of course!"

He pushed open the stage door. Mike Fitzwalter was out there in the alley, chatting with the doorman and mopping his face with a towel. And some of the crew stood about, smoking.

It seemed natural that she should still be leaning on his arm. Though perhaps there was a note of self-consciousness in her murmured—"I'm simply a wreck."

"You're all right," said he. "Anyway, you've got it. They're going to be wild about you." He felt strong, sure, almost fatherly. He patted the hand on his arm.

Footsteps sounded. And a coarse feminine voice; a huskily familiar voice! "There he is! He's got it on!"

Tom's knees weakened. Before him loomed the waddling figure of Mrs. McCandless, a policeman beside her.

Her voice was rising. "Take that suit off!" she screamed. "You stole it!"

"I didn't steal it, Mrs. McCandless!"

"You did steal it! You entered my house and threatened my maid and . . ."

If he could have laid his hand on a pistol at that moment he would have pressed it against his temple and pulled the trigger. The men of the crew were staring. And grinning. Elsie seemed to be leaning against the brick wall of the building. Though he hardly knew. A moment or two later, though he didn't hear the door open or close, she had vanished.

"Mrs. McCandless," his trembling effort at dignity touched the hem of tragedy, "if Milly says I stole it, she's lying. I persuaded her, yes."

"You can't put it over me, Tom Harrison." The fat old face was red with passion. "I know you and all your kind. Officer, seize him!"

"But Mrs. McCandless, if you take this suit away from me . . ."

"You'll take it off at the police station."

And you'll stay there until you find the money to pay me for all the expense and trouble I've been put to."

"At least, if you'll let me change to my other suit. . ."

"Shut the thief up, officer! Bring him along!"

The policeman gripped his arm and gave him a shake. "None of your talk, my boy," he said. "You come with me."

An odd thing happened then. Mike Fitzwalter remarked, quietly, "I'll bring your other suit, Mr. Harrison."

The police sergeant looked him over coldly. "We'll book him for larceny. Lock him up, Jim."

The officer led him back through a corridor to a row of cells; unlocked a grated door; thrust him roughly within; clanked the door shut; went away.

He sank on a stool. Buried his face in his hands. He didn't know how long he sat there . . . twenty minutes . . . a lifetime.

He heard steps, and turned away from the door. Keys jangled. They were unlocking it. Mike's voice said, "Here's your things, Mr. Harrison. You'd better change."

Somehow he faced them, Mike and that policeman. And a suitcase of somebody's.

He said, "All right;" and clumsily dressed. Mike touched his arm. In some embarrassment he slipped a roll of bills into the boy's hand. "This'll take care of it," he mumbled. And then, "You're not to say anything about it. It's all right."

"What did you say?" asked Tom dully.

"I said, 'This'll take care of it.' Come on now. Everything'll be all right."

He found himself in the front room where the sergeant was. Mrs. McCandless sat bulgingly on a bench. Tom couldn't speak. So Mike, awkwardly enough, assumed command of the situation.

"He's ready to pay this woman, Sergeant."

The sergeant turned to her. "That's what you want, isn't it?"

"He never stole the things, you know," ventured Mike, politely.

"He did steal 'em!" From Mrs. McCandless.

"Well, do you want the money, or do you want to press the charge?" Thus the sergeant.

"Look here, now . . . if he can pay all it's cost me . . ."

"Would about seventy-five cover it?" suggested Mike, in a friendly voice.

"Well, if he . . ."

"Better just pay it, Mr. Harrison."

The sergeant had had enough. "That seems to settle it, Mrs. McCandless. You accept the money. He keeps the suit."

"And," put in Mike, in that polite manner, "you might just send him the rest of his things to Hartford. Care of the company. We'll be there the last of the week."

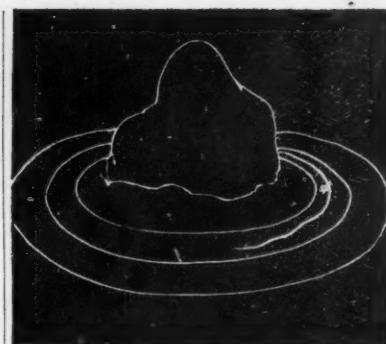
Tom and Mike were on the street. Mike carried the suitcase. Before a one-arm lunchroom he paused. "There's just about time to get a bite to eat, Mr. Harrison."

"Eat?" muttered the boy; "I can't eat!"

"But it's twenty minutes of seven. There's barely time, you see." Mike, in his gentle way, pressed the point. "We'll both have to be back at the theater by quarter past."

Tom whirled on the property man, clutched his arm, and cried, "My Heavens, you don't think for a minute I'm going back there!"

Mike considered. Finally he said, "Anyway, we'd better eat. [Turn to page 62]



Do you know why some recipes call for a melted shortening?

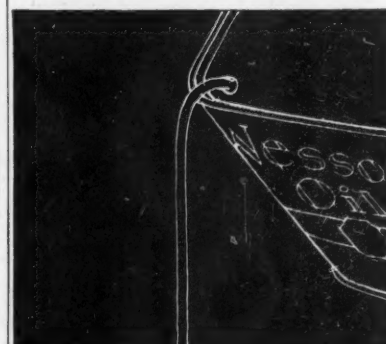
Lots of recipes call for a melted shortening—muffins, for instance, and griddle cakes, and gingerbread. The reason for melting the shortening is that it combines more easily and more thoroughly with the other ingredients when it is in liquid form.

It's always more or less of a nuisance, if you are cooking with a solid shortening, to scoop it up and measure it and melt it. When you use a shortening that is already in liquid form, like a fine salad oil it is simpler and easier.

A fine salad oil like Wesson Oil, makes an excellent shortening. When a melted shortening is called for, you just pour out the right amount from the Wesson Oil can. It mixes very easily and thoroughly. And it gives delicious results.

Wesson Oil pleases fastidious cooks. It is clear and rich and delicate-flavored. And it is so good-to-eat in itself that it adds goodness to everything you cook with it.

WESSON OIL



GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 58]

very still, with her head bowed—her face hidden.

Then he was in the chair beside her.

And then—

The late afternoon sun that day made lanes of gold between the trees in the Paddock woods and shot arrows of light through the leaves and branches, while the pond in the hollow was a moss-green cup of liquid amber.

Under the old tree, which had heard

their first love vows, the groceryman and his wife put away the mistakes of the years that were past, and together began a new and more abundant life. They were so engrossed in their happiness that they did not hear the automobile which had stopped at the edge of the woods on the old East Road.

Then the sound of some one approaching startled them and, as it might have done when they were boy and girl, they

slipped away through the bushes to hide from the curious gaze of whoever it was that had chanced to come upon that sacred spot at the wrong moment.

Mrs. Paddock suddenly caught her husband's arm with a little gasp of happy amazement. The groceryman, man-like, laughed—but softly—so as not to disturb those younger lovers to whom also that place was holy ground.

[THE END]



Resinol
Soap — the
choice of the
younger set

Its soothing
Resinol proper-
ties protect the
softness and
youth of the skin

"My skin is very smooth and
it is due to the regular use of
your wonderful soap."

"I have a skin that is easily
irritated, but Resinol Soap
soothes it."

"... delighted to see how soft
and smooth it made my skin."

"Resinol Soap is wonderful
if one has to use hard water.
Does not draw the skin as some
soaps do."

"I have so many compliments
on my complexion and owe them
all to Resinol Soap—the most
wonderful soap on the market."

The above extracts from a few of the
letters written to us by enthusiastic
girls show that even the youngest of the
"younger set" has found that her skin
must be watched carefully or it will
grow tired looking in this modern age
of cosmetics, jazz and excitement. She
has accepted the fact that thorough
cleansing once a day is a positive neces-
sity, and she turns to a cleansing agent
that will soothe the skin at the same
time.

In Resinol Soap the required ele-
ments are found because of the special
Resinol ingredients. Begin today to use
Resinol Soap and you will be giving
your skin the protection of daily Resi-
nol treatments. In countless homes the
name Resinol is synonymous with skin
health and beauty.

If blackheads, blotches, etc., are
already present, apply Resinol
Ointment to the irritated spots and
see how it clears them away. This
soothing, healing preparation has
been prescribed by doctors for
more than 30 years in treating skin
troubles slight or serious. Excellent
for the relief of sunburn, chafing,
prickly heat, etc.

SEND TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL
Dept. S-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol
Soap and of Resinol Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

THE CAT JUMPS QUICK

[Continued from page 61]

I'm hungry myself."

Mike thought that beef stew, coffee and
pie would taste pretty good. He made
Tom sit in one of the chairs and brought
the food to him. Mechanically the boy ate.

By the big clock over the cashier's desk
it was five minutes past seven. Mike
glanced up there; then, covertly, at the
boy. He was sitting straight up. A pinched
white face. Lips compressed.

Mike considered; then looked again.
"It's the thing"—Tom had to clear his
throat—"it's the thing to do, of course."

"Sure," said Mike.

"Just got to go through with it, haven't
I?" He rose. "I'll have to buy a shirt."

"There's a gent's furnisher right by the
corner," said Mike. "He's probably open."

Mike went with him all the way to his
dressing room. He felt awkward about it,
but rather thought he'd better.

To Miss Ames, Tom could only bow
distantly. Soon they were plunged into
the performance. In a way, before an
audience, you could forget yourself. The
most difficult moment came at the cur-
tain of the second act, when he and the
girl, hand in hand, had to bow repeatedly.

And smile. You had to smile. Then he
rushed off to get into that suit.

Again, after the final curtain, he hurried
off. Mike was clearing. To him, Tom said,
breathlessly, "See here! That hundred
dollars..."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Harrison."

"Wait a minute! You said you had
nothing to do with it. Where'd you get it?"

"It's all taken care of..."

"But good Heavens, man! I can't just
take it! Who... I'll speak to Mr.
Hucksley."

"Oh no! don't say anything to him."

"But..."

Mike considered. "I said I wouldn't
talk..."

"I've got to know."

"You see, nobody knows what hap-
pened. And the boys won't talk. They like
you. And I spoke to 'em. If you should
go asking people... well, the fact is, it
was the young lady."

"Not..."

"But if you don't mind, I wouldn't..."

Tom stood there, his jaw sagging. But
in a moment, with a hurt, set look, he
walked away.

Miss Ames had been talking with
friends. She was crossing now behind the
set. He confronted her.

"I just want you to know..." he had
to say something; he didn't know what.

Through a doorway, on stage, they
heard Mr. Griffin addressing Mr. Hucks-
ley. "Seen the ticket men, Joe?"

"Yes. It's in the bag."

"They're making the buy?"

"Sure. A fairly big one. For ten weeks.
We open at the Jupiter on the thirteenth.
They say it'll go if we hang on to young
Harrison."

"We'll hang onto him, all right, Joe.
Somebody's going to make a million
dollars out of that youngster."

Bewildered, Tom looked at Elsie. Then,
without a word, he made his way to a
chair, sank into it and covered his face.

Elsie stood weakly there. For a long
moment. She saw his shoulders move con-
vulsively. Forgetting then the stage, those
groups of excited people, the world itself,
she went to him and took him in her arms.
He caught at her hands like a child.

It didn't matter that they were both
crying.

THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[Continued from page 23]

he left Peter to dreams.

A happy surprise awaited Peter at
Shepherd's; Carey had arrived ahead of
him by steamer to Alexandria where his
yacht was anchored; therefore ahead of
him by rail at Cairo. She had written him
a note.

It seemed to him that no bigger miracle
had ever burst upon an astounded bene-
ficiary than those few gracious lines writ-
ten by Carey. After he had read it, he
went upstairs to his room, and there he
read it again.

She wrote:

"Dear Sir Heriot,
I'm staying at the Continental, all
alone as you know. I hope you'll call. I
like my friends to call upon me at once
when I'm in strange hotels. It makes me
feel at home. Carey Mills."

He stood by his windows for some time
with the letter in his hand, staring out
at the tree tops of the Sharia Kamel. People
on horseback rode by; smooth-running
cars appeared and vanished. Visions of
himself driving with Carey made him
realize that at last he and she were alone

—separated by a certain space, but still
alone—in this magic city. He went
straight across the room to the telephone,
called up the Hotel Continental, and
asked for her. Her voice answered him
sweetly.

"So you've arrived... When did
you get into Alexandria...? You
haven't wasted any time!"

"I was in a hurry to get to Cairo," he
answered steadily.

"But not to leave the yacht, surely,"
her voice mocked him.

He thought again: "She knows about
Blanche, and she's got it all wrong." But
aloud he replied: "I was in the deuce of
a hurry to leave her. I want to drive out
somewhere with you and have tea. And
then can't you dine with me? Can't we
talk..."

"There are too many things to settle
over the telephone," said the cool voice.

"So there are," said Peter, "but tell
me one thing. Is Murillo in Cairo?"

"I am not Murillo's keeper. I haven't
seen him. Why should he come to Cairo?"

"Oh, well," said Peter rather lamely.

"We've come to Cairo..." and
stopped, realizing the perfect significance
of his reply. He went on: "I say..."

"Then you're really alone?"

"Absolutely alone."

"This is too perfect," said Peter. "But
as for being alone, you know that you
can command me."

"Au 'voir," said the cool voice.

Early that afternoon he fetched her
from the Hotel Continental, and they
drove away wherever their chauffeur
might take them. Like most men in love,
he wanted to talk about himself; and
like most women Carey listened. It was
a halcyon hour. And he remembered,
quickenings, those wonderful things he

had one day seen in her eyes. Murillo did
not even enter his thought.

After they had parted he returned to
his hotel, ordered roses to be brought and
dinner to be served there.

He thought over all the perilous ground
he stood on, while he was dressing. He
passed his hand over his abdomen to feel
again those terrible little lumps. They
were barely to be found, yet he had
travelled a full five weeks along the
allotted half year since first he had re-
ceived the specialist's verdict. All his
thoughts centered on Carey. "What have
I to give her?" And "How can it hurt
her to have me love her..."

And again: "Have I enough to offer, even for
five minutes of her beautiful life..."

But after all he was still a living man,
still eager for life and love. He went
downstairs to wait for her. She came,
driving in a limousine, with a dark-
skinned chauffeur.

She was still in a soft and pliant mood;
she had left her capricious coldness behind
her.

"You don't mind if we dine alone?" he
asked her; and she replied: "I'd like to."

There were cadences in her voice which
stirred him.

He took her into the sitting room over-
looking the Sharia Kamel. The room was
full of the perfume of roses. Carey drew
one from its vase and held it against her
mouth.

"They are for you, my dear," said Peter
very soberly and softly. He took her
cloak from her shoulders, revealing her
in one of her straight frocks, all black this
time. She fastened the rose in a great
arrow-brooch of pearls that was pinned
across her breast.

They were deliciously alone. He took
her in his arms. "You firebrand," he said
with a deep sigh of content. "If you let
a man kiss you it means something." He
kissed her.

"It does mean something, Carey, doesn't
it?" he whispered.

But Carey would not answer him.

All through that dinner he tried to
think. He weighed the pros and cons
of happiness. He told himself more or less
vehemently; "Even if she would, it isn't
fair. It isn't fair." But it seemed as if
Carey herself were leagued with tempta-
tions against him. She had never been so
sweet. He thrilled, too, to a new quality
of response in her. He looked at her,
leaning back in her low chair.

"Oh, my dear!" was all he could say.

But he dropped to his knees beside her
in a long kiss. Not till afterwards, remem-
bering, did he realize how cold were her
lips, how cold her hands. He kissed her
lips and throat. He put his head against
her breast and felt her hand steal up to
hold it there.

"Now, my dear," he said suddenly,
"listen. It's no war between you and me
any more, is it? As it was when you en-

tered my room. It's all love. I loved you
the first moment I saw you, and that is
longer ago than you think—I wish I could
tell. I have really no right to ask you,
but I do ask. You see, I love you so, you
are all the earth. I think you love me—
but oh, my dear, if you would only tell
me so!"

The slow pressure of her hand on his
head seemed to answer him.

"Carey," he said, "don't you think a
little while of happiness is better than
none at all?"

"What do you mean?" she murmured.

"I can't tell you exactly now, my dear,"
he said. "I could in a short while. No
longer, perhaps, than a honeymoon. And
if you love me a fraction of the way I
worship you, it would be worth it to
you, I think. Carey, though I can't at
the moment tell you exactly what I mean,
I can at least promise you that I'd
never let you suffer in any way, never
make you unhappy. I'd guard you from
—well, from everything I could." He
thought: "If my end's a bit sticky she
shan't see it."

Carey's hand rested quietly on his
head. Over it, she looked at the clock
across the room. It was half-past nine.

"Carey darling," said Peter. "Will you
marry me, and live two beautiful
months?"

"Two months?" said Carey, with a
strange smile, which he did not see. When
he lifted his head and searched her face
as he replied to the question, the smile
was gone.

"Two months, darling—unless the time
of miracles is not past," he answered
gently. A shiver went through her from
head to foot.

In the half-silence, while he knelt be-
side her, his head on her shoulder, he was
dreaming that Mayo had lent them the
yacht for two months on those blue seas.
Into those two months were crammed
all bliss. He would never look once to-
wards the end; he would live—live—live
—till the end came. They would wake to
the sea and the sun; in the evenings they
would stand together on the deck, as he
had often stood alone, and dream between
the sea and the stars. And all the days
and all the nights, Carey would be his.

Then very slowly Carey leaned down
and kissed him on the mouth.

"Heriot," she said in a voice blossoming
with tender cadences, "let us drive some-
where—let us talk."

He rose reluctantly, drawing her up in
his arms, "But my dear, will you decide
tonight?"

"I will decide tonight," said Carey.

"Shall I ring and order a car?"

"You needn't ring and order a car at
all. The one I'm using will be outside. I
told him to come back for me just be-
fore ten."

He put her cloak back over her shoul-
ders and rang for his [Turn to page 64]



"A New World"— Instead of a Curfew!

A FEW months ago we published the letter of a business girl in Philadelphia. She told of discovering "a new world" of happiness and fun after five o'clock.

Now comes a letter from another young girl who tells of a similar experience. She lives in Washington, D. C.

"I, too, discovered a new world," she says. "I do not work in an office, but oh, how dreadfully hard I 'worked' those two years after my coming out, trying to keep up with the continual round of social affairs.

"Finally, I realized that I must take things easier. My family began to joke about my 'curfew', meaning, of course, my feet, for they caused all of the trouble. They thought it too funny for words that a girl of twenty-one should be complaining because of her feet!

"My mother had worn your shoes for some time, and was always telling me how comfortable her feet were and how much she could walk. But even though I longed for the comfort she had, I didn't believe those shoes would do for me, because, you see, while mother is always well groomed, she doesn't dress like a girl.

"But one day I went with her to the store—and I found a wonderful surprise. The same shoes mother had been wearing were also made in the very smartest styles—just the very things I loved to wear.

"And so, I now have this glorious 'new world' to enjoy—every hour of every evening—instead of my 'curfew'. I am telling my friends, too, and they are making the same discovery. It is amazing how many young girls are hobbling around because of their feet. If they all could realize what pretty shoes they could wear with complete comfort!"

Probably the greatest development in women's wearing apparel is the delightful combination of lovely style with perfect

foot health and comfort in this shoe.

Women who insist upon smart style have found this same "new world" of foot happiness by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe.

This is the famous shoe with a concealed, built-in arch bridge to prevent sagging and straining of the foot structure. It also has a flat inner sole, crosswise, to prevent pinching of blood-vessels and nerves.

There is no abuse of the foot, no annoyance, no discomfort. Leg weariness and frazzled nerves, so common in the late afternoon and evening, immediately disappear.

Yet, in this different shoe your feet are free and unhindered. The Arch Preserver Shoe supports where support is needed, yet it bends with the foot at the "ball" the only place the foot bends.

Happy feet are waiting for you at the store of your Arch Preserver Shoe dealer. He will show you the smartest styles of today, designed in our New York studio (with the collaboration of a Paris correspondent).

You will find the prettiest shoes you ever have seen, and with every pair you buy you receive foot health and comfort and vigor. You will be all the more delighted, because only in this shoe can you secure these wonderful advantages.

Also, your dealer will show you these smartly styled, healthful shoes for your children.

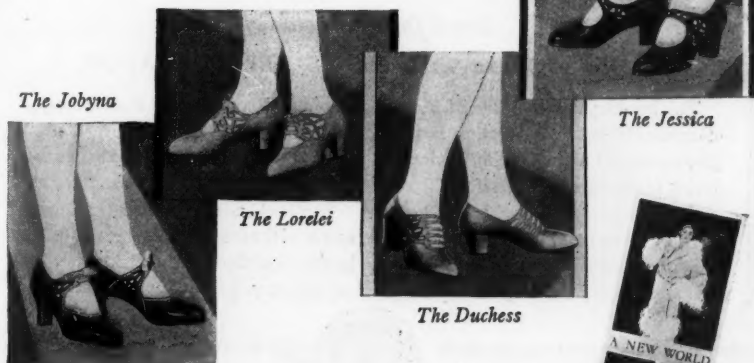
The Arch Preserver Shoe is patented and its exclusive features can not be successfully imitated. No other shoe offers you such a perfect combination of foot happiness and correct appearance.

A million women have proved that you can have active useful feet—that you can be free from foot aches.

Send the coupon below for the booklet, "A New World", and the name of your dealer.



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Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. None genuine without it. It is your guarantee. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All sizes. All widths. AAAA to E.

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Do you give your refrigerator enough to eat?

THAT sounds funny, doesn't it? But really it isn't. It's a mighty serious question.

Your furnace eats coal, doesn't it? It eats coal much as we eat food—to make heat. If you do not feed your furnace enough coal, you do not get enough heat.

Same way with your refrigerator. It eats ice—to make cold. That is, the melting of the ice chills the surrounding air, which in turn chills the food in your refrigerator.

You don't expect your furnace to give maximum heat with little or no coal. Then how can you expect your refrigerator to give the maximum amount of cold with little or no ice.

You can't do your best work on half enough to eat. Neither can your furnace. And—neither can your refrigerator.

A well fed refrigerator will do a lot of work for you and save you money. The more ice there is in the refrigerator, the

colder it will be and the better your foods will keep. And, the colder your box, the slower ice melts.

Try this plan for a week

Give your refrigerator all the ice it can hold for a week and see how much more work it will do for you. See how sweet the milk and butter will be, how fresh and crisp the vegetables and fruit, and how much better your other foods will keep.

You will know what real food luxury is when you know what it is to have all the ice you want when you want it. Enough ice to crisp vegetables for a salad, to make quick frozen desserts, to take care of the hundred and one uses that the clever housewife finds for Ice.

Ask your ice man to tell you how much ice you should take so that your refrigerator will never be less than half to two-thirds full. Remember that it can't do its work properly unless it is well fed!

Send for this booklet

THE CARE OF THE HOME REFRIGERATOR

This booklet, written by Dr. M. E. Pennington, Home Refrigeration Expert, gives practical and scientific advice on caring for the home refrigerator.

The things necessary to know, in order to get the best service from your refrigerator, are few and simple to follow. But many housewives neglect them. The

whole subject is covered in nine suggestions given in this booklet. They are very simply stated, and explained in such a way that you will see how important they are.

This booklet can be read in five minutes, and it will enable you to get the fullest benefit from the use of ice, with the greatest economy. Sent free upon request.

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Please send free, your booklet, "The Care of the Home Refrigerator."

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THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED

[Continued from page 62]

overcoat. "Say goodnight," he said softly. "I shall say goodnight presently," said Carey, with a flicker of a strange smile on her face.

When they reached the car, she said carelessly to the chauffeur. "Drive anywhere for an hour." And they went out smoothly into the Sharia Kamel, turned to the right, eastward into the Muski, thronged with motley crowds of Orientals. Where they went after Peter never noticed, for the chauffeur seemed to have a feeling for darker thoroughfares, and he was kissing Carey's hand, and then her mouth. Suddenly she leaned against him with a sigh, he felt her slim fingers clasping his, sliding caressingly up his wrist, under his shirt cuff; he felt the sharp pressure from the great stones in one

of her rings she was wearing, then a driving prick in his arm from which he started. "Oh, Heriot darling, I'm sorry; it's the claw of my ring that's broken," she said, laughing then. Lifting his hand and bending her head, she kissed the wrist teasingly. She kept her head close against him as she did it, so that the perfume of her hair came to him, mixing sensations of delight with a curious dreaminess that attacked him. For a moment he fought the dreaminess. The feeling of her lips on his wrist faded, was impalpable. The car ran on, and on, into a realm of sleep. He plunked himself back. "Good God!" his brain registered, "what is happening?" Carey's hair brushed his cheek like smooth satin; and that was all he remembered.

[Continued in AUGUST McCALL'S]

GOOD OLD GANG

[Continued from page 14]

Then she looked at him, coldly, the steel of her eyes rending him.

"Doug—you snob!" she said, bitterly. Doug stammered, startled, puzzled, dismayed. "But Geralda—I thought—I didn't think you—I was worried—"

"Not to appreciate them! To apologize!" Geralda flayed him. "To feel that you have to explain even—a family like that! Dear and sincere and lovable—the only real people I've ever known in my life! And you've had them—always!"

"Geralda—dear, listen, I didn't realize—I didn't understand—"

"You thought that I was like that? That I could condescend—to your mother? When I was on my knees to her humbly—grateful at being accepted at all!" There were tears in her voice. "Doug—how could you be cheap like that—how could you believe that I could be cheap too?"

"Gerry, darling, listen. I'm a cad—a beast! I admit it. Nobody could be so utterly low as I am." His arms were round her, she was quivering, biting her lips, her eyes wet. "Gerry, you're too good for me. Forgive me—and try to make

something out of me, will you dear—something big enough and fine enough to be worthy of you—and my mother?"

She lay quietly against his shoulder for a moment, then her head came up. Her eyes were starry again. She kissed him softly in absolution.

"Doug," she said, "Do you know what I want? I want to be married—in the morning—in that old house! I want to be married in the frock your mother was married in—with Sid and Davie and all of them—and Hattie to bake the cake! I want to be married like that—my real wedding. After that we'll have to go up to Concord of course and go through the formal affair mother has planned. But this will be our real wedding! Do you understand?"

Doug understood and answered—not in words—for his heart, abased and suffering tortures of contrition was nevertheless lifted up into a warm, glad light where the air was full of singing.

"And then," announced Geralda, solemnly, "I'll really belong to the Cameron gang."

BEATING WINGS

[Continued from page 8]

"Do you have any pain?" "No; no pain . . . I just lie here—" her voice trailed. She closed her eyes.

When Ellie's dinner was ready she rose cautiously from the side of the bed, untangling her fingers from her mother's.

"I'm not asleep," said Helen, opening her eyes.

"I guess my dinner's ready, Mom." When Ellie returned from the table her mother opened her eyes again.

"Are you going out?" she asked. "Oh, Jimmy Lacy was going to drive us somewhere—I'd just as soon stay with you, Mom—"

Her mother smiled palely. "No, darling . . . Isn't that Jimmy's horn honking?" she asked.

"I guess so. Let him wait . . . Mom, darling, are you sure you don't want me to stay with you?"

She knelt down by the bed and put her slender arms around her mother.

"Mom—Mom, darling," she murmured.

But, after they kissed, Helen closed her eyes and Ellie went out on tip-toe to the open window in the hallway. "O-hoo!" she called softly. The gang hailed her impatiently.

THE gang was unanimous for Manhattan Beach and a "swell" swim.

The July day was hot but superb; the sands blazed with the violent colors of half a million people. Brilliant sunshades, gowns, bathing suits and caps turned beach, pier, and pool into gigantic floral effects.

It was on this that Ellie emerged from her bath-house, a scarlet cap tied beneath her chin, a scarlet bathing suit of one piece moulding her slender body.

Mae Graves padded along beside her in blue; Jessie Farish was in yellow which suited her dark hair and skin.

The three youths were skylarking on

the beach, awaiting them. And as, at that time, Ellie was Jimmy Lacy's girl, that red-headed youth seized her and dragged her towards the water.

They all thrashed out after her, but Ellie's slim limbs flashed in the sun far ahead.

She was first to climb out on the raft; first to mount the pier, step out on the spring-board, and dive backward, cleaving the water vertically—a perfect effort.

She proposed having a look at the ocean—not the beach but outside the rocks along the sea-wall.

The three couples came out along the great sea-parapet and looked down at the weed covered rocks of the break-water where the limpid sea curled and washed and rocked.

"Come on, Jim," said Ellie briefly. As Jimmy made no offer to rise, she turned up her nose at him, walked a few paces toward Jessie Farish and Arthur Graves. They also seemed to prefer gossip and a sun bath. Jessie's hand lay in Arthur's.

"Mush!" remarked Ellie with a shrug; pulled on her red cap and tied it; cast a disdainful glance at her "fella" and at the two pair of indolents, and, poising, took a header into the pool.

Ellie watched the high diving, admiring the experts. There was one man who sauntered out, took careless measure of the water below, launched himself backward, turned over three times, and struck vertically. He did it two or three times. He was a cleanly built, nice looking fellow of thirty, perhaps. Several of the fancy divers came over to speak to him. Finally, as though urged, he threw away his cigarette and once more performed the stunt for them.

When he reappeared and pulled himself up from the water, he seated himself near Ellie. His smile was involuntary. She smiled too. There was no [Turn to page 68]

Hygienic Freedom

Such As Women Never Knew Before

Peace-of-Mind . . . Comfort . . . Immaculacy



This New Way is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Millions by Banishing the Hazards of Old Ways—Positive Protection, Plus an End Forever to the Problem of Disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

YOU wear gayest, sheerest gowns without fear; you meet every social and business exactment in peace-of-mind and comfort, this *new way*.

It supplants the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" with protection that is absolute. Millions of women are flocking to its use.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their oldest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

What Kotex Is

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

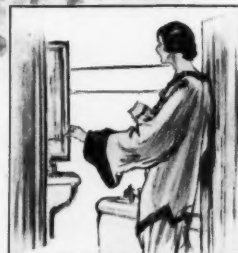
Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



1 Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



2 True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



3 Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

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way until you need it*

BORDEN'S Evaporated Milk is nothing but the best of pure, rich country milk. Nothing added. Nothing taken away except a part of the natural water—and that you put back when you use it for cooking.

Further than this, Borden's Evaporated Milk is kept in all its original purity and richness—sterilized for your protection. Packed in sealed containers instead of ordinary bottles. Convenient, too. And every can carries the Borden label as a guarantee of its quality.

That's why, in every section of the United States, in millions of the better homes, women insist upon using only Borden's Evaporated Milk. They look for the Borden name. They know from experience that every single can contains only "pure, rich country milk, canned sweet and fresh and kept that way until you need it."



Borden's

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Borden's Eagle Brand—the finest grade of condensed milk. For coffee and sweetened cooking. Famous for infants. Borden's Other Brands Condensed Milk—less rich, in smaller cans. For household use. Borden's Evaporated Milk—for unsweetened cooking. Borden's Malted Milk—a food-beverage, plain or chocolate flavor.





Vegetables as they come from

the garden are altogether different

WHY NOT PICK YOUR DINNER FRESH FROM THE VINE?

BY DOROTHY GILES

Author of "The Little Kitchen Garden"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD HEATH

VEGETABLES, as the woman grows them herself in the home garden are altogether different from the limp beans, dejected lettuces and greens that one finds for sale on the hucksters' carts or in baskets wilting in the sun with a lump of ice for a pick-me-up outside the door of the corner grocery.

The woman who has a home garden can pull her own lettuces and beans and corn to order. She can send Jimmy into the garden for a mess of greens for dinner the while she lights the fire under the waiting pot. And half an hour later her family can sit down to a dish that is worthy of all that the old epicures and the modern nutrition experts say about a diet of vegetables.

The woman who has no garden to rely on will do well to shop for her vegetables as intelligently as she shops for dress goods or house furnishings. She must know first what to look for, and secondly, where to look for it. And it seems worthy of remark that comparatively few women know really good vegetables from poor ones; women who buy their groceries with keen intelligence and an appreciation of flavor, food values and economy will accept flabby, wilted vegetables that were too old when they were picked, and have stood too long to be worth half the purchase price, not to mention the time and trouble involved in preparing them.

Certain vegetables lose seeming and savour if not eaten within a few hours after they are pulled: asparagus, peas, string beans, cucumbers, sweet corn. Your true epicure will not eat at seven, corn that was pulled before eleven. As for yesterday's peas and asparagus—away with them.

Rule One: always buy vegetables that are in season, and this means in season

in your locality. Peaches in June and strawberries in December may sound poetic, but they are profitless to the palate and expensive to the purse. How much more grateful to bountiful Nature, as well as economical, to eat those vegetables each season as it yields them—asparagus in May and early June; peas, string beans, young beets, carrots, spinach, cucumbers and tender young onions in June and July; tomatoes, corn, lima beans, peppers, egg plants, squash, okra and cauliflower in August and September, and the late root vegetables, cabbage, New Zealand spinach and Hubbard squash, as the summer wanes. This is to know earth's fruits at their succulent best.

If you have to depend on the corner grocery for all these, learn on which days in the week your grocer receives his shipments from the truck farmer, and buy the perishable vegetables on those days and as soon as he opens the crates. If you live in a small town keep an eye and an ear out as you go about your morning work for the hucksters' wagons, and buy according to the supply. Vegetables are always cheapest when they are at their best, but this is not another way of saying that they are at their best when cheapest.

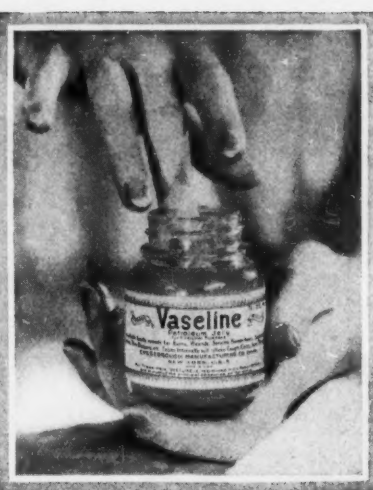
If there is a farmer's wayside stand within a few miles of your town—choose those maintained by honest growers—why not

include it in your afternoon auto ride and get your dinner fresh from the vine? You may pay a few cents more per quart or pound, but you get more in value received.

Avoid extra size fruits and vegetables—jumbo tomatoes, mammoth egg plants, cabbages weighing ten pounds or more. The wise marketer will select two small egg plants in preference to one large one which is apt to be fibrous and bitter; small, darkly green cucumbers in which the seeds are practically invisible; round, firm, shapely tomatoes; asparagus that is purple at the tip with a generous extent of green stalk below and not much white to be paid for and thrown away. The husk of the corn should be green and not dry to the touch and the silk should be moist where it enters the tip of the ear. In buying string beans, favor the boyish silhouette. You are buying them for the pods not the beans, and these become edible the very day they become pods.

Buy them small, even if you pay twice the price of the half-inch wide ones. Cut them with scissors or a sharp knife, lengthwise for elegance, diagonally for haste, and boil fifteen minutes in a small amount of salted water, to which add a pinch of soda before draining. Add butter and pepper.

Beets, carrots, onions, squash and cabbage suffer less than their more sensitive companions from being kept waiting, though none of these is improved by being left around the kitchen for a day or two. Keep them in a basket in a cool, shady, well-aired place, and do not wash until you are ready to cook them. Vegetables should never be put in the refrigerator, fruits likewise. It was a wise man and an epicure who remarked: "The woman who puts a strawberry on ice would strangle a baby!"



**"For THREE
summer uses
Handiest thing
in the house"**

Said 2000 women

YOU WILL FIND that a jar or tube of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is an essential toilet aid in summer for:

Vacation First-Aid—When children go away to camp, include "Vaseline" Jelly in their kits. Carry it with you on all motoring, camping or boating trips. You'll meet plenty of emergencies when it is just what you need. And it's easy to carry.

Sunburn—Spread a thin layer of "Vaseline" Jelly over the affected part. The longer you leave it on the sooner the skin gets back to normal. This treatment relieves soreness almost at once.

Hair dressing—Now that so many women have permanent waves in the summer, it's useful to know that "Vaseline" Jelly softens the curl and gives a glossy, natural look. Dampen the hair slightly and apply a small amount with the palms of the hands. Brush vigorously. Use the same treatment for straight bobs—to keep the hair in place. If you go hatless in summer you should use this treatment regularly. To overcome dry condition of the scalp, which most people have during the summer months, part the hair lock by lock, massage the scalp at the part with "Vaseline" Jelly on the finger tips, leave on overnight, and shampoo.

Grown-ups who exercise heavily (horseback riding for example) can find relief from chafing and sore muscles by massaging with "Vaseline" Jelly.

And remember when you buy that the trademark "Vaseline" on the package gives you the assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd. Write for free booklet of uses. Address Dept. M 7-27, Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, 17 State St., New York.

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PETROLEUM JELLY

Lysol

Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



"You never go out with me any more!"

WHAT a common tragedy those eight words express!

Yet a woman's health and youthfulness need not fade with marriage. Modern science provides a simple protection: Sane habits of living, plus the proper practice of feminine hygiene.

But be careful in so vital a matter as personal hygiene. Use the disinfectant which is both safe and certain . . . which has been for 30 years the standard disinfectant in hospitals and doctors' offices.

You cannot afford to experiment. Only a poison can kill germs.

It was "Lysol" Disinfectant which was first associated with the modern practice of feminine hygiene. "Lysol" cleanses as it kills germs.

Preserve your health and youth with "Lysol." Send for the booklet offered below. It is explicit. It was written for women by a woman physician. It has contributed to the peace of mind of thousands. Every woman should be familiar with the facts it presents.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold by all druggists.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company.

Sole distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



"Lysol" Disinfectant is never sold in bulk. It comes only in the brown bottle packed in the yellow carton

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors
Department 61, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

BEATING WINGS

[Continued from page 64]

effort on either side.

"You dive well," she said.

"Oh, that? I'll teach you, if you like."

She thanked him.

"I suppose," he said, "you are not alone down here."

"No; there are six of us."

"There always are," he remarked.

At that they laughed.

"Are you here alone?" she ventured.

"Yes."

"What a shame!" Their ready laughter rang out again.

She looked out over the lagoon; made a swift sweeping gesture with her arm: "All these pretty girls! Do you see them?"

"I do."

"And yet you are alone?"

"Not at the moment."

"But I'm going soon. Are you going to be lonely?"

"I begin to believe I shall be," he said, smiling at her. "You know you're very pretty," he added. Her quick laughter pealed.

"You said you'd show me," she reminded him, and sprang lightly to her feet. She made dive after dive, always improving, always climbing back to him to challenge his approval.

"I'll practice that," she said, "at Pelham, if there's a good enough place. And thank you for teaching me."

She held out her hand and he took it. They had moved back and apart from the crowd.

"I suppose you are going to leave me cold," he said gaily.

"I've got to—"

"I suppose so, if you're with a party."

There was a pause; she withdrew her hand; turned and gazed across the lagoon. The gang still sunned. Jimmy was now lying on his stomach, his cheek resting on folded arms.

"Gosh," she said with unconscious emphasis, "I'd like to stay here. . . . But I'd better get a wiggle on." She looked up at him out of her clever gray-green eyes: "I don't suppose I'll see you again."

"Do you come here much?"

"No; it's my first time."

"I come Saturdays," he remarked . . .

"And Sundays."

There ensued another pause. The girl's restless eyes sought her distant comrades, discovered them, roved elsewhere.

"Perhaps you'll be down next Saturday," he said.

She looked up, inclined to laugh: "You never can tell. . . . Anyway, I'm going now—" She started to offer him her hand again; thought better of it and went overboard.

AT Villy's the gang ate soft clams and green corn, and drank gingerale. A negro jazz band droned, thumped and squealed on the wide, screened veranda. The parking space was crowded with automobiles; every table was taken. The floor was too crowded for comfort, but nobody minded. It was a hot noisy place, filled with incessant uproar of jazz and seashore gaiety.

"How about it, Ellie?" asked Lacy, "do we go over to Coney, or stay put?"

But instinct and passion for the dance was in every fibre of the girl. She tired out Lacy. Besides, he wanted something more to eat.

"You old poke!" she cried. "You always want to eat. If you don't dance you'll have to find another girl. I'm not going to stick around watching you feed yourself—"

"Aw," he said, "gimme a chance."

"I want to dance!"

"Well, ask Arthur—"

"He's dancing with Jessie, and Bert is dancing with Mae. You're still eating!"

"Sure, I am," he said, starting on a broiled lobster.

"I told you I want to dance!"

"I'm busy."

"Pig."

She emptied her glass, turned a flushed face to the throng. On the other side of the dancing floor, alone at a table, she saw a man whose face seemed familiar. His amused glance met hers. For a moment she was in doubt, then no longer in doubt.

She gave him a delighted smile. He was

very nice to look at in his clothes. The crisp, brown hair which she had seen all wet and plastered, was now combed; the bronzed body now covered with a fashionable and very becoming suit of thin white serge. She greatly approved the altered appearance, the twist of his tie—

"Jim"—without looking at him.

"Wait a while—"

"There's a friend of mine over there. Is it all right with you if I dance with him while you're eating your lobster?"

"Which guy?" He suspended operations on the claw he was dissecting and followed her glance . . . "Who's he?"

"A fella I met . . . Is it all right with you if I dance with him once?"

"Do as you like," he said sullenly. "You always do, anyhow."

"Do we dance? Last call!"

"Not now—no."

"Then I'm going to dance with him."

She glanced across the floor at her late diving-master and gave him an almost imperceptible nod. The young man seemed to understand it, for he rose and came straight across to where she was sitting. It was then she realized that she didn't even know his name.

But he seemed to have his wits about him; he said, politely:

"It's very nice to be remembered. I was afraid you had forgotten you ever had met anybody named Westall."

Ellie thrilled to her first adventure.

"Oh, Mr. Westall," she said, "I want you to meet Mr. Lacy."

Lacy got up: "Pleased to know you," he said without cordiality; and resumed the lobster.

"Do sit down, Mr. Westall—unless you'd rather dance?" inquired the girl.

Westall looked politely at Lacy, who said, "Cert'nly." So he took her out and swung into the circling current of dancers.

After a few moments their eyes met and they laughed.

"It was awfully nice of you, but risky, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Yes. I thought I was in dutch with Jimmy when I remembered that I didn't even know your name . . . You dance well, what's the rest of your name?"

"John."

"My name's Ellie Lessing. What shall we call each other? Mr. and Miss are safer for a while, I guess."

"Yes, for the first two or three times—"

They waited for the gust of hand-clapping to force another encore. When it came she smiled, sighed, and her long, smooth fingers tightened around his.

"I'd better not dance with you again," she whispered. "He's got red hair. You just say good-by to me when we get back to the table."

"Until next time?"

The girl looked up quickly, then turned her head. They danced, following the current around the ring of tables. Lacy was still picking lobster claws as they passed. His face was not very friendly.

"I'm treating Jimmy like a dog," she said. "That's not the worst of it, either. I'd rather be with you."

"You're so sweet—"

"No; it isn't right. Not when a fella takes you out. You'll be here next Saturday though, won't you?"

"Yes, at the pool—"

"Give me a ring in the morning. Can you remember my number?"

She gave it to him, hurriedly.

"And I want to tell you," she said fiercely, "whatever you think, you're the first man who ever picked me up . . . If it was a pick-up. Was it?"

"I don't—I shouldn't say so—"

"Well, I wasn't thinking of it that way."

"I wasn't, either," he said.

She seemed relieved. The music ceased at that moment.

"Who's the guy?" demanded Arthur Graves, when the gang gathered.

"Oh, just a fella I met," said Ellie carelessly. And, to Lacy: "What time is it? We gotta get home tonight."

IT was one o'clock in the morning when Ellie let herself into the flat with her mother's latch key.

A light burned in the hallway. There was a light in her mother's room, also.

The girl went [Turn to page 70]

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DANDRUFF IS INEXCUSABLE—



And now it is avoidable

PUT it up to yourself: could you honestly be attracted for any length of time to a person who had a case of loose dandruff?

This all too common condition is humiliating to the victim, and disgusting to everyone. The pity of it is that often many suffer needlessly.

Now loose dandruff is one of the easiest diseases to combat. If you have the slightest evidence of it, go after it immediately with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Here's how you do it: Simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength and massage thoroughly. Listerine softens dandruff, while massaging loosens it, and permits the tell-tale white flakes to be washed away.

Keep the treatment up for several days. Do it systematically. Except in the most stubborn cases, marked improvement is apparent almost at once.

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Paste—the dentifrice that
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time than ever before. The
price 25c for the large tube.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together



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*We called
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"Put her on
EAGLE BRAND"*

ANXIOUS days when no food would agree with this very new baby in the Lighthart family. Then the doctor's recommendation—Eagle Brand. And the relief, as "right away it agreed with her."

Her mother (Mrs. Arthur J. Lighthart, 5245 Myers Place, Inglewood, Cal.) writes, "June Alice has always been strong and done everything more quickly than her brother did." At one year she had 12 teeth.

If you cannot nurse your baby, try Eagle Brand—whole cow's milk modified with sugar. Digestible, nourishing, uniform.

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cautiously to the threshold and saw her mother lying on the bed, her face, with closed eyes, ghastly white in the full glow of the night lamp.

"Mom?" she called cautiously. Helen opened her eyes. Ellie went to the bedside: "It's one o'clock. I couldn't get back any earlier. It took two hours in the flivver."

Her mother looked at her with the vague, glazed gaze of a sleeper not fully awakened.

"I had a dandy time," said the girl, seating herself on the bed's edge. "I learned a fancy dive. I talked to a strange fella. He acted like a perfect gentleman. Was it all right, Mom?"

In Helen's white face, gradually the sunken eyes were becoming intent on her daughter—like the eyes of a deaf person striving to understand.

"I told him I'd meet him next Saturday—and to give me a ring. He's a dandy dancer, Mom. He's kinda old—I guess about twenty-seven or thirty. I don't just know how we came to speak . . . His name is John Westall . . . But Jimmy's mad . . . Let him! I don't care, either. . . . Mom, are you sleepy?"

Her mother's eyes remained intent on her child. She seemed to make an effort to say something, but there was only a quiver of the features.

"Darling! What's the matter?" asked Ellie. "You act doxy."

"Very tired," murmured Helen.

"You're sleepy. I'll turn out the light." She put her arms around her mother and kissed her; and Helen's arms clung to the girl's neck.

"Sleep soundly, Mom, darling," murmured the girl. Then she turned out the lamp; felt her way to her own room, began to undress in the dark, still excited by her day of pleasure, still thrilled by her first adventure.

"Heavens, I hope he'll remember to give me a ring next Saturday. I hope he sleeps soundly tonight and—doesn't forget what fun we had when he wakes."

Smilax awoke the girl at nine to say that breakfast was on the table and that there were two doctors and a trained nurse in her mother's room.

"What did the Doc say?" she inquired. But Smilax remained uncommunicative.

Ellie finished her breakfast, went to her bed-room and dressed. When she entered her mother's room the physicians had gone, and the stout, white-clad nurse sat by an open window, reading.

Ellie tiptoed to the bed; looked down at her mother.

"Your mother is asleep," remarked the nurse. Ellie went over to the window:

"What is the matter with my mother?" whispered the girl.

"Hasn't Dr. McCarty told you?"

"He said she has a growth, but it isn't a bad kind of growth . . ."

"Oh."

"He—he told me the truth, I suppose, about the growth, didn't he?" demanded Ellie.

The stout woman shook her head:

"I'm not a physician. You must talk to Dr. McCarty or Dr. Stein. They'll tell you what they have to tell."

In the morning Dr. McCarty had a brief talk with Ellie, and the girl learned then that her mother was very, very ill; that the "growth" did not behave like a "benign" growth; that an operation was not possible; that other treatment was being given; that the outlook was serious.

"But you are going to help Mom, aren't you?" she demanded of the doctor.

"Yes—help her," he said soothingly.

Ellie took one last, earnest look at herself in the glass, rose and ran to the window and looked out. Then she hastened to her mother's door, went in and lightly kissed the sleeper's hair, looked at Miss Wylie with a breathless smile, and stole away down three flights of hot, smelly stairs.

"How do you do?" she cried; "I am so pleased to see you—" and offered her gloved hand. She rested her hand on his arm and sprang into the seat. He got in on the other side, took the wheel; the golden-gray sport car slid away up the Grand Concourse.

"Well," he said, "this is very jolly, seeing you again."

BEATING WINGS

[Continued from page 68]

"I think so, too. Did you think I was fresh to call you up?"

"Not at all," he said laughing.

"Well—it was your office. Of course I wouldn't have rung up your home." That amused him still more: "Why not?"

She gave him a youthfully sophisticated glance and a dainty shrug:

"Not me," she said. "You might be married."

"Ah," he said, "I see. Well, a girl ought to be careful."

Ellie laughed her youthful, scornful laugh: "And I'll tell you some more. He's got to make good money, the guy I hitch with . . ."

He smiled: "What would you do with your time, Ellie?"

"I'd have a car and a house and more clothes and jewels than I needed! I'd go to shows; I'd dance. I'd go around the world."

"And then?"

"You mean I'd get tired of doing all this?"

"You certainly would. You'd want a change."

"Well, I'd study."

"Aha!" he exclaimed, "what would you study?"

"I don't know. Piano. Stage dancing. . . . And I like statues."

"Statues?"

"You know what I mean? Statues. Like that Lorelei fountain. Gosh, I'd like to learn how to make a statue. If I were rich I'd learn how. I'd make statues."

"You'd like to study sculpture?"

"Well, I guess that is what I mean. I don't suppose a girl could learn . . . But I can pinch a man's head out of a wad of chewing gum. You can laugh, but it looks like a man's head . . . Once I bought a little plaster statue from an Italian. It was Venus—you know? Well, I copied her."

"In clay?"

"No. Is that what they use? No; I made her out of dough. Now, you're laughing again!"

"No, I'm interested."

But she turned shy and silent as they drove on along quadruple rows of trees.

They were crossing the viaduct, now, near which Westall must park his car if they were going to do any walking.

"How do you feel about it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, please let us walk. I really do need it."

So the car was parked and side by side they walked forward into the Botanical Gardens.

Ellie, moving lightly beside Westall, a cool, lithe shape in her summer frock, indicated the conservatories with a careless gesture:

"When I was a kid they looked like crystal castles to me. I used to run wild around here—run my legs off . . . A crowd of crazy kids—no sense—just running and yelling all day long . . . The grass feels good to your feet, doesn't it? It smells swell, too."

"Yes," he said amiably, "it has a swell smell."

After a moment she looked up at him, cleverly suspicious, and detected malice in his gravity.

"A swell smell," she repeated; "that wasn't the way to say it. I talk along too much. The trouble is I don't know the kind of words you know . . . I wish to Heaven I had somebody to call the turn on me when I talk wrong."

"Do you want me to?"

"Would you—every time I make a bum break?"

"If you like."

"I'd be awfully grateful," she said with an enchanting smile.

The girl seated herself on a bank of wild grasses and invited him with a glance. Then she slipped off one shoe, extracted a pebble, replaced it.

"Here's where I used to come all alone and sit, sometimes . . . and look at the water . . . Kids are queer. They do a lot of dreaming sometimes."

"About what?" he asked.

"Gosh—I don't know. I used to like to sit here by myself and just look and listen . . . I felt like I was in church—"

"Felt as though," he corrected her, smilingly.

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed, gratefully. "It's mighty kind of you, but I'm afraid it's a lot of trouble—"

"I'm going to send you a book or two on correct English . . . If you'll promise to study a little."

"Oh, I will!"

She gave him a rather searching look.

"If you're married," she said, "you don't act like—act as though you are." . . . He laughed. But her eyes still questioned.

"Do you really want to know?" he asked.

"If you think it's all right to tell me. I'd certainly like to know whether you are married . . . But you don't have to tell me—"

"Why don't I have to?"

"—As long as you act the way you act—like a gentleman—"

"You're such a funny combination."

"Why?"—defiantly.

"Theoretically sophisticated, and practically innocent."

"Well, I'm not afraid of you," she decided. . . . "Do you really want to send me those books?"

"I do."

"All right. I'll study like the dickens. . . . Gosh, there's so much to know—"

She shrugged: "Oh, gee, what's the use!"

She sprang to her feet; and when he rose, she slipped her arm through his—an unpremeditated confidence. Perhaps something germinating, instinctive toward support.

They sauntered on along the Bronx. Once he pointed out to her a big snapping turtle basking on some bleached driftwood. Once she paused to watch some boys sporting in the river where grassy banks led down through clumps of willow and aspen.

Moving on, presently, she said: "Kids are pretty . . . If I ever learned how to make a statue I'd copy one of those little boys. They're so cute . . . That Lorelei fountain is sw—pretty, too. Once I took some dough when Smilax was baking—that's our cook—and I tried to remember how the Lorelei looked, and I made me a statue . . . Smilax baked it afterward, and I ate it."

"I'll send you some plasticine for you to play with," he promised. Ellie appeared enchanted; then doubtful, glanced askance at him out of slanting, clever eyes.

"Well?" he inquired, aware of the intermittent scrutiny.

"I'm wondering," she said carelessly; "—you don't have to buy me all those things. Why do you? As soon as I mention something, you say you'll send me a sample—"

He laughed: "Well, if you wanted it—"

After a few moments walking she looked up at him with a lovely childish expression:

"I thought you liked me a little—down there at Villy's."

She amused him immensely: "And, how about you?" he inquired.

"You mean, did I like you?"

He nodded.

She said: "I called you up, didn't I? Well, then."

"What do you find likable about me?"

He had become curious concerning the mental and emotional processes of this young middle-class girl with her lovely, over-painted face, her pretty figure, and her jumbled stock of innocence and sophistication so naively unconcealed.

"Well—I guess you know. You're good looking." She gave him one of her clever, hardy glances . . . "And the way you swim and dance makes you popular with me . . . And I like the way you talk . . . I want to tell you something—"

As she hesitated he said: "Go ahead!"

"I don't know how to explain . . . Going this way with you—well, it peeps me up . . . Exciting. You make me want to start something . . . I'm on tip-toe with you . . . You know what I mean? I want to kick into something . . . The way you feel when you hear a good jazz band . . . Ambitious . . . Do you get me? Well, going with you makes me want to get busy . . . Snap into it . . . Darn it all, I don't know how to tell you—"

She ended in disgust at her lack of vocabulary.

"You mean," he

[Turn to page 74]

Keep FILM Off Your Teeth

—The Supreme Dental Urge of Today in
Combating Tooth and Gum Troubles, and
in Correcting Dull, "Off-Color" Teeth

*Thus the price of teeth like pearls, is
regular film removal in this way*

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free



Removing film on teeth is accorded high importance by the modern dentist.
So Pepsodent is chosen for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.



Modern dentists regard this
new way as of first importance

NOW dental authorities point to a viscous film that forms on teeth as the chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums. To a stubborn film ordinary brushing will not successfully combat.

As a result, on dental advice, the tooth cleansing habits of people everywhere are largely being changed.

Methods considered right yesterday are judged inadequate today. Modern dental science has made important new advancements. Findings that mean much in dental prophylaxis.

WHAT FILM IS—

ITS EFFECT ON TEETH AND GUMS

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved

by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

CURDLES AND REMOVES FILM— FIRMS THE GUMS

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then removes it in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva.

Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those contained in Pepsodent.

PLEASE ACCEPT PEPSODENT TEST

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.



The charm of smiles depends on sparkling teeth, and for those Pepsodent can be counted on invariably.

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Only one tube to a family 2450

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Orange and Pineapple Salad

(Several Helpings)

- 3 Sunkist Oranges,
- 6 Slices canned pineapple,
- 6 Maraschino cherries,
- Lettuce,
- Mayonnaise.

Peel oranges and remove all white skin. Cut into one-fourth inch slices. Cut slices of pineapple into fourths. Combine with orange slices and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, heap in salad bowl lined with head lettuce, top with mayonnaise and garnish with quartered Maraschino cherries.



California Oranges
-- Richest Juice
-- Finest Flavor

Yes - There Are Different "Types" of Oranges

California Oranges are featured by a dainty inner texture from which you get the "tender cuts of orange"—which are as attractive and desirable on your table as the tender cuts of meat that you select

YOU will notice that, if you have been ordering simply "oranges" heretofore and will add the designation, "California," henceforth.

It's an easy thing to think of and it brings you good results. Just try it enough times to give you ample proof.

That proof will be delightful in your salads and desserts and breakfast dishes.

You'll have glistening, thin slices or whole, firm segments that a fork or spoon will cut through easily.

Particularly delicate and especially

appropriate when you entertain. Highly preferable also for your daily home use, since these oranges cost no more than ordinary kinds.

You can get a luscious, tender orange everytime by specifying California fruit.

Say, "California Sunkist" and you'll do still better, because "Sunkist" is a brand embracing the finer grades of California Oranges which are set aside from the California crops by experts. These oranges are uniformly good.

To make it easy of identification every

Sunkist Orange is now trade-marked "Sunkist" directly on the skin and on the wrapper. Thus you may be sure of always getting genuine Sunkist.

Serve these oranges frequently for everybody's benefit—for their appetizing and digestive salts and acids and their valuable vitamins.

Mail coupon below with stamps or money order as indicated for handy Sunkist Reamer. Ask us also to send copy of our free book, "Sunkist Recipes."



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Uniformly Good

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Ask your dealer for the new special Sunkist Orange and Lemon Reamer—50c in U.S., 65c in Canada. If not at your store send money order or stamps direct to us and we'll send it by parcel post.

Made of snow-white glass. Looks like china. Extracts more juice easier, holds more (nearly a pint). Has higher cone, sharper ridges—a few twists gets all the juice. Cone shaped for both oranges and lemons, so equally good for both. No square corners, easily cleaned with running water. Improved handle makes holding and pouring easy. Best ever designed. Thousands being sold. Get yours while they last. Use coupon on this page.



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NAME
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A DINNER AND A HALF AT A TIME

[Continued from page 43]

DINNER 5

Baked Ham Apples in Sirup
Baked Sweet Potatoes String Beans
Coffee Ice-Box Cake Mints

DINNER 6

Cream-of-Tomato Soup
Cold Baked Ham Glacéd Sweet Potatoes
String Bean Salad
Coddled Apples Stuffed with
Dates and Nuts

The time saved here was in the one preparation of potatoes and apples for the two dinners and in the cooking of sufficient string beans to serve as a salad on the second day. Enough sweet potatoes were prepared for baking so that part could be put aside when not quite done to be used for Glacéd Sweet Potatoes the next day. Plenty of apples were cooked to give the dessert for the second day with simply the addition of dates and nuts for filling. Cream-of-Tomato Soup was chosen for the second dinner because it added a vegetable in addition to the salad. It could be prepared from canned tomato soup with the addition of milk and it took only a moment of time.

Here are some recipes used in the preparation of these dinners.

SWISS STEAK WITH VEGETABLES

1 large flank steak ½ onion, sliced
Salt 1 cup cooked or
Pepper 1 canned tomato
Flour 1 cup water
2 tablespoons short- 1 cup diced carrots
ening 1 cup finely cut celery

Add salt and pepper to flour and rub it thoroughly into the meat. Brown meat in hot shortening in frying-pan. Add onion, tomato and water and carrots and celery. Other vegetables such as chopped green pepper may be added. Or more of each kind of vegetable may be added. Cover closely and simmer for 2 hours.

SAVORY RICE

2/3 cup rice 1 tablespoon Chili
Ground meat and Sauce
vegetables ½ teaspoon Worces-
Salt to taste tershire sauce

Boil rice in a large quantity of boiling salted water. Grind left-over flank steak and vegetables. Add to rice with seasonings. Mix and put into a casserole. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) 20 minutes.

SEASONED SALAD DRESSING

½ cup mayonnaise or 1 tablespoon finely cut
cooked dressing olive or pickle
½ hard-cooked egg ¼ teaspoon Worces-
2 tablespoons Chili tershire sauce
sauce

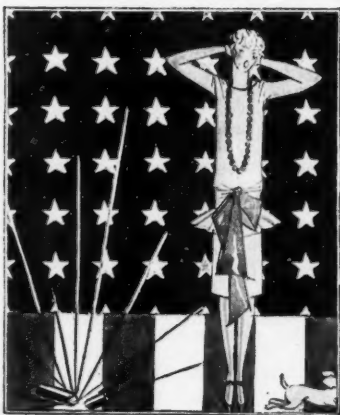
Cut egg in small pieces. Add to dressing with seasonings. Serve with lettuce.

ICE-BOX CAKE

2½ dozen ladyfingers 4 egg yolks
2 squares chocolate 1 cup butter, unsalted
½ cup granulated 1 cup powdered sugar
sugar 4 egg whites
¼ cup water 1 cup whipped cream

Separate ladyfingers and line bottom and sides of mold with them. Put chocolate, granulated sugar and water into double boiler. When mixture is smooth add well-beaten egg yolks very gradually. Cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and cool. If butter is salted remove salt by working it with water, then cream butter with powdered sugar. Add egg mixture then stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour mixture into lined mold, then cover with a layer of lady fingers. Put in ice-box and let stand 24 hours. When ready to serve, remove to platter and cover with sweetened whipped cream. Makes eight servings.

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clean, wet hair fair-
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you pull it through
your fingers.

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See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

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While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the

hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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Two or three teaspoonfuls makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

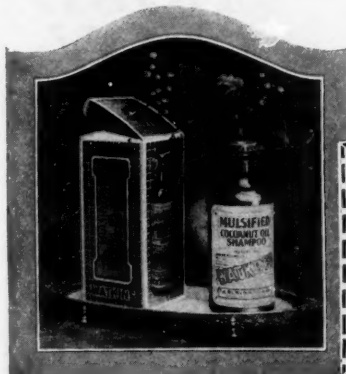
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BEATING WINGS

[Continued from page 70]

suggested, "that I seem to stimulate you mentally."

"Oh gosh!" She sighed. "How easy! You've sure got to know your own language. Stimulate, mentally! Why the dickens can't I talk that way! . . . Will you send me those books? Will you, please, Mr. Westall?"

He promised. They turned and started to retrace their path; and she took his arm again with a defiant confidence in him, now that she was ready to accept things from him.

They came out of the grassy valley, traversed the groves, crossed the drive, walked toward the flower-beds by the conservatories, and made their way back to his car.

When Ellie entered her apartment, Miss Wylie stepped noiselessly out of the shadows; took her slim, gloved hand; led her aside into her own bedroom.

"Dear," she said gently, "Dr. McCarty has just left . . . He wishes me to tell you something . . . You must try to be very brave—" She put both arms around the girl: "I want you to summon all the courage you have—"

THERE were a dozen people at the funeral. The Honorable Thomas Barrett, the Lessing family's lawyer, escorted Ellie, dazed, confused and nearly suffocated by her veil; supported her, patted her black gloved hand when advisable.

In his florid, kindly manner, pedantically emphatic by reason of much public speaking, he assured her that her father had been "a grand man," and that her mother had been "a lay-dy—leastways that was her r-repu-tayshun."

It was a long, hot, dusty drive in hired automobiles to the cemetery. The return journey under a blazing July sun seemed interminable.

Dr. McCarty, the Honorable Tom Barrett, and George Considine, one of her father's friends, ascended to the Lessing apartment with Ellie, where Smilax and Rosie had remained after the services to prepare a one o'clock dinner.

Ellie went into her mother's room. The desolate, sunlit silence terrified her. She knelt by the bed, cried noiselessly for a while, then got up and went into her own bedroom to take off the hot black emblems of mourning and bathe her swollen eyes and lips.

As Dr. McCarty was going, Ellie started to rise, but he gently forced her back:

"Judge Barrett wants to talk to you after dinner. I'll stop in this evening. Cheer up, Ellie; God needed your mother. She's on her way to your father, now. She's all right—" He kissed her pallid cheek: "—She'll be safe and happy now, God bless her—" He kissed the child again: "—Don't worry; we'll stand by you—" He seized his hat and went out in a hurry.

Ellie held her handkerchief to her eyes for a while, then resumed her steak and potatoes.

Tom Barrett, "Judge" by courtesy, made conversation.

"Judge," said Considine, "how about a little snifter?"

"Why not?" returned the "Judge," gravely.

He and Barrett lighted cigars. He said to Barrett: "I never saw Harry Lessing smoke anything but cigarettes. You remember?"

Barrett nodded.

After a silence: "He was all white," remarked Considine; "they don't make 'em any whiter . . ." To Ellie: "Your father was all to the good. By Jove, there wasn't a crooked hair on his head. Am I right, Tom?"

"You said something . . . All racing men will say that much for Harry Lessing. And that's going some."

Presently George Considine rose. "Ellie," he said, "when you're lonely, come and stay with me. I've got a floor on top of my house. Judge Barrett will tell you—"

He held out a carefully cared for, highly colored hand:

"Your father and mother were my friends. That means you, too."

"Thank you, Mr. Considine."

He shook her hand gravely, shook

hands with Tom Barrett, and walked away.

WHEN Judge Barrett had gone over Helen's papers with Ellie the girl's situation became clear enough. When all debts were settled there would remain nothing except the income from the trust fund established by Harry Lessing. Twelve hundred dollars a year.

"I'll look for a position tomorrow," said Ellie.

"Take your time. George Considine and I can let you have—"

"No. I want a position. I need to be busy. You're very kind, Judge Barrett, but I must occupy my mind and start to support myself. Will you see about subletting this apartment?"

"All right, Ellie; all right," he said soothingly. "You do just what you want to do. I'll fix up things for you. You stop in to see me at my office tomorrow—"

They stood up; he put one arm around her and patted her shoulders:

"You're a good girl, Ellie. You come to me when anything worries you . . . There, there, you'll feel better when you have a good sleep—"

All that afternoon she lay on her bed, sleeping and weeping alternately, unable to comprehend—to reconcile herself to what had happened.

About six o'clock she fell into a deeper sleep. Smilax sent Rosie to ask her what she wished for supper, but Rosie hesitated to arouse her.

"Ma said for me to stay tonight if you feel lonely," she informed Ellie. "I can sleep on your sofa and get breakfast in the mornin'."

Ellie nodded: "I'd be very glad to have you, Rosie—" She choked, bowed her bobbed head in her hands.

Rosie hovered over her; ventured to touch her—caress her hot temples, her hair.

"I think I'll go to bed," said Ellie. "If you're going to fix yourself a place on the sofa I'd better show you where the bed clothes are—"

When her sofa-bed was made she turned down the sheets on Ellie's bed, and, smiling in her shy, friendly way, began to undress Ellie with all the natural skill of a capable maid.

"I'd like to be a lady's maid," said Rosie. "I'd like to work for you, Miss Ellie."

Ellie smiled faintly: "When I'm rich I'll want you."

Rosie, kneeling to gather the shoes and stockings, looked up earnestly: "I hope you won't forget me?"

"I won't."

"I know how to make you comfortable . . . You going to take a hot bath, Miss Ellie?"

"Are you going to turn on the water?"

"Yes, if you want—"

After her bath she felt better; lay on her pillows watching Rosie undress, reassured by the girl's extreme neatness of clothing and cleanliness of person.

Rosie's dazzling smile transfigured her.

"You've got an awfully pretty figure," said Ellie. "I wish I knew how . . ."

I'd like to make a statue of you, teaching a parrot to talk—you know?—this way—"

She held up one finger as though admonishing an imaginary parrot balanced on the other wrist. "Do you know what I'd call my statue?"

"I don't know, Miss Ellie—"

"I'd call it 'Africa.' I know what I mean by that, too—" with an odd flash of insight—"I wouldn't mean just because you are a colored girl and came from Africa—or your ancestors did . . ."

Well, I'll get a job first, and then maybe I'll be able to learn how to make a statue. . . . In primary school we made things out of modelling clay . . . I learned how to make an apple, a pear and a peach. That's all they taught us . . ."

She yawned, lying on her pillow.

"Shall I turn off the light, Miss Ellie?" inquired Rosie.

"Yes, I'm sleepy—" She yawned again, and again after the little bedroom was wrapped in darkness.

"Good-night," she said drowsily.

She fell asleep in a few moments.

Rosie lay awake listening to her breathing.

[Continued in AUGUST McCall's]

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

Treaties with foreign states will be made on his behalf "For Great Britain and Northern Ireland and all the parts of the British Empire which are not separate members of the League of Nations." The King will not be asked by the British Government to act on matters other than those relating to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Crown Colonies. As to the Dominions, he will act upon the advice of

their governments.

In many ways the British are irritatingly slow in meeting modern conditions, but in matters relating to government they are the leaders in human progress. And in no instance, unless we hark back to Magna Carta, have they lifted higher the torch of Liberty than they did last Autumn in London when there was born a new and greater British Commonwealth.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

diques and sects of traditional creed and custom."

Dr. Roberts pleads for an advance toward the wide fraternal fellowship of Jesus: "Dissent has always been the growing point of society. Our most cherished liberties were won by rebellion; our dearest religious orthodoxies were once heresies. The society which is intolerant of dissent is signing its own death warrant; if it

is incapable of dissent it is already dead."

These are solemn and true words, attested by the tragic facts of history, and they were never more needed than today. Let us be thankful for a prophet-preacher who rebukes our pitiful petty-mindedness, and tells that the God of the outsider is greater and more worthy of worship than a little god who is small enough to be shut up in a narrow creed.

ART OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

balconies whose wrought-iron grilles picture fantastic images of angels or of goblins.

These old houses are beautiful, because so much life and so much love have gone into their making—and have abided with them. That shutter is not one of a thousand made in a factory in an eight-hour day. Some old fellow worked on it for a week; and while he worked he dreamed, and there—in that color, in that gay scroll-work—lives his dream. The statue of the Archangel above the center lintel—the man who made it was well aware of his immortal soul: he praised God as he worked, and he hoped by working well to get a little nearer Heaven. Also, as he worked, he was thinking of his Liselotte, and of how she loved him, and how they would get married as soon as the good Baron paid him for his Archangel. That old sculptor is nameless and long since dust; and doubtless when he got his Liselotte she turned out a scold and grew fat—no matter. There on that door lintel is the best of the man: his love, his faith. And when we look at it, although we do not think of him, we become filled with his spirit, and what we feel is beauty.

Literally, the modern dwellers of these old world towns are surrounded by what was best and noblest and most worth survival, in the lives of their forefathers. Is it a wonder that they strive to create beauty, also?

But some of the sons and daughters of these old world towns left all this mellow beauty, and came to America: and we are their sons and daughters. We built new towns, which can have no such beauty, because they have no such life as went into the creating of the old towns of Europe.

There was a time when European towns were young—and were ugly, also. A thousand years ago, what would I have found in Heidelberg? A lot of barbarians in mud-huts, throwing their refuse into the lovely river. It took ages of suffering, of building, of dreaming, to make these mellow streets . . . And now, you see what I am driving at? Perhaps we don't throw refuse into our rivers. Yet, our factory towns in a way are just as primitive and ugly as were the towns of Europe, ten centuries ago. Like them, in our own way, we are beginners too. Our fair "new-world" towns—expressions of our dreams and aspirations—are still to be built.

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

[Continued from page 28]

them feel that "Comstockery" really implies much more than its namesake admitted, and when the question of an official censorship is raised many find themselves sorely perplexed and reluctant either to support or oppose such a measure.

This question of censorship is raised periodically. Lately it has come up again with respect to certain plays in New York and certain books and magazines in Boston. It is very difficult to discover a way out. Many intelligent people say that the wisest thing is to let each community have what it demands. But public taste varies. Plays permitted in New York cannot be produced in Boston without revision. Books banned in Boston are considered innocent in New York. Both books and plays held "moral" in Boston and New York may turn out to be "immoral" in Kansas City.

Few of us, however, can pause to take such considerations into account in the present situation. The most tasteless plays can reach but a tiny portion of the people, but the immense mass of pornographic magazines and tabloids has become

almost impossible to ignore.

Yet even here I do not know that censorship is the answer. The young people of today seem singularly free from obscenity; they have talked and lived more frankly, openly, and healthily than many of their elders. And they are subjected to worse things than suggestive plays or books. They can scarcely go to a "movie" or buy a newspaper without finding themselves immersed in a highly-colored presentation of the sex problem. It is a hopeful sign that they can be as healthily realistic as they are after being fed this cheap unreality.

The matter appears to me one in which "Comstockery" is inadequate, in which a cynical wisdom is probably unwise, and yet in which a do-nothing policy is cruelly blind. I think education is the answer. It is slow, but the only effective method in the end.

Parents and teachers can by honesty, tact, and the cultivation of good taste bring up a generation which will not seek either the salacity of vulgar plays or the unreal romanticism of sentimental novelists or newspaper reporters.

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

are well represented by Karl Dale, Harry Carey and Warner Richmond.

Slide, Kelly, Slide was directed by Edward Sedgwick from a scenario by A. P. Younger, both of whom deserve credit for a picture that might easily have been oversentimentalized, or overgagged,

or artificially heroic.

Also recommended: *The Rough Riders*, *Chang*, *Tell It to the Marines*, *Old Ironsides*, *What Price Glory*, *Stark Love*, *The Fire Brigade*, *Beau Geste*, *The Big Parade*, and *The Scarlet Letter*.

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SAPOLIO



THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

velopment. Beginning with a religious kingship, supported by priests and nobles, each one of these nine cultures has passed through a period of feudalism under the control of the nobles, has reverted to nationalism by combining the support of nobles and peasantry, has become revolutionary and tended to disintegrate under pressure from the mobs of big cities, has finally taken on the fixed form of a purely military and economic dictatorship,

such as Caesar established in Rome, and has finally—after a life-period of about fifteen hundred years—sunk into quiescence and unimportance. We of the West—and the West includes both Europe and America—are now, according to this theory, entering upon the last phase of Caesarism and Imperialism, which, in Spengler's view, is alone civilization, or if you prefer standardization, as opposed to living and growing culture.

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 24]

ten pianos and their presiding pianists; six xylophones, two bass drums, a set of electric bells, a mechanical piano attached to a loud-speaker, with Mr. Anthell to work it; an aeroplane propeller; an apparatus producing a sound somewhat similar to the feeling of a dentist's drill; a fire-engine siren, and other articles Eugene Goossens, the brilliant conductor of the Rochester Orchestra, stepped upon the podium and raised his baton. And the fun began.

The pianists thumped, Mr. Anthell pumped, the xylophones rattled, the siren wailed, the bass drums boomed, the elec-

tric bells jingled, the dentist's drill ground into a nerve, the siren howled. The total effect was an admirable imitation of a busy morning in a street inhabited, say, by a boiler works, a steam rivetting plant, and a fire company. Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen, and still the performers kept manfully at it. After twenty minutes the noises on the stage stopped, and everybody went home. The concert was over.

There are two possible conclusions to draw, concerning Mr. Anthell. Either he is joking or he is serious. If he is joking, he is not quite funny enough; if he is serious—oh, but he couldn't be!

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 24]

It amuses Boyd to begin his novel in the inevitable pattern of high romance. *James Fraser* is struck with the beauty of *Stewart Prevost*, who is the daughter of a great plantation. *James*, in his new store suit with his fiddle under his arm, dares to call upon the young lady. *Colonel Prevost*, flower of the Carolinian chivalry thereabouts, courteously lets the young *Fraser* bumpkin know that his daughter may be courted only by the sons of the great plantations. It would be the obvious thing for *James Fraser* to come home a colonel, miraculously made a gentleman himself, to wed the lovely *Stewart* and succeed to mastery of the plantation.

But the *James Fraser of Marching On*, as the novelist is at pains to show you, is a far more interesting piece of human material than the *Prevost* clan. *James* and his companions of the *Rifles*, fighting the Yanks who would free the Negroes, are in reality freeing themselves. The last of the great class divisions in American de-

mocracy gave way at Appomattox. *James Fraser* and his fellow farmhands, and not the alien black men of the Piedmont plateau, were freed by that war.

Thus *James Boyd* the novelist prepares his thesis in the character of *James Fraser* the hero, and makes his book charming and tender and gentle with the spirit of the lad himself. *Marching On* is studded with veritable characterizations, from the farmer *Colonel* of the regiment to the lowest rural wit in ranks. There is nothing in the book in sympathy with the old school of American historical fiction. *Marching On* sticks close to the soil. The love story itself is a detached thing, for *Boyd's* real love is centered upon the colors and sounds of the South, the manners and speech of the day, the pleasures and follies of a lost age.

Marching On—By *James Boyd*. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

JOLESARI

[Continued from page 11]

for departure, as soon as the man from Mesamitti should arrive.

They dined early, and after sat on the verandah in that eerie violet afterglow. Dick sat silent for a long time, peering into the gloaming. At last he said, in a still and distant voice, "So this is the end of India for me? 'Twill be strange to leave it all, and not come back . . . It's been my life so long. I've . . . loved it, too . . . yet . . . yet . . . I'm glad I'm going. It's time. Just so long . . . then it gets a man and he sinks into the slough of Asia. There's a border line here. But as time goes on it blurs. You notice it less and less, till one day you step over . . . You never come back."

Ramswami came with coffee, and they sat silent till he was gone.

"That first step is the last—always," Dick said. "I almost took it . . ."

He sipped his coffee, then looked up, tasting it with his tongue.

"Your coffee all right, dear? Mine seems a bit off . . ."

"Splendid again. Queer. Must have a touch of fever." He drank it off, then sat silent long.

"There's something I'd like to tell you, Chloe, now . . . now that . . ." His head drooped and he jerked it upright, knuckling his eyes. "Excuse me, dear, I'm most infernally drowsy. What was I saying? Oh, yes . . . want . . . to tell . . . you . . . 'bout . . . how . . . you . . . came . . . in . . . time . . ."

Dick keeled slowly forward till his face was on his knees, breathing stentoriously.

She fell on her knees, raising his head, and looked into his eyes. They were open

but lifeless—like a dead fish's.

"Dick!" she gasped. "Dick! Speak to me! Please, oh please, please speak to me . . ."

Then her throat seemed to close, and she went rigid.

Out of the purple gloaming there had crept a wave of that sweet-bitter fragrance that had haunted her.

She sprang up desperately, turning.

A brown-skinned, lissom native girl leaned on a pillar wreathed in jasmine.

The girl's black eyes went slowly from Chloe's bright head to her trim feet and back again.

Then, hand on hip, she moved toward her.

"Fear not for Dick sahib," she said in English, but with a quaint exotic twist.

"I made him sleep."

All Chloe's fears dissolved in fury.

"Who are you? What do you want here? Answer me!"

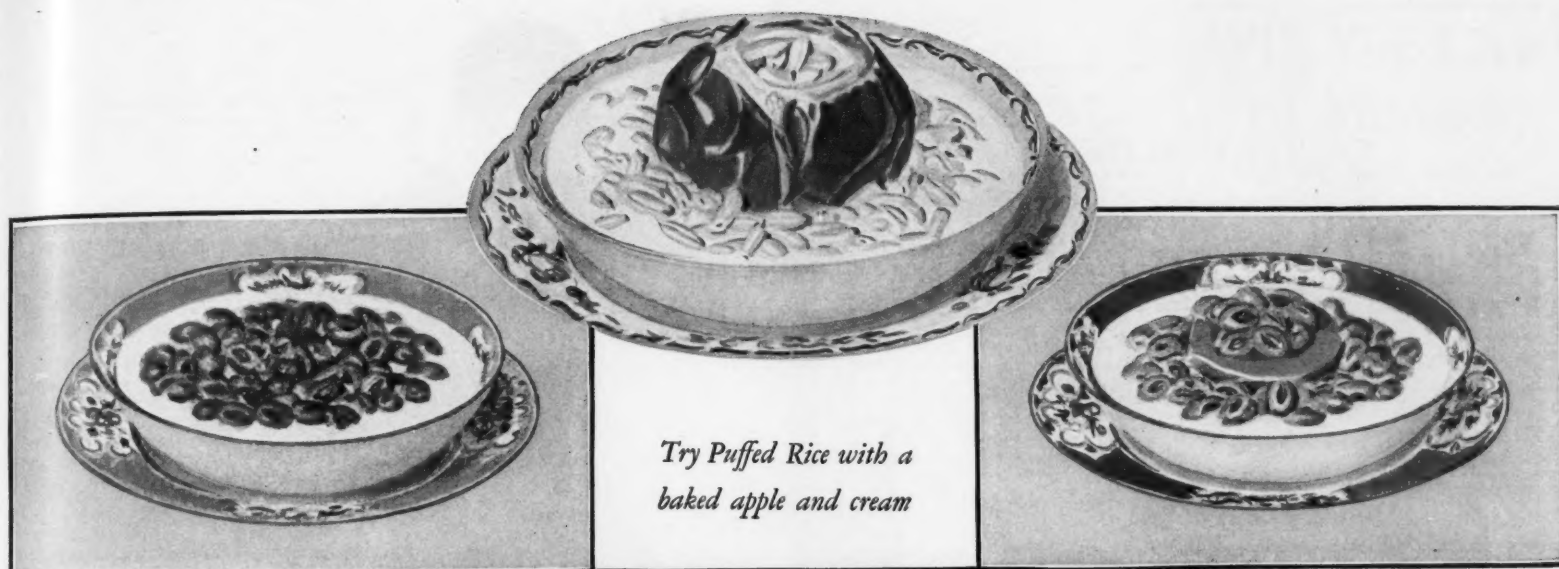
The girl's dark head went up with a gesture of shy pride.

"I am Jolesari. My father was Bisco sahib, who owned this *charbagan* till Dick sahib, bought it. Always Dick sahib and I played together, till I became a woman grown. Then he put me from him, saying that I must not come again to his house."

So that was what he had feared, the fatal step across that murky borderline.

The eyes of Jolesari flashed, and her glittering hand went to her waist.

"Surely, surely he would have loved me . . . but he went away, and you bewitched him." Her voice grew scornful. "You, with your cold ways. Oh, I have watched you nights and nights [Turn to page 79]



Try Puffed Rice with a baked apple and cream

Toast Puffed Wheat, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon . . . then serve with cream or rich milk



With fruit, either fresh or preserved, Puffed Wheat combines variety with the elements you need

A BREAKFAST CHANGE

That Supplants Morning Frowns with Morning Smiles

These toasty grains prove food "that's good for you" can be alluringly delicious, too

WHEN breakfast fails to entice you, don't always blame your appetite. Try changing your breakfast. A poor breakfast appetite, dieticians now tell us, is most often an appetite that needs only a touch of variety in food to re-enliven it.

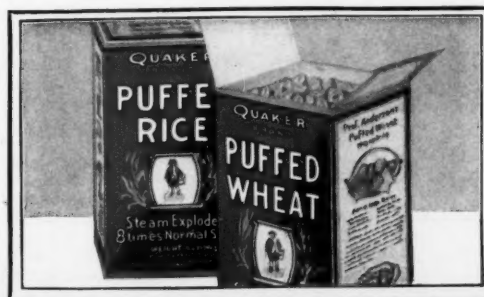
The old idea was to force the appetite into accepting needed foods. The new idea is to tempt it by serving something "different," something unique and totally unlike the ordinary dishes.

Try this, and you'll be surprised at the difference in your own acceptance of breakfast and your children's.

Grain foods that supply the great adventure of variety

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. There is no other breakfast delight quite like them. They're different from any other known—alluringly, wonderfully different.

They taste like toasted nutmeats; they tempt like confections. Children who resist ordinary cereals revel in their unique deliciousness. Each grain is steam puffed to 8 times its normal size; then oven



toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken in this process and digestion thus made easy.

Almost 20% bran—but you would never guess it

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam-exploded to fairy richness. Almost 20% is bran, but to eat it you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, minerals of wheat, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, steam-exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

Many delightful ways to serve

Serve with milk or cream or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tidbit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or, as a before-bed snack that will supply nourishment without imposing on the digestion.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

This Habit Pays Dividends

Of those you see in a dentist's waiting room only a very few are there of their own accord. The others are seeking relief from pain. As a simple health measure, let your dentist prevent trouble. It is easier than correction. See him every six months.



Pyorrhea's grim record is 4 out of 5

Too often the pursuit of pleasure and wealth gives way to a heart-breaking struggle for health. It is the price of neglect. And 4 out of 5 after forty (thousands younger) pay this toll. They sacrifice health to the enemy—Pyorrhea.

Stealthy in its attack and ruthless, Pyorrhea poison always wins if let alone. Forming at the base of teeth it seeps through the system. Health is ravaged. And very often it causes such serious troubles as rheumatism, neuritis, anemia, facial disfigurement and nervousness. A high price to pay for carelessness.

To Be The Lucky One
Never pit health against this foe

at such uneven odds. Provide protection. See your dentist at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, daily.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's for the Gums, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, safeguards precious health. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course. It firms gums and

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
... IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay and keeps them snowy white.

As a simple preventive measure that pays dividends in good health use Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll like the taste of Forhan's.

Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Forhan's is insurance against Pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of this serious trouble. At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



*We Make
This Promise*



Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. 35c and 60c, all druggists.

JOLESARI

[Continued from page 76]

from the lonely dark. I held a knife above your throat and dared not strike. You are bewitched, no spells nor prayers can touch you! Then I brought the priest of Nag, the serpent, that you might die, and none to blame. But even Nag's poison could not harm you! And now they say tomorrow my lord will leave the Valley with you, and not come back. Then would my heart wither! So I am come to kill you ere the light of my life goes out. Better the rope, than that my lord should go with you! The rest is with the gods!"

She whipped from her sari a dagger, crooked and bright and sinister, and took a long, slow step toward Chloe.

"Don't be a fool!" said Chloe practically. "Put that down!"

But Jolesari showed her teeth and took another step, and another, until Chloe had perforce to give ground.

So they moved, stealthily, till Chloe's back was to the dining table, and she could go no further.

The eyes of the brown girl gleamed, and her body was taut for the blow when at a clattering behind her she wheeled swiftly.

Livid and haggard, still stupefied from the drug, Dick swayed in the doorway. He reeled across, pushed her aside and put an arm round Chloe's shoulders, leaning heavily.

"You . . ." he said thickly. "What do you want here? Jolesari?"

At sight of him the rage left the girl.

Her sleek head, jewel-laden, drooped. Her lips quivered, and the dagger tinkled at her feet. She spread her hands before her with a little faltering gesture.

"Beloved, my heart dies . . . I cannot live without you . . . But for her you would have loved me . . ."

Dick's ears roared and his mouth was parched. He rubbed his blood-shot eyes with the back of his hand.

"You mustn't . . . say that, child. Go home . . ."

At once her eyes blazed. "She shall not take you!" Her brown arms darted to snatch up the dagger. But instead she checked, half stooping, and hung so, catching her breath in a long-drawn "Ahhhhhhhh" of fear. Then she straightened, her wide eyes glaring sideways.

Streaching across the floor toward them was the snake of the day before; four feet of scaly menace, thick and blunt, and banded with rings of red and black and cream in a dead thick pigment.

It was instantly between them. Then, becoming apparently for the first time aware of their presence, it coiled in a flash into a conical heap, topped by the swaying horror of its head; its back to Jolesari and its cold eyes glittering on Dick with Chloe in his arms.

The three stood petrified, in an utter hush but for the "clink" of Jolesari's dangling jewels and the "sptt-sssss, sptt-sptt-sptt-sssss" of the gaudy death between them.

The poised cream head went slowly forth and back, as though it measured for the stroke; and sometimes it pointed at the wide-eyed Chloe, and sometimes at the glaring Dick. Each forward swaying of that certain death might be the last. The slightest move would draw the stroke. To and fro it went, like eternity's time-piece, ticking out Fate. Death . . . Life. Death . . . Life. Death . . . Life . . .

Watching, the passions came and went in Jolesari's soft brown face. The krite would strike, she knew that well; but which—the man she worshipped or the woman who would take him from her?

Then the hissing grew to a continuous splutter. The head stopped swaying. Back, back it went! Jolesari knew the sign. It was the stroke, the end . . .

With a single movement she flung herself upon the snake!

There was a whirl of sleek brown limbs and golden ornaments, through which there thrashed the krite's bright body, cream and black and terra-cotta.

Part of it writhed, free from Jolesari's close embrace, the ugly head flung back and then drove vindictively at her brown shoulder, striking there with a fleshy thud. Once! Twice!

Then a tall vase of Benares brass in Dick's mad hand swept down and almost cut the snake in two. But it was too late—

Jolesari lay silent, gorgeous in her robes like some great broken butterfly.

EVERY MAN A TRADE AND A FARM

[Continued from page 5]

made me feel that, whatever else Henry Ford might be, inventor, organizer, manufacturer, his real motive power was love of the soil.

"When this time of year comes," he went on, "every man wants to get back to the soil, for a man realizes, if he understands the restlessness which seizes him, that it is the earth which calls him. Man was made to work in the soil. Industry wrongs him when it forces him to spend all his days in a factory, shop, a mine or at a desk. Besides, if we could combine the trade and the farm we could take up the slacks which are so bad now for both. Farming has its dull seasons—men just sit around. The factory has its dull times—men out of work, lying around, bad for them. There ought to be an exchange and could be. We are wrongly organized. We've got away from the early American idea!"

When Henry Ford announced to me twelve years ago this ideal of his, so disconcerting to the ideal of an orderly industrial machine, that he did not believe in the all-factory for men any more than he believed in the all-farm, that somehow the two should be combined, I had my first convincing glimpse of a possible future return to the industrial practice of Early America.

"But how, Mr. Ford, can it be done?" "Easy enough. It is just as I have told you. Factory work is seasonal, so is farming. Neither are all-the-year jobs. All of the farms in Michigan could, if they would, work out an exchange with all of the manufacturers."

Well! As I have said, that was twelve years ago. Look up Henry Ford now and ask what he thinks of combining the trade and the farm. You find him in a material world, vastly different. That one factory which then covered perhaps twenty acres, now fills all the space available in the neighborhood. And where there were eighteen thousand men at work in 1915, there are now between forty and fifty thousand. But this factory is but one of many, but one of a long chain of industries.

Nor do you find Henry Ford in the offices where you looked for him twelve years ago—unless occasionally and accidentally. His headquarters have shifted with the spreading of his undertakings, not to the city where men at the head of great business usually go. No, true to his instinct—he has taken the heart and head of his enterprise to the country.

Henry Ford was born on a farm some fifteen miles from the city of Detroit and near to the little town of Dearborn. The

farm with its comfortable house he owns, and to it he has added acres upon acres—some twelve thousand in all. In this tract is his home, a country home, with a great park about it and not far away—so near that he can reach it on foot by a shady path through the woods—are the offices and laboratory, low wide-spreading building, surrounded by broad lawns and broader fields.

It is in and out of these offices that Henry Ford floats at his own will, a true industrial will-o'-the-wisp. He has an office of his own, but you do not look there for him. You look where things are doing—where men are experimenting, failing, succeeding, building. He drops in as he feels the need of knowing the point they have reached, suggesting notions that have come to him as he roams about.

Here is a man, the head of a huge organization, that has never been trapped by it. He regards it as his servant evidently, a thing to work out ideas, ideals, hunches, notions. One result of this freedom is that if you want to see him you must catch him "on the wing" so to speak. "How can I make an engagement for such and such a day?" Henry Ford will tell his besieged and beseeching secretaries.

But when an idea or an ideal is not driving him too hard Henry Ford is kindly, generous, and the kindly people all about him finally engineer you to his presence. He has changed little in the twelve years in all the essentials. Older, yes, but still wiry, still like steel, not an ounce of surplus flesh and most important, there is the same luminous look in his eye, the same sudden bursts of enthusiasm, the boyish laugh of appreciation.

Twelve years has not changed Henry Ford but it may have changed many of his ideas. He laughed when I told him that I wanted to test the persistency of his ideas. "You will have to tell me what they are," he said.

"Do you still believe as you did twelve years ago that men and women should divide their time between farm and factory and that it could be done to everybody's advantage?"

"All-factory life is a mistake, so is all-farm life," he said promptly. "It is getting away from what nature intended, what man needs. The exchange will come. Everything that is right comes at last. One trouble is the farmer does not see it. Most farmers are like setting hens—won't budge—look on life as a location, not a journey. They will come to it in time. The farmer's noble business is to feed the world. He knows it and even the

poorest of them cannot be made to strike, to refuse to put in crops. They have known so long that it is they who stand between the world and starvation that they will not as a class be responsible for limiting food. Gradually they will come to see that they not only can feed, but that they can make food abundant, cheap. Why! see what we have been able to do, trying alone to work out this idea, not only doing it alone, but doing it under a continual fire of contemptuous criticism. We have shown what can be done, and we have done it by combining with the factory.

"A few years ago we decided to put something like four hundred acres over there along the road into wheat, and what did we do? We went to the factory for farmers. We keep a card catalogue of our men. It tells us what they did before they came to us. 'Nobody from outside' is our slogan and we've never failed to find on a machine the man we needed. It is our duty, part of our business, to help develop men. We chose seventy-two, put them on tractors and set them to plow the four hundred acres. In twenty-four hours it was plowed and planted. I remember that as they were at work a group of farmers passed going into Detroit. They stopped and studied what we were doing. It seemed to look dubious to them. 'When we get back we will stop,' they told us in reply to our invitation to come in and see what was doing. A few hours later they came back. Everything in sight had been plowed and planted. The tractors and their workers were four miles away."

I was curious about that four hundred acres of wheat. "What do you do with it when it is harvested, Mr. Ford, where do you sell it?"

He looked at me a little reproachfully. "Sell it? Why, sell it to our own people, of course. Not a pound of it went into wheat speculation. Look over there. There are our elevators and mills."

"We make flour there, good flour, out of the wheat we raise. All the flour we make, like all the potatoes we raise, all the apples we pick, thousands and thousands of bushels and barrels of them, the oranges we raise in Florida, we sell direct to our own people. The only trouble is we cannot get enough to supply them, but we shall in time."

This was all news to me. "How do you get it to them?" "Well," said Mr. Ford, "that is one of our latest undertakings. I do not know where it is going. We have groceries at the factories, in the lumber camps, at the mines; [Turn to page 80]

Will You Give 10 Minutes to bring back color to GRAY HAIR

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No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by your friends.

This new scientific way defies detection. Some 3,000,000 women have used it. You take no chances.

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It's safe and makes your hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash nor rub off. And may be applied only to gray and faded parts.

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Through the daily intake of food prepared from Mellin's Food and milk there is carried to the body all the protein needed for the rapidly growing tissues, all the fat required for furnishing energy for muscular work and an ample supply of easily assimilated carbohydrates which are absolutely necessary to maintain bodily heat and which have an important influence in promoting and sustaining gain in weight. Food prepared in this manner also supplies lime, phosphatic salts, sodium, iron and other mineral salts for the development of bone structure and for the regulation of various functions of the body.

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Crib, Playpen, Etc. of Kiddie-Shop's High Quality



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EVERY MAN A TRADE AND A FARM

[Continued from page 79]

started one at the plant in Detroit this morning. You ought to go and see one of our groceries, see what they are doing for people. A family of four can save a dollar a day buying there."

There was no thought in Henry Ford's mind in starting his company store of selling to the public. Workers were provided with cards of admission and it was understood that they were to be used only by them, but the men—and their wives—abused the privilege, giving or selling the cards to their friends. No method of sure identification of buyer was found and finally the doors were open to the public.

Naturally this raised a storm of protest from those whose trade unhappily was injured, by the lower prices made possible and profitable by a combination of land, employees, business sense and money and who did not or could not find a way to meet them. The protest has led to the closing of the doors to the public.

But to go back to Henry Ford, sitting in his office looking across the lawn to the flour mill.

"It is not only for wheat raising that we call men from the factories. They come for planting, cultivating, harvesting potatoes, hundreds of acres of them, for carrots—we are thinking about putting in a hundred acres of carrots next Spring."

Mr. Ford regards the carrot as nearly a perfect food as can be found in any one known root that grows. He takes four of them raw in the morning with his oatmeal and coffee and carries them around in the pocket of his trim coat to munch when he is hungry and he preaches his faith—advertises it, as the plan to put in a hundred acres shows.

"Then we raise flax" he went on, "raise it to use in our business and as time goes on more and more of our people are going to be called out of the factory for its cultivation as well as for turning it into linen cloth."

The raising and spinning of flax is an entirely Fordeques development, one of those branchings out, born of constant pondering over the way of cheapening and improving their product. They were using 100,000 yards or so cotton cloth every day in the factories, that is when running full. Its price and quality were variable. Why could they not make it themselves they asked, and began experimenting. But cotton is not grown in and around Dearborn. Gradually they worked around to ask themselves, why not linen?

"None of our men are 'experts,' Henry Ford says. 'We have most unfortunately found it necessary to get rid of a man as soon as he thinks himself an expert—because no one ever considers himself expert if he really knows his job. A man who knows a job sees so much more to be done than he has done, that he is always pressing forward and never gives up an instant of thought to how good and how efficient he is.'"

Men were called out of the factory to put in a first six hundred acres of flax and ingenious men were called from the machines that they were manipulating, and other men were called from other departments to study the problem of removing the fibre from the flax stalk by mechanical means—and they have done it. Today flax is being raised, prepared, spun and woven in and around Dearborn and yearly it is expected that the output will increase. It is a new industry and no small one. It will take fifty thousand acres to grow enough flax for Ford's needs—as they stand today. He does not propose, however, to continue to send Ford workmen out to do the cultivation—unless he must. In this case he proposes another variation of his theory of balancing the trade and the farm. "Let the farmer raise the flax and take the linen factory to him. The place for the gin and spindles and the looms is out in the country where the flax is grown," says Henry Ford. "It could be made a village industry manned by farmers who can apportion their time between farm and factory. We are doing this successfully now. It is going back to early times."

This harking back to old ways of doing

things, this satisfaction in these old ways is an exhibit of something which has been showing itself more and more in Henry Ford in the last decade, a fundamental love of the scene, the ways, the very utensils of the period and the people out of which he came. Wherever you probe his life and activities, you are amazed by the consistency of him, the unflinching way in which new ideas and activities have developed, logically from something that had gone before. He is all of a part, Henry Ford. He began with the soil and he has never lost his conscious connection with it. His fidelity to it has been unswerving. It was the soil and not the tariff on which he depended. It was the farmer, not the banker in the cities in whom he was interested.

Henry Ford seems never to have been willing to touch anything which he did not understand. In these later years he has become a great collector—of things he understands. The public knows best his collection of inns, the most famous of them the Wayside Inn, near Boston. Along with mill sites and inns he has been collecting things, big and little, that went with them. He began logically enough several years ago with automotive machines. That is where he had worked—with transportation—and he gathered up all forms of engines, cars and their accessories, making a clear and complete demonstration of the advance of automotive machines from the earliest day, where he began, to the elaboration of today. That done, he sought to make a contact between the new locomotion and the old. He collected vehicles of all sorts, the one-horse shay, the gig, calash, phaeton, buckboard, buggy, victoria, barouche, coaches of every sort, the Conestoga wagon, the prairie schooner, the sulky, everything that ran on two or four wheels, from the earliest American day.

From farm utensils and machinery he spread into the household. There is not in America such a voluminous and inclusive gathering of all the articles connected with early American life, and its activities as one finds crowded in the three or four acres of store rooms out at Dearborn, Michigan. I had gone over it in wonder and amusement before I talked with Mr. Ford and I could not keep quiet! Why! here were things I used as a child, the sewing bird that I screwed to the table for my over-and-over seams, the spool case, the corn popper, the candle stick with which I went up to bed at my grandmother's, the long warming pan in which they used to put coals to heat the bed when I visited in winter.

No more beautiful exhibit of his devotion to early American ways has come out than his revival at Dearborn of the early dances and the music which go with them; he is doing for these dances what he is doing for mill sites and the inns and early furnishings and lighting, utensils, implements. One of the most interesting members of the Ford organization at Dearborn is a dancing master and his lady, experts in early American dances. The whole Ford staff are in training, so are groups of children from the town. Rarely does one see a prettier sight than fifty or one hundred little folks from 8 to 12, stepping and courtesying their way through quadrille, lancers, minuet, schottische, polka, to the strain of old airs played by an orchestra made up of early American pieces. Lucky you are indeed if when you go to see the little folks at their dancing lesson in the Amusement Hall of the big offices, Mr. Ford himself drops in. He does it again and again, and always if there is a little girl without a partner, it is she that Mr. Ford selects and with her he steps off the dance.

A far cry, you say, from making cars and tractors. Not at all. It is all part of the man, a natural untrammelled man, with too great reverence for his own mental processes to tie them down with red tape, clog them with formal duties, hamper them with the irrelevant or the artificial. He has always followed faithfully his ideas and ideals and they are all consistent parts of the man, this early American—Henry Ford.



Cinders

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DEAREST—THE STORY OF FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

[Continued from page 20]

earnestly engaged in specializing on the treatment of the eye and ear. His year or so of study at Bellevue Hospital in New York had given him a good start, but the opportunities for clinical experience in Knoxville were few. He looked forward longingly to having some study in Europe, particularly with the specialists in refraction and eye surgery in Paris.

Although, from the financial needs of the day she was still obliged to write short stories, Fannie soon found herself in the grip of something much bigger than anything she had yet attempted—a real novel. "The Junoesque Factory Girl," whom she had seen that day berated by her father in Islington Square, came to life in her imagination as the heroine of a story of love and drama in the "Pit" district of Yorkshire, to be called "That Lass o' Lowrie's." That friendly hand reaching out from the office of *Scribner's Monthly*, no doubt had its part in the stirring up and directing of that story. Gilder had from the beginning a true estimate of the power of the gift that was in Fannie Hodgson Burnett's keeping. Unfortunately, no letters between the two, of this particular period, have survived.

The friendship between Gilder and Doro had also grown to be a close and sincere one, especially as in the early years of Frances' work Doro had frequently copied out her manuscripts for her, and carried through the business side of the transactions. The relations between the three, and, in fact, the two entire families, became most intimate and delightful.

And then, sweetest of all sweet experiences, she was about to become a mother. A period came in which most of her time was taken up with the delicious activities connected with an infant's wardrobe—the careful sewing of many little tucks in fine lawn, the fastening of many yards of lace. Frances was always a good seamstress and for this occasion she exacted the best of her skill. The wardrobe of the King of the Household should be worthy of him; and she was lavish in her time, her efforts and her expenditures in his honor.

He was her own and greatest Fairy Story—her First Born to be. The Imagination brooded over this with inward ecstasy, and with long visions into the future, with radiant hopes and perhaps some fleeting fears. Lionel was born in Knoxville, September 20, 1874, in a little house on Temperance Hill. He was the child of really poor parents, notwithstanding the sumptuousness of his be-frilled, be-tucked and be-laced layette.

The work on "That Lass o' Lowrie's" progressed rapidly. It was, however, to be a really big book, in conception and purpose. Evidently it was accepted for publication by the magazine on the presentation of the first chapters, and scheduled to begin as a serial in August of 1876. This was important for it meant that the Burnett family could expect a considerable amount of money, which, in turn, meant the possibility of carrying out the cherished plans for a trip to Europe. And just here stepped another person—a Fairy story maker in truth.

* Charles J. Peterson, owner and editor of the periodical to which Frances had been

contributing so regularly, hearing of the plan to go to Europe, so to speak, for educative purposes, became an enthusiastic champion of it. His championship took the most practical kind of turn; he agreed to underwrite it; he would advance to the couple one hundred dollars a month, and would take stories from Mrs. Burnett in repayment of the loan as fast as she would write them. In this way was the glorious possibility made a reality, and in late 1875, with Lionel not much over six months of age, and a typical old negro nurse, called Mammy Prissy the journey across the water was made.

Vivian was born in Paris, 3 rue Pauquet, on April 5, 1876. The new child was pictured as a girl, and it was an added disappointment that it was a boy. "Vivian" had been decided upon as a properly poetic name to go along with Lionel, but there was no boy's name ready. On deliberation, however, it appeared that Vivian, spelled with an 'a' was, in English, a perfectly good name for a man, vide "Vivian Grey," the novel by Disraeli—and so Vivian it became.

After the arrival of Vivian, it seemed wiser to return to America, and when he was between three and four months old, Doro and Frances left their beloved Paris and journeyed back to East Tennessee.

Whatever resources they had when they went abroad were entirely depleted, including, probably, advance payments on "That Lass." Doro's practice had, of course, been abandoned when he left Knoxville for further study in Europe, and evidently the small stream of returns from Frances' shorter stories was temporarily choked off. With the family increased to two children, and needing a nurse, the young couple found the financial outlook extremely gloomy, and it was lucky indeed that Swan could go back for a while to his family.

"That Lass o' Lowrie's" was by this time completing its serial run in *Scribner's*, and it was creating an impression beyond even the highest that the young authoress had hoped.

It had been decided that Doro was to go to Washington, D. C., to look over the ground and set up an office if the outlook justified it.

His survey proved satisfactory and he forthwith hung out his shingle and set about making professional connections.

He had not been many months in Washington before Frances was at his side.

The stay in the M Street house was not long. In less than a year the family found more satisfactory living quarters at 813 13th Street. Here the joys of Washington life began really to unfold. Mrs. Burnett began to find herself not only enthusiastically accepted by intellectual and social Washington, but sought after by the rest of the country. She was beginning to taste the real fruits of success; little wonder she was gay.

The Imagination's sweetest and most complete romance was her children. It was the romance, too, which held her most poignant tragedy, the death of Lionel. She declared again and again, "the one perfect thing in my life was the childhood of my boys." Because [Turn to page 82]

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It is this Alaska open-spoon dasher which makes the famous Alaska four-minute ice-cream. Acting upon the same principle as an open-spoon egg-beater, the Alaska dasher whips and aerates the cream to rich delicious smoothness. The delectable mixture freezes before you know it, and America's "luxury dessert" is ready to give friends or family a treat.

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3941..25	4899..35	4910..35	4936..35	4943..45	4950..35	4967..45	4974..45	4981..35	4988..45	
4471..25	4900..35	4918..35	4937..30	4944..45	4951..35	4968..45	4975..50	4982..25	4989..45	
4784..35	4901..35	4926..45	4938..50	4945..45	4952..35	4969..45	4976..45	4983..30	4990..45	
4811..35	4903..35	4929..50	4939..35	4946..45	4953..45	4970..45	4977..25	4984..30	4991..35	
4830..30	4904..35	4931..45	4940..40	4947..50	4954..45	4971..45	4978..35	4985..50	4992..35	
4893..35	4905..35	4932..45	4941..45	4948..30	4955..45	4972..35	4979..50	4986..45	4993..45	
4898..35	4908..35	4934..45	4942..50	4949..35	4956..35	4973..50	4980..35	4987..45	4994..45	

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1388..40	1525..40	1574..30	1577..40	1580..35	1583..40	1585..40	1587..35	1589..25	1591..30
1506..25	1559..25	1575..40	1578..40	1581..50	1584..40	1586..75	1588..50	1590..30	1592..30
1509..30	1573..30	1576..25	1579..40	1582..45					

at the sign of the first gray hair

NOTOX



My, how the times have changed!

IT is hard to believe that a few short years back, women—perhaps you, yourself—looked on a dab of powder, a touch of rouge, as signs of skittishness, and a bobbed head as evidence of a freakish brain.

Times have changed—ideas too. If once it were considered unfair to turn back the years, today it is certainly a sign of bad taste to let mere years betray you. If once gray hair was an accepted misfortune—today, no woman will wantonly permit it to mar her youthful charm. Today, with the discovery of the natural corrective, Notox—gray hair swiftly surrenders to science.

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Hair is a long, very tiny stem, with a lustrous outside covering. Beneath the covering, is a layer of fibres. In these fibres, Nature puts her color. Hair turns gray when Nature no longer supplies color to its inner layer of fibres.

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DEAREST—THE STORY OF FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

[Continued from page 81]

of her story-making mind, and her emotional heart, she haloed the joys of motherhood with an almost uncanny radiance. Concerning the responsibilities of motherhood, she had characteristic convictions. Her pattern was the Fairy Godmother, and her guiding principle Love. The most precious thing of all to her was the mutual human affection, and she sought to preserve it and make it grow through an infinite kindness and consideration. To be a gay, helpful, understanding companion to her little boys, was the ideal for which she strove, and not to have been considerate, not to have understood, to have added one ounce to the weight of their childish woes, would have been crimes in her eyes.

The queer little roll-top desk, of walnut, with decorations in gold lines and dots, which stood in the Den, is associated with the first expressions of the affection which existed between the boys and their mother. "Mamma" was the name which was at first used in the family. Much of the fervor of the relationship between her and the boys is expressed in the account she wrote of "How Fautleroy Occurred":

"In the small garden where he played—a toddling thing accumulating stains of grass and earth in truly human fashion on his brief white frock—the spring scattered sparsely a few blue violets. How he applied himself to searching for them, to gather them with pretty laboriousness until he had collected a small, warm handful, somewhat dilapidated before it was large enough to be brought upstairs in the form of a princely floral gift.

"It is nearly fourteen years since they were first laid at my feet—these darling little grubby handfuls of exhausted violets—but I can hear yet the sound of the small feet climbing the staircase stoutly but carefully, the exultant voice shouting at intervals all the way up, from the first flight, 'Sweet Dearest! Sweet Dearest! I got somefin' for you! Please le' me in.'

"So many beautiful names had been tried by turns by himself and brother, but they found 'Sweetest' and 'Sweet Dearest' the most satisfactory. Finally they decided upon 'Dearest' as combining and implying the sentiment they were inspired by.

"There was, in a certain sacred workroom at the top of the house, a receptacle known as the 'treasure drawer.' It was always full of wonderful things, rich gifts brought carefully and with lavish generosity from the grass in the back yard, from the dust heaps, from the street, from anywhere; bit of glass or pebble, gorgeous advertising cards, queerly-shaped twigs or bits of wood, pictures out of papers, small, queer toys, possessing some charm which might make them valuable to an appreciative maternal relative. And just before they were presented I always heard the small feet on the stairs, the knock on the door, and the delightful, confiding voice outside—

"Please may I come in? I've brought a treasure for you, Dearest."

"We always spoke of them as 'treasures.' They seemed so beautiful and valuable to the donor that love brought them at once as a gift to love, and the recipient saw them with his own eyes."

The "treasure drawer" was in that roll-top desk. How stuffed it became in time! Dearest confessed in after years that she secretly had to remove lower and forgotten layers of treasures to accommodate the new precious gifts.

The love between the boys and their mother was of the tenderest, most confiding kind. They never thought of keeping anything from her, and were sure that she never kept anything from them. They had implicit faith in everything she said to them; and this was thoroughly justified, for one of the foremost articles of her creed was never to fail in fulfilling a promise. Not that she spoiled her boys, but she gave with an open hand everything it was right for them to have, and that she could afford. In the early days she could afford little, but later they had few legitimate wishes ungratified. Part of her educational plan was to direct their interest along worthwhile lines, and, with Doro's assistance, she was distinctly suc-

cessful in this. As they grew to their teens the boys chiefly occupied their time in electrical experimenting and construction, photography, and for a long period, in printing, in which they achieved, with their father as coadjutor, a quite professional craftsmanship.

Among the few unpublished manuscripts of Mrs. Burnett's is one, *His Friend*, which had as its inspiration the tragedy of Lionel. The following extract from it expresses vividly her point of view about her children:

"... When he and his brother had been children in the nursery, they had had an idea that after all their mother was a sort of little girl. She was little to look at and had curly hair like their own; and she used to sit on the nursery floor and build houses or play marbles or 'fish-pond' with them and they enjoyed themselves with her most of all.

"She could make them laugh so much and could tell such queer stories and invent such new things to do. There was one thing she had told them which they liked very much and which remained a half-jesting legend even when they had grown old enough to know it had been only a sort of loving, consoling pretense.

"She had told it first one tragic hour when Leo (Lionel) had broken a favorite toy. He had carried it in his hand, wailing piteously—perhaps on the whole rather roaring than wailing—to the room where she sat at work.

"My horsey's leg has broken off," he cried as he opened the door and rushed to her to bury his anguish on her knee.

"She saw that it was a most fearful catastrophe—so dreadful indeed that only some rapid new invention, created on the spot, could make it bearable. She understood the depths of nursery woes and felt their weight herself.

"She took the little fellow up and hugged him close to her breast.

"But have you forgotten?" she said smiling as she kissed him, and filling her eyes with a look of great surprise, 'Or don't you really know?'

"There was a sound in her voice which made him lift his head to look up at her. He knew that was the voice that always meant that she was going to tell him something captivating and new.

"What?" he said mournfully though his roar had stopped, 'What, Mammie-day?'

"She gave him a little shake. 'Don't you know,' she said, 'that Mammie-day is a fairy? Don't you know that?'

"A questioning smile began to grow in his large eyes. He knew all about fairies. They played at being fairies sometimes, and there were lovely stories about them. Was she in earnest or was it a joke to make him laugh?

"Don't you know," she went on, 'that when you lose anything and you are so disappointed it makes you cry, Mammie can always find it? And when you fall down and scratch your knees or bump your head she can always make the place well? She just gives it some warm soft fairy kisses and it gets all right in a minute; and if you have a tiresome little pain, when she takes you on her knee and rubs you gently it goes away; and if it rains and you are not having fun in the nursery, when Mammie comes in and stirs up the fire and begins to play, the toys all get nice again and you enjoy yourself; and if you notice, when you want anything very much she always finds it when she goes to town. That's because she is a Fairy—a real live Fairy. And when your playthings have got broken before, what she has done?'

"He put both arms round her and pressed his cheek against her breast and hugged her with a contented little laugh.

"She has a little fairy wand," she said in a mysterious whisper. 'And a little fairy bottle; and when anything is broken, if she puts the wand into the bottle for a second and then touches the broken part with it, in a few moments it grows together. Just think of being a boy with a Fairy for a Mammie!'

[Continued in AUGUST McCall's]

LE CHOC
DE
PARIS



GRACEFUL DANCE FROCKS

No. 4975. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; camisole lining. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

CRITICS have waged war against the tight skirt for dancing, contending that it was decidedly ungraceful. Now, fashion sees its error and has created the fashion for drapery that swings with the body. These two gowns are excellent examples of this new style. The first has the new wing drapery from the shoulder. The second gown has the smart uneven hemline, forming a train at one side which may be carried over the arm or caught at the shoulder.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4985. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; with tunic forming a train at one side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 5 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 81.



4970

4969

4986

4984

No. 4970. Sleeveless Dress; with drape at left side and soft crushed girdle. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4969. Slip-On Dress; with apron tunic gathered at front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

BEFORE THE PROCESSIONAL

JUST before the organ peals forth the wedding march, with what suppressed excitement the bridal party wait their cue to assemble! For just as vital as clothes, to the correct wedding, is the conventional order of the procession: bridesmaids come first, two by two; maid of honor next, and alone; the flower girls ahead of the bride, and the bride last on the arm of her nearest male relative.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4984. Child's Slip-On Dress; with puffed sleeves and square neck; applied bands on skirt. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4986. Slip-On Dress; loose panels. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; yoke and neckband, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch lace. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

L'Echo
de Paris

4967



4985



4971

No. 4967. Slip-On Dress; bell sleeves; flounces attached to foundation. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yds of 40-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4971. Dress with fitted bodice and straight gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; lace yoke, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

THE CONVENTIONAL BRIDE

OBERVE this bride's gown of ivory satin. It offers the classical simplicity demanded of the smart bride, with a clever arrangement of two trains instead of the usual one. How lovely the bridal attendants look in their modish frocks, wide hats, and satin slippers! In vivid contrast to the purity of the bride's white, the bridesmaids may appear each in a differing color—a sort of rainbow processional.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4985. Bridal Dress; fitted sleeves to wrist; two-piece tunic attached to dress on a diagonal line and forming a long train or drapery at each side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



4974
Emb. No. 1578

4985

4979
Emb. No. 1388

No. 4974. Misses' and Juniors' Evening Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; foundation skirt, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1578 may be made in seed- and chain-stitch.

No. 4985. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; with tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, with dress cut away under tunic. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4979. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; with yoke. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Beaded trimming may be made with Embroidery No. 1388.



L'E C H O D E P A R I S



4988

4989

4990

No. 4988. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; three-piece skirt with yoke. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 72-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4989. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; camisole lining; three-piece skirt with shirred inset. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 4990. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with two-piece tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



4969

4934
Emb. No. 1585

L'ECHO DE PARIS

WHEN Paris adopted the short jacket worn by Spanish bullfighters, it was immediately accepted by us. It gave a new line. It narrowed the waistline and supplied variety. We thought it a caprice, but it has influenced our summer fashions. The second frock has a bolero, but the other three get the effect without separating the frock.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4969. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with apron tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4934. Misses' and Juniors' Eton Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 2½ yards of 54-inch; waist, 1¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1585 may be used.



4969

4934

4986

4976

4986
Emb. No. 1579
In chain stitch
and beads

4976

No. 4986. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1¼ yards of 40-inch light, ¾ yard of 40-inch medium, 1½ yards of 40-inch dark. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4976. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; vest attached to lining. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 36-inch material; vest, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

EXACTLY when designers turned their genius to giving variety at the versatile waistline cannot be told. But through that turn of their minds a genuine interest has been given our frocks in a new and attractive treatment. It banishes the chemise effect. Belts of suede and leather, smocking, shirring, bows and gay girdles supply the effectiveness, as you see.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

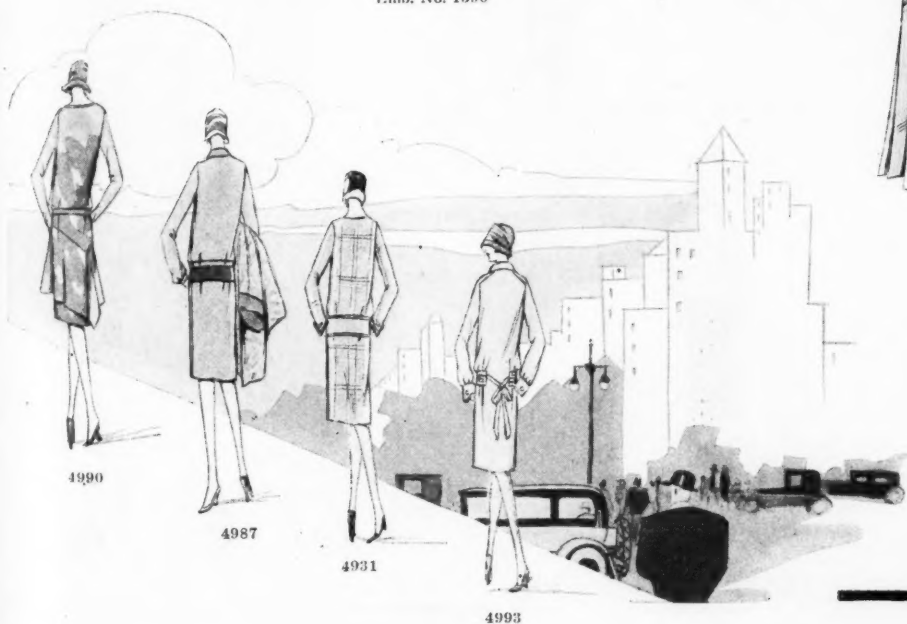


4987
Emb. No. 1590



4931

4993
Emb. No. 1578



No. 4990. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with two-piece tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch or 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4987. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards 36-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Motif No. 1590 suggested.

No. 4931. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with pleats at front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4993. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1578 in chain and seed-stitch suggested.

COLORFUL MODES

COLORS are quite alluring this summer, and women who are preparing a wardrobe for the hot weather buy gladly the gay fabrics in the shops. They are as cool as lemonade in a crystal glass with ice. This group of gowns can be built in any color the garden suggests. Take flowers as a guide. Printed crepes, durable silks, fine woolens, soft flannels, voiles, linens, pongees are the materials to use.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 4994. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist, 2 yards of 32-inch; contrasting, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Motif No. 1590 suggested.

No. 4929. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch; contrasting, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 4970. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; jabot drape cut in one with front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4976. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; vest attached to body lining. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; vest, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 9-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



SKIRTS ARE BRIEF

DESPITE wars and rumors of wars against the brevity of skirts, dressmakers and women themselves have no idea, it seems, of lengthening them, although tightness and narrowness are universally abandoned. Here are frocks that show how skirts are built and how varied is the waistline. Pleats and godets are approved. Flounces are circular with much flare, a graceful treatment of the full skirt.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4988. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; camisole lining; circular skirt with yoke. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4967. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece foundation skirt with flounces. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4926. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, waist, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4989. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1579 would make smart decoration.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 4982. Child's Romper; with puffed sleeves; drop back. Sizes 6 months to 2 years. Size 2 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 32-inch.

No. 4905. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with kimono sleeves and shirrings at sides. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 27-inch or $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4901. Girl's Dress; with guimpe. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting guimpe, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4910. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Motif No. 1590 may be worked in in satin- and outline-stitch.

No. 4898. Girl's Dress; with two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1525 may be used to trim.

No. 4932. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; closing at under-arm. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch.

No. 4966. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with short kimono sleeves. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 32-inch.

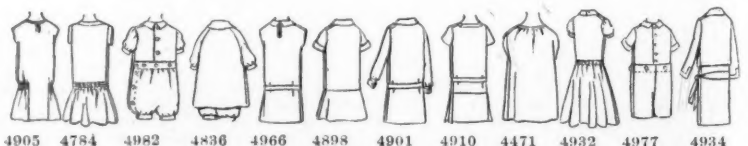
No. 4977. Little Boy's Suit; with knee trousers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires blouse, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch; trousers, collar and cuffs, 1 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4836. Child's Slip-On Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting collar and tab, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4471. Child's Slip-On Dress; with scarf collar; pleated ruffling. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 32-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4934. Misses' and Juniors' Eton Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch; waist, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch; sash, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 6-inch. Embroidery No. 1575 suggested to trim.

No. 4784. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece circular gathered skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; all-over lace, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.



4905 4784 4982 4836 4966 4898 4901 4910 4471 4932 4977 4934

L'ECHO OF PARIS



No. 4977. Little Boy's Suit; knee-length trousers; with suspenders. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6, blouse, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material; trousers, 1 yard of 32-inch.

No. 4966. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1573 may be worked in single-stitch.

No. 4908. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with raglan sleeves. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10, waist, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch. Motif No. 1590 suggested.

No. 4811. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4984. Child's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch; lace, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1559 in satin-stitch and eyelets suggested.

No. 4904. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse; pleated skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4899. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1591 may be worked in buttonhole- and single-stitch.

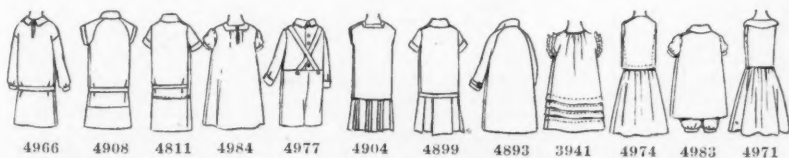
No. 4893. Girl's Coat; with raglan sleeves; convertible collar. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4971. Misses' and Juniors' Evening Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, 2 yards of 54-inch. Embroidery No. 1579 would be smart in chain-stitch and beads.

No. 4983. Child's Dress; with bloomers; short puff sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4974. Misses' and Juniors' Evening Dress. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12 requires, dress, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; jacket, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3941. Child's Slip-On Dress; closing at left shoulder; kimono sleeve. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch or 36-inch material.



4974

4983

4971
Emb. No. 1579

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4918
Emb. No. 1590

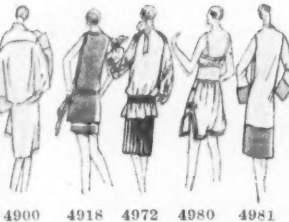
4980
Emb. No. 1506



4972
Emb. No. 1578



4981



4900 4918 4972 4980 4981

No. 4900. Ladies' and
Misses' Negligee; with
bloused back. Sizes small,
medium and large. Me-
dium size, 36 to 38 bust,
requires 3½ yards of
54-inch material (cut
lengthwise).

No. 4918. Ladies' and
Misses' Bathing Suit.
Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to
46 bust. Size 36, blouse,
1½ yards of 40-inch;
contrasting, 1½ yards of
40-inch. Motif No.
1590 may be used.

No. 4972. Ladies' and
Misses' Slip-On Blouse;
raglan sleeve. Sizes 14 to
16 years, 36 to 42 bust.
Size 36, 3 yards of 40-
inch. Embroidery No.
1578 may be worked in
seed- and chain-stitch.

No. 4981. Ladies' and
Misses' Negligee. Sizes
small, medium and large.
Medium size, 36 to 38
bust, requires 3½ yards
of 40-inch material;
trimming, 1½ yards of
40-inch material.

No. 4980. Ladies' and
Misses' Set of Underwear.
Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to
42 bust. Size 36, 1½
yards of 40-inch material.
Embroidery No. 1506
in French knots and
daisy-stitch suggested.

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aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Hartman, who,
having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and
says that he is the Assistant Treasurer of The McCall
Co., publisher of McCall's Magazine and that the fol-
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N. Y. C.; Editor: Henry P. Burton, 236 West 37th
Street, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor: None. Business
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No. 4965. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; shawl collar. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch or 2½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4978. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with pleat insets. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.



No. 4980. Ladies' and Misses' Set of Underwear; bandeau and step-in. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards of 40-inch; trimming, 1½ yards of 2½-inch lace.

No. 4973. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 5½ yards of 40-inch plain material; 1½ yards of 40-inch figured material. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4903. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; short kimono sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

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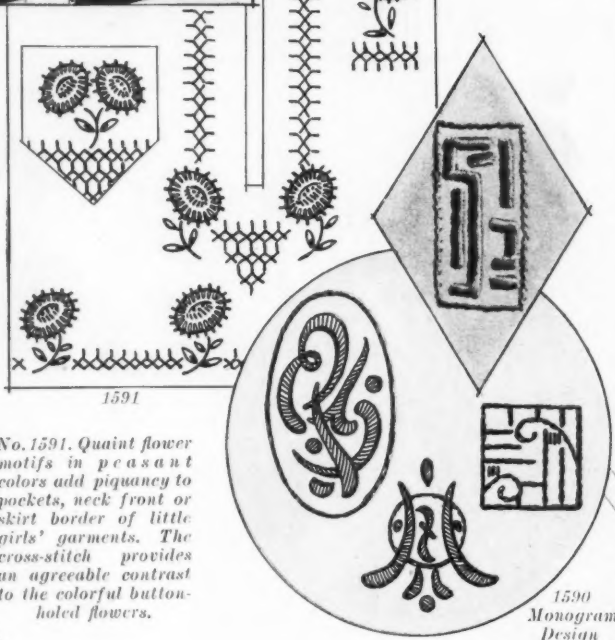
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1590
Monogram
Design



4991 Dress
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Design

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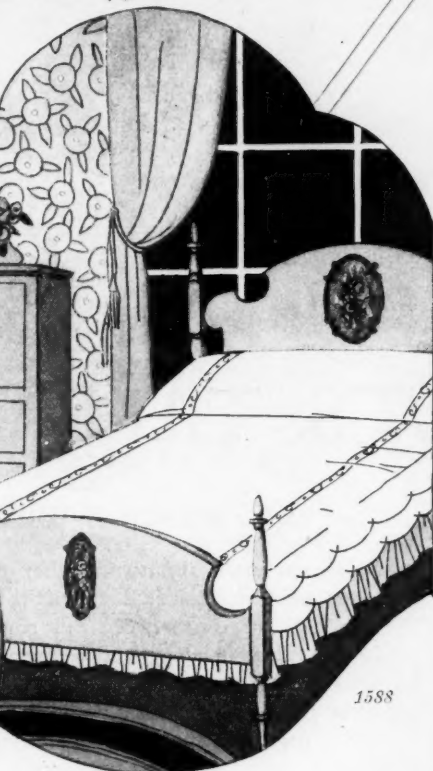
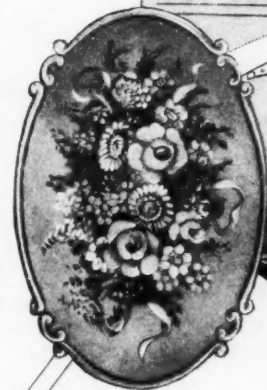
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New Art Color Medallions and Two Color Linens by Elisabeth May Blondel



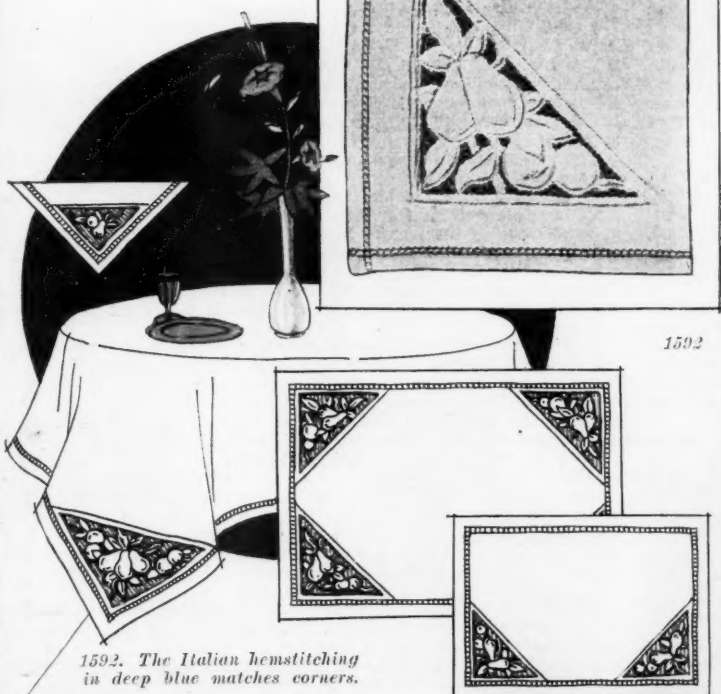
Two details of medallions 1588.



1588

No. 1588. The rogue for the antique in modern decoration brings to the fore these new medallions of quaintly delicate coloring, to be pasted in place. The set of 8 ovals is adapted to 1 large, 7 3/4 inches long; 2 medium, 4 3/4 x 5 1/4; 5 small, 2 3/4 and 1 3/4 inches wide.

No. 1592. New linens, up-to-date in style and finish, are the pride of the successful hostess. This set developed in the Italian manner is uniquely simple to work, the corners in blue darning-stitch with fruit outlined in white. Largest corners 7 1/2 x 7 1/2, napkin corners 3 x 3 inches.



1592

1592. The Italian hemstitching in deep blue matches corners.

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Especially in hot weather—

Use Sani-Flush. It keeps every part of the toilet clean. It gets down into the hidden, unhealthy trap and banishes all foul odors.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Gone is every stain, mark and incrustation! The toilet shines with cleanliness.

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Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

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WINONA WILCOX



LET'S TALK IT OVER!

BY

✻ WINONA WILCOX ✻

WITH her lips, the informed modern girl admits that love passes and that they who marry rarely live happily ever after. In her heart she carries the ancient hope that some day she may exult: "He came—a stranger that I knew!" And with her ideal lover, she expects marriage, a home, monogamy and fidelity forever just as her mother did.

Marriage as an institution is disintegrating more rapidly in fact than in the wish of women. Because this is true, I shall not write this month the customary platitudes about marriage, but rather talk over a few of the cases of the girls, who, though candidates for matrimony and maternity, have been deprived of their hereditary right to wear a wedding veil.

Men and women marry, or do not, for several well-known reasons. High rent, exorbitant food cost and unemployment were recognized of old as leading causes for a decrease of marriage; today is added woman's economical independence. There is no room on this page to review these texts. It is the unobvious, though not the unusual, which we will discuss. Let the girls tell their own stories, here and in their own words:

Dear Winona Wilcox: We are two college girls with a problem which may sound silly to others. We are as attractive as girls who are popular. We have poise and the usual social graces. Our parents supply us with up-to-date wardrobes. We get our credits easily at the "U." We consider ourselves entirely modern but we do not "pet" and we are not fast.

At times we have interesting dates but they are transients. We fear that we may belong to the type destined to be spinsters.

Neither of us is obliged to nor cares to go into business. Both ardently desire homes and social positions similar to those held by our mothers and grandmothers. Can you, from this brief outline, explain why we appear to be the kind of girls that men forget?—H. H. and A. B.

This letter introduces the most important and the most unwelcome bit of information with which we have to deal. It is generally conceded that the young man of today is disinclined to marry; especially is he wary of the intellectual, efficient maid. This is not because she lacks charm but because she is, as a wife, liable to demand too much of her husband.

The dominating, self-confident, triumphant male is at present the mode in the business of life as well as in its romance, and he prefers as a mate the physically delightful girl who is incapable of weighing him and finding him wanting, the girl who is ready to contribute to the joy of living with juvenile carelessness, the one who ignores the responsibilities which inevitably accompany love of an exalted kind.

There are of course many marriageable men of strong character and mature ideals who desire mates of their own caliber. And so the writers of the above may find themselves only in temporary tribulation.

Now for a form of feminine superiority and masterfulness which violently antagonizes all males:

Dear Winona Wilcox: Though a thorough modern, and possessing my share of good looks, I never have had a sweetheart. I am highly successful in a business of my own, but still I covet the normal family life.

I am not feminine in my ways but entirely so in appearance. I pride myself on my common sense and good judgment and never could be a clinging, flattering wife. I can be flip-pant and can banter a man of any age but am liable to be sarcastic.

I do not take men seriously though of course I shall be

It is not curiosity about other people's doings which keeps this page alive. Rather it is a decent human urge to get at the truth about our common worries and the best ways of meeting and surviving them. The women who want to know may get in touch with the women who have found out. "Let's Talk It Over"—all sides of it.

If an immediate personal discussion by mail is preferred, send stamped addressed envelope to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



different to the one man if he ever comes. If I tried to play a pleasing part, would I be too artificial?—Peg.

The girl is now artificial. Isn't that the cause of her trouble? She is pretending to be superior to romantic love and indifferent to the men whose admiration she in fact desires. If she could by any method dig through her egotism and excavate a sweeter, softer self, if she could be natural and simple, if she could be honest, her existence might prove happier.

Certainly it is modern for girls openly to deplore the fate which denies them a lover. But some are not honest with themselves about their feelings. Hundreds of isolated maidens, cut off from opportunities to meet the one man, or any men at all, disguise their yearning as maternal, weep over their martyrdom and wail, "I want my babies! I have a right to my children!"

On this page there is, I hope, no false consolation and no subterfuge, but only straight facts, as this: the supreme and universal ache of the woman heart is not for children as many girls imagine. It is for a mate.

Frequently, it is the imagination of women which produces their emotional catastrophes as when they perversely permit the clever, handsome profligate to work havoc in their lives.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I have beauty and perfect health but I am not happy. I never have wanted anything in my life that I didn't get, but now the worst has happened to me. For several years a regular Apollo and I have belonged to the same dramatic league and often have played opposite leads. Eventually we became sweethearts and were engaged.

He is an only son and a prodigal. Brilliant, talented but without a streak of real manhood or honor. Today I learned that he is to marry another girl in the fall, yet the last words he wrote me were, "I love you only!"

Of course you will tell me to work, and that time will cure me. Oh, I don't want to be cured, I only ask what will take this terrible hurt from my heart?—Norma.

Sometimes it is the part of wisdom—and of sophistication—to debunk our romances and to admit that it is our injured pride which hurts us.

It isn't sufficient to get a fair and square view of a beloved reprobate, and to own up that he is unworthy, and then obstinately to continue to adore him. Often it is essential to get a fair and square view of oneself and to admit that one is afflicted with an emotional weakness which one indulges.

And, sometimes if a girl endeavors to be just to honest, decent—though perhaps homely—men, she may discover in them and learn to admire those desirable masculine attributes which her hero so conspicuously lacks. Then her hurts and her yearnings will evaporate.

This is the heyday of the male who makes love but doesn't propose. As long as girls are willing to give their kisses to passersby the men will travel on from light to lighter love.

Dear Winona Wilcox: We started as pals and ended as petters. He told me how much he loved me and every week I supposed he would bring me a ring.

He never did. He never proposed. And I am modern enough not to take an embrace as an offer of marriage. Finally he broke our dates, I reproached him, he said that he loves me and always will be my friend but he thinks it best for us not to go together any more.

I am forced to own that the more I loved him the less he loved me. I asked him about it. He said it may be true, that petting usually ends this way. My heart is broken. He goes with other girls while I stay at home and dream of him. Now can I win him back?—Harriet.

There is a scientific reason for the man's departure when he had obtained a surfeit of petting. A. G. Tansley explains it in the chapter on "Sex Instinct" in "The New Psychology."

The tremendous modern battle between the body and the brain, between the emotions and the intelligence has not yet come to a decision. There's still a chance that the fittest may survive. There's hope that certain disciplines and reserves which build up personality may once more be regarded as desirable.

In the women's dressing rooms of many exclusive clubs the spectacle of girls, some not sixteen, stretched out on lounges and chairs in a disgusting drunken stupor is an accepted feature of large parties. And I am not referring to night clubs. These girls believe in the present moral revolt. They follow their impulse to drink and to be an all around good sport as unrestrainedly as they pet. They chatter about their right to normal self-expression of their urges, and prate about the danger of inhibiting their impulses.

Well, perhaps we are chemical dynamos, and physical fondling results from an attraction which girls today cannot resist; nevertheless, it has been resisted in the past and people didn't suffer from restraint any more than they now suffer from indulgence.

The following angle of our falling marriage rate requires emphasis:

Dear Winona Wilcox: When I was born my mother nearly died. She says she never has got over the effects of bearing me. She has tried to teach me not to want children when I marry. But I do love them, while she thinks of them as nuisances. That sounds perfectly awful but it is the truth.

Of course you have guessed that there is a man in my case. He and I know each other's faults and I am sure we would be perfectly happy if I dared marry him. But I do not, because of the fear of maternity which haunts me. Mother says she would rather see me dead than about to have a child. Please give me your ideas.—Faith.

My idea of a mother who instills fear of maternity in a daughter's mind cannot be put into words. The girl needs to be reeducated, taught not to shun the common lot of her sex. Perhaps only a psychoanalyst can accomplish this. Perhaps by marrying and living the normal life of a wife, she can overcome her abnormal fear and achieve her happiness. Let her ask herself if she actually feels unequal to the experience of untold billions of her sex. An affirmative is absurd.

"I had really lost all interest in living"

"THREE MONTHS AGO I was utterly depressed and miserable. I really didn't care what happened to me. For years a sufferer from chronic constipation, I finally began to feel nauseated most of the time. I was getting worse and worse. I couldn't sleep; could scarcely eat. Medicines?—I took all kinds of them—but still could find no relief.

"One day my mother came over to see me and my little girl. She told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and the good it was doing others. To please her I got a dozen cakes—thinking however that a little cake like that never could help me.

"I began by taking it in a glass of hot water morning, noon and at bedtime. In less than six weeks I was feeling much better. My elimination was much more regular and I was again enjoying my food.

"Now three months have passed and I feel fine. My constipation has disappeared and I really look like a new person."

Mrs. A. E. SUMMERVILLE, Los Angeles, Calif.

THIS is the way yeast works—gently but surely overcoming constipation and its attendant ills. Almost before you know it you really feel like a new person.

Mysterious?—not at all. Yeast is simply a corrective food. Each cake consists of millions upon millions of living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. Unlike drugs, which merely stimulate the body to temporary, abnormal activity, yeast keeps the whole system clean—and active. It purifies the digestive and intestinal tract, checking the absorption of dangerous poisons by the blood. It gradually strengthens the sluggish intestinal muscles, aiding the processes of elimination.



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, noted American painter, in his beautiful New York City studio

"I AM PROMPTED to write you this letter of appreciation for the benefit which I have received from using your fresh Yeast. In painting portraits all day long a great expenditure of vitality is required. I find the use of your Yeast is a great benefit in restoring my energy and in keeping me fresh for the work, and a plenty left over for enjoyment of The Social Life."

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, NEW YORK CITY.



Mrs. ARTHUR E. SUMMERVILLE of Los Angeles, and her daughter Evelyn on the beach at Santa Monica, Calif.

One person in every third family in the United States and Canada is a user of this truly amazing food! Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. See how your constipation gradually disappears and with it that constant discouraging feeling of weariness. You can again enjoy a normal digestion, a fresh healthy skin.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-42 The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

BELOW

MRS. CHAMBERS WRITES: "For two or three years my two little girls had severe stomach trouble and boils. Certain things they ate invariably upset them. I tried medicines, dieting, but nothing seemed to help except temporarily. I had noticed Fleischmann's Yeast advertised for such trouble and decided to try it. I gave them two cakes a day and in three weeks the boils had entirely disappeared—and neither of them has had any since. As to their stomachs, they can now eat anything short of nails. I still feed them a cake of Yeast a day just to be safe."

Mrs. LOTTIE C. CHAMBERS, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



LUCILLE AND EDITH, children of Mrs. Lottie C. Chambers, on the beach at Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



"MY STORY should be a convincing one, as it is written by one who for twenty years had suffered from what was considered incurable constipation. Not to mention all its attendant ills. I had fits of depression, pains, headaches, sleepless nights. Physics, cathartics, I tried everything—except an operation. I had even tried Fleischmann's Yeast—but in an unsystematic fashion... After reading some of the published letters of Yeast enthusiasts I decided to give Yeast another and real trial, and to use ordinary patience as a part of the cure. Today I am a living example of the real cure for chronic constipation—three cakes of Yeast a day for eight weeks. I have grown to like it as a food. At night (I take it dissolved in a glass of milk) it makes a 'nightcap' fit for a king. I am a writer and can heartily recommend Yeast to all whose work requires rested nerves."

Mrs. REX BARRETT HAGEN, Seattle, Wash.

One person in every third American family keeps well this new easy way



Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



IN my daily contact with people in doing my magazine, book, and picture work, I find an appalling and rapidly increasing tendency among people to disregard their word. They do not make a point of telling the truth. They make promises without giving them sufficient thought to decide whether they intend to keep them or not.

I can recall the day when neighbors came to my father's house, and borrowed all the way from ten to five hundred dollars, and walked out without even giving a note. In those days a man's word was his bond. If he said he would do a thing at a given time, he did it if he were alive.

To my mind, one of the very greatest evils that exists in this country today, is the ease with which the youngsters lie and break their word; the lightness with which they regard any business transaction or social engagement, no matter how serious or important it may be to other people. Sometimes they do it deliberately and intentionally; sometimes thoughtlessly. But perhaps this is because they have had promises broken to them when they were children, and they have not forgotten. For children do not forget.

Little children are great imitators. They follow examples set them. They say what they hear said; they do what they see done; they do not pay one half so much attention to what they are told to say and do, as to what they see and hear.

Have you ever gone away in the morning, and ended your good-bye to the kiddie with, "I'll bring you something when I come back," and then promptly forgotten it, or deliberately disregarded it? But what about the kiddie? Perhaps he does not have so much to occupy his day as you do; he goes about the house thinking of your promise, and saying over and over, "Mother is going to bring me something when she comes home!" As the time draws near for your arrival, he flattens his little nose against the window pane, and watches for you, listening for the car, or your footstep on the walk. He rushes to the door, and maybe it does not mean much to you to say to the eager-eyed kiddie, "Oh, I forgot it, I'll get it next time." But it means a very great deal to the youngster. Things go deep into a childish soul. Not only is he disappointed and hurt, but your neglect has meant but one thing to him: you promised to do something and you did not do it. You did not mean to lie to him, but that is exactly what you did. It is just such things that leave indelible impressions on a child's mind, and such "little things," as you may call them, might influence his whole life. Appointments for social engagements mean nothing to the young people nowadays. I know girls who



THINGS GO DEEP INTO A CHILDISH SOUL

BROKEN PROMISES

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD



will make a definite engagement for a certain night; she does it because it is the only thing in sight at the time, and she must do something. Later another chap whom she likes better calls up and suggests something more alluring for the same night, so she accepts him, and then sets about thinking up what she considers a logical excuse, which is anything that will "get by," and breaks the first date.

The habitual promiser destroys something within himself, at the same time he destroys hope in the soul of his victim. Considered seriously, as I always consider promises, they have four elements. One is religion, which will not allow us to willfully deceive; one is mentality, which will not permit us to



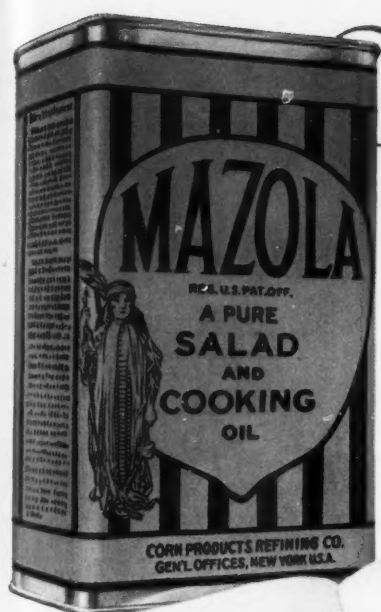
forget; one is honor, which will not allow us to change our minds; and one is determination, which will enable us to accomplish what we promise. So do not make or take promises lightly; they are serious business.

To be rich in promises and poor in their fulfillment, means that you have failed. There is no better method to follow than to recall, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." This might save your own self-respect, and keep you from hurting and inconveniencing others. Perhaps the young bride says, "Darling, please don't do this or that," and you say, thoughtlessly just to please her, "Alright, dear," and then forget it and go on your way as usual. But the little bride notices, she has lost a little confidence in you, and is a little hurt that you disregarded your word to her. Your alibi probably is that you wanted to save an argument, but that is a poor excuse.

I think there are cases where promises are made in all sincerity, and then there arises a perfectly legitimate reason for breaking them. That is exactly why I do not believe in making promises. I think a surprise has more elements of joy in it than anticipation, and it carries no danger of disappointment with it. We anticipate, and we are eager, hopeful, impatient; then we are disappointed, and we do not recover easily from the shock. A surprise comes to us, and nothing mars the delight of it. It is much better to have a real achievement to one's credit, than to have used up a lot of time and flowery language bragging about what we *intend* to do. Elaborate promises mean absolutely nothing; it is what we accomplish that keeps us alive in the hearts and memories of our friends.

I used to make promises, but I do not do it any more. A

very long time ago I promised one of my little granddaughters a pony, and I meant it. But when the little Gene grew old enough for a pony, things happened, as things will, and I could not buy the pony. When I could buy it, she had moved to an apartment in a big city where there was no place for a pony. So things went on, and every time I saw Gene, she asked about her pony—she even had it named! Sometimes her eyes were accusing—sometimes she wept great tears. Things are so difficult to explain to children. The whole family had to listen to her incessant talk about the pony. Gene was ten years old before she got her pony; but I was cured of making promises long before that. Now I content myself by thinking up all the nice things I can do for people, and storing them safely in the back of my head. As they become possible, I do them, and the joy is unrestrained. If they become impossible no one knows it but me.



Now Ready for Distribution

THE NEW LARGE EDITION OF
IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S BOOK

"The MODERN METHOD of PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"

Quick Carrot Soup
Follow the directions for Quick Celery Soup, substituting for the celery, carrots which have been scraped and put through the food chopper. One-half cup of cooked rice may be added.

Potato and Celery Soup
Follow the directions for Potato Soup, adding to the water a cup of celery tips and coarse stalks measured after putting through the food chopper. Boil ten minutes, combine and sift.

Eggs Poached in Mazola
1 Pour enough Mazola in a frying pan, to barely cover the bottom, and heat. Break the eggs, one at a time, into a saucer, slide into the Mazola, dust with salt and cook so slowly that the egg will not be browned about the edge. Baste the yolk occasionally with a little of the hot Mazola.

Quick Muffins
2 4 tablespoons Mazola 1 cup milk
1/4 cup Karo, Red Label 1 1/4 cups bread flour
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup Argos-Kingsford's Cornstarch
1 egg, well beaten 4 teaspoons baking powder
Put the ingredients in a bowl in the order mentioned. Beat until bubbly, transfer to muffin pans oiled with Mazola and bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F.

Fruit Salad
3 Combine one cup orange sections, one cup halved, stoned prunes, one-half cup diced celery and one-half cup sliced bananas with French Dressing for fruit salads. Serve on Lettuce with Cream Mayonnaise.

French Dressing for Fruit Salads
4 1/2 cup Mazola 3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon Karo, 1/2 teaspoon salt
Red Label 1/2 teaspoon paprika
Beat until thoroughly blended and use with any fruit salad.

Mazola Mayonnaise
5 1/2 teaspoon salt 3 tablespoons vinegar
1/2 teaspoon pepper 1 1/2 to 2 cups Mazola according to thickness desired
Put the seasonings in a small deep bowl, beat in the egg, add the vinegar, stir until mixed and gradually beat in the Mazola, using a wheel egg beater. Start with one-half teaspoon oil—when the mayonnaise has begun to thicken, add it a tablespoonful at a time. When done, beat in one tablespoon boiling water.

Cream Mayonnaise
6 To Mazola Mayonnaise, add an equal quantity of plain cream or slightly sour cream whipped and seasoned further with paprika. If for fruit salads, a little Karo may be stirred in.

PROGRESSIVE women everywhere welcome this interesting, helpful book. In many homes it already is indispensable as a splendid guide to the perfect preparation of delicious foods.

"The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" contains nearly 300 recipes, many illustrations, helpful hints for entertaining guests, and valuable suggestions for better care of the home. PLEASE SEE COUPON BELOW.

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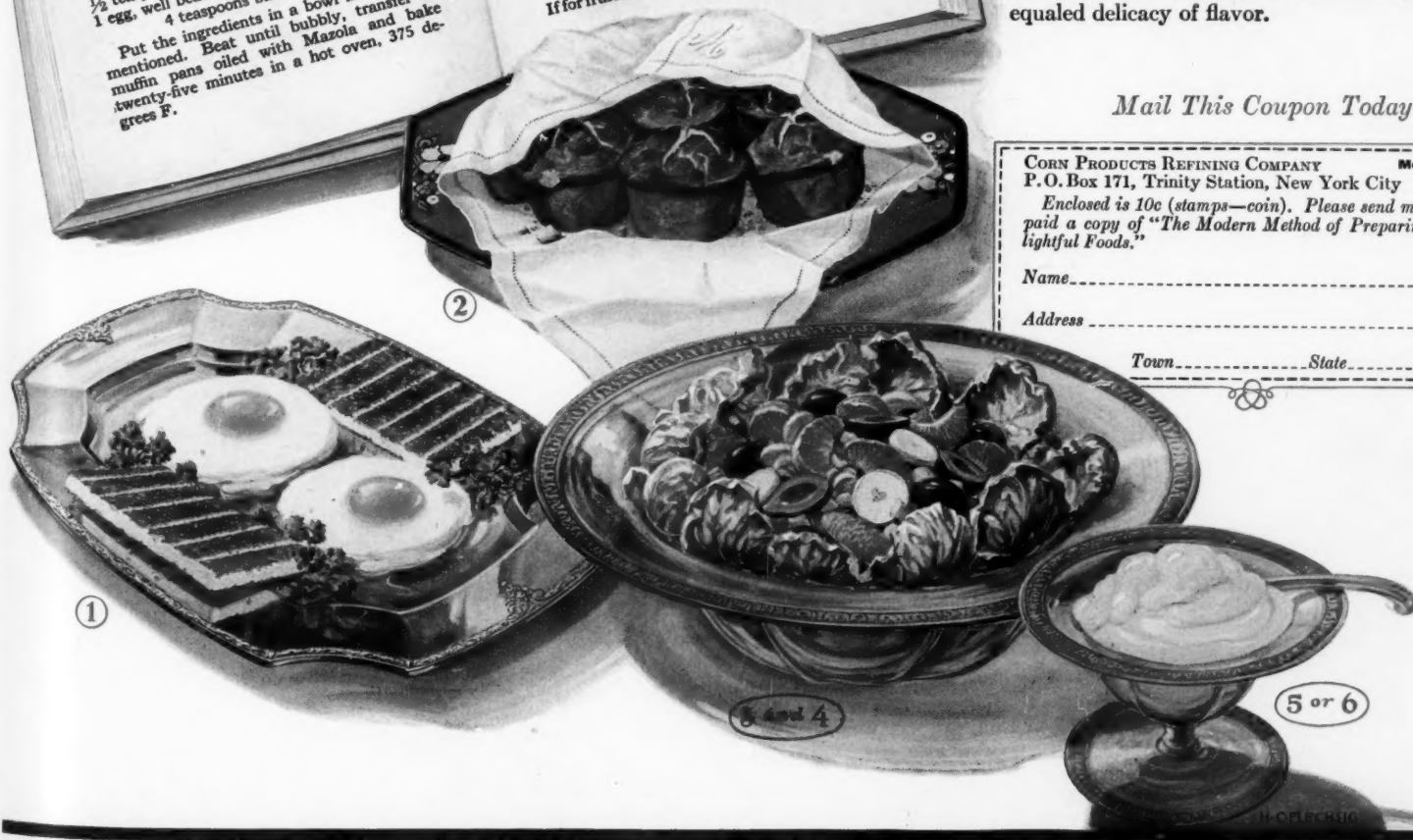
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